MISSION STORIES OF MANY LANDS

AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS

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MISSION STORIES

OF

MANY LANDS.

A BOOK FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

With Three Hundred and Forty Illustrations.

1810

BOSTON:
American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.
1 Somerset Street.
1885.

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PREFACE.

THE *Missionary Herald*, published by the American Board of Foreign Missions, has given in each monthly issue, since the present editor assumed the charge, in 1879, a brief illustrated article designed not so much for young children as for those of larger growth, who may yet properly be called young people. This class naturally demands something above the grade of a child's paper, while not yet quite prepared for the articles that would meet the wants of adults. During the six years since it was begun it has been made clear that this department "For Young People" in the *Missionary Herald* has met a real want. We have occasion to know that these articles are widely read. Many of them have been copied into the magazines and religious papers of our own land and of Great Britain, and repeated requests have been received that they be republished in a more permanent form. It has been urged that nothing could be more suitable for Sunday-school libraries or the home-table or for use by Mission Circles and Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor.

In reissuing these stories it has seemed best, while revising the statements of facts so as to bring them down to date, not to omit or to alter materially certain articles which were written while events, now long past, were transpiring. Of this class we may mention some of the papers about Africa, and especially the reports sent year by year from the *Morning Star*, describing the successive voyages of the children's missionary vessel. In these cases the year in which the article was originally printed is given at its heading.

To all people who count themselves young, among whom we chance to know many whose heads are now white as snow, these accounts of pagan lands and of self-denying men and women are offered, with the prayer and the hope that these stories may kindle and confirm in them true zeal for the conversion of the world to Christ. "Some can go. Most can give. All can pray."

THE EDITOR OF THE *Missionary Herald*.

MISSIONARY ROOMS, CONGREGATIONAL HOUSE,
Boston, October, 1885.

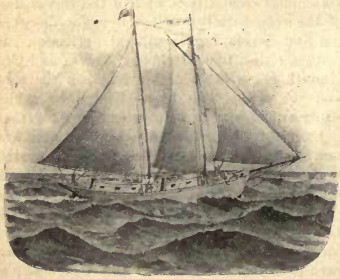
2051034

The Loss of the Hiram Bingham II.

Dismay struck many readers of *The Congregationalist* on seeing an item in last week's paper stating that the beautiful little schooner, Hiram Bingham II., had capsized in Micronesian waters and that its noble captain, Rev. A. C. Walkup, was drowned. A brief cable message from Sydney, New South Wales, is all we know as yet about the disaster, which may have occurred weeks ago. The vessel was peculiarly ours, most of the stockholders being children from Congregational Sunday schools, though a few elderly people who bought shares in the first Morning Star were eager to invest in this last of its successors.

CAPTAIN WALKUP

The story of our small fleet of seven vessels may be less thrilling than the deeds of Drake and Frobisher, but it is far more inspiring. The first four vessels bore the same name, the Morning Star. Two were wrecked and two were sold when they became unseaworthy. When the fifth was ready to launch, in 1904, there was quite a flurry over the proposal to give it another name. Never! cried a chorus of voices from all over the United States, and even from some of the dusky islanders in the Pacific seas, to whom the ships of this name had been in very truth the morning stars that heralded the coming of the Sun of Righteousness. So No. 5 was christened with the old name amid much rejoicing. One Sunday school in Arizona of eighty members, the majority of whom had never seen any kind of a nautical craft, took 350 shares. Another contribution was from a school in Bailundu, West Central Africa, among whose pupils were twenty-four who walked every Sunday from a village eight miles distant.


Hiram Bingham II.

When ready for sea the public was invited on board, and there were three gala days on No. 5 in Boston Harbor. The juvenile shareholders, in particular, roamed over their ship, proud to possess even a ten-cent share in a vessel bound on such a glorious cruise. A few days later, June 4, 1904, a tender farewell service was held on deck. Who of that little company will ever forget the scene? It was a singular and delightful providence that Dr. Hiram Bingham was present and offered prayer. Forty-eight years earlier he and his wife had sailed from the same port on the first Morning Star, for what was then called the Sandwich Islands. No. 5 was in commission only a short time. Being a steamer the cost of maintenance was too great, so it was sold and a new boat built which had only auxiliary steam power. This was fittingly called Hiram Bingham and did good service until last year. The dangerous coral reefs of tropical islands soon wear a vessel out, and only a skillful navigator can avoid shipwreck upon them. This explains why after so short a time the call came for a second Hiram Bingham.

For nearly twenty years Captain Walkup had cruised safely among these islands in mid-Pacific. Never had he started out in higher spirits than when he sailed from Honolulu last December on the maiden trip of this beautiful new schooner. One reason for joy was that a part of his cargo consisted of the first installment of the whole Bible in Gilbertese, the crowning achievement of Dr. Bingham's long and useful life. An eager crowd hurried down to the beach at Ocean Island and could scarcely wait to see the boxes of books unpacked. Every Bible was sold within an hour, and 200 disappointed persons hung around long afterwards vainly hoping to secure a copy. Contrast this reception with the greeting given to Dr. and Mrs. Bingham, on their arrival in 1857, by naked and filthy cannibals, ready to eat them on the least provocation.

Has it paid to send the gospel there? Does any stockholder regret having invested in any or all of these seven vessels? Will the young people rally again if the call comes to build another? Just wait and see! It is not yet certain whether this ship is a total loss, but one thing is sure. The call to share our Christian privileges with the people of these little islands will never cease till the last man, woman and child on them has heard of Him who often spake to those on shore from a small boat on the Sea of Galilee.

F. J. D.

The man who does not hope for better things and does not believe that better things can be brought about is not the man likely to bring better things about. Constant criticism and constant pessimism are productive of paralysis and stagnation.—*President Taft.*

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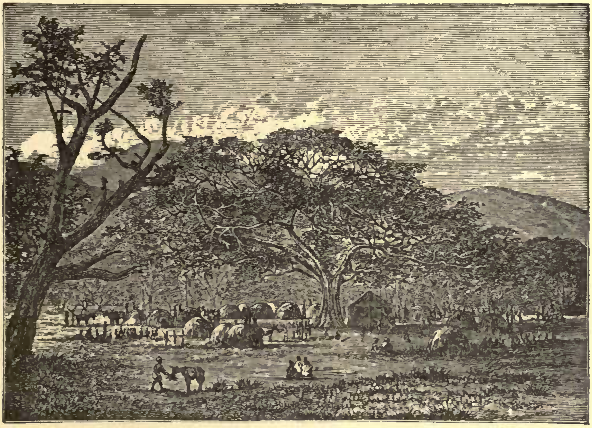
AFRICA.

THE following stories are about the great African Continent, a map of which is seen upon page 4. The Christian people of many lands have missions in different parts of Africa, and our American Board of Missions has its messengers in three places. Its first mission was to the Zulus, and was begun in Natal, in 1835. The second was sent to West Central Africa in 1880. The third is the East Central African Mission, organized in 1883. Natal is a healthy and beautiful country, under English rule, and it is hoped that the hundreds of converts there will become missionaries to the darker regions of their land. The West Central African missionaries land at Benguela and travel inland, and climb upward for about two hundred miles, till they reach the cool and salubrious climate of Bailundu, five thousand feet above the sea. The East Central African Mission is in and about Inhambane, on the eastern coast.

ACROSS AFRICA.—1879.

We wish all the young people who are interested in the great work of regenerating the world could read the volumes of Mr. Stanley, entitled "Through the Dark Continent." By the kindness of the publishers, Messrs. Harper and Brothers, we are able to give several illustrations taken from these volumes which are so full of interest. It is only within a few years that anything has been known about the interior of Africa. The old maps of that region are quite worthless, but the one on the next page, although not so complete as we could wish, is in the main correct. This journey of Mr. Stanley's is among the most wonderful ever taken. He went directly across Africa from east to west, occupying in his travels nearly three years, and exploring a region, a large part of which had never before been visited by a white man. He says that his object was to search out lands which might be suitable for commercial and missionary enterprise, and already missionaries have followed in his track, and are now telling of the Saviour to the tribes in the interior. Other missionaries are soon to go, some from our land, as well as from England and Scotland.



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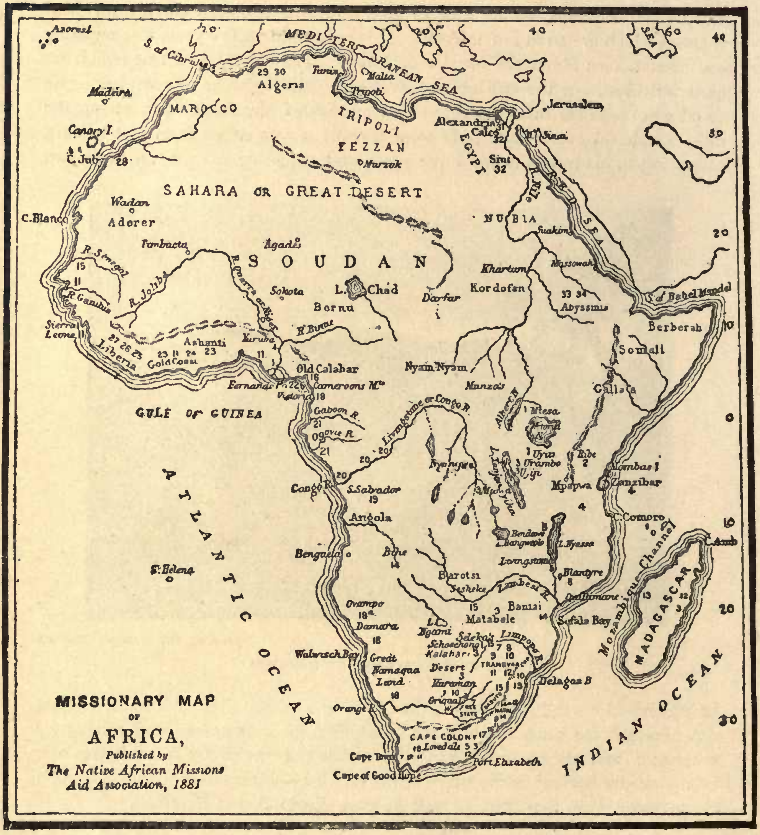
MR STANLEY'S CAMP AT MPWAPWA.

HOW THE JOURNEY WAS MADE.

The expedition started from Zanzibar November 12, 1875. It consisted of Mr. Stanley, three white men from England, and a great number of guides, porters, women, and children, amounting in all to 356 souls. This large company was rendered necessary not only for defense in case of attack but to carry what passes for money in that land. Silver and gold, and bank bills, are of no value in the heart of Africa. What the people there want is cloth and glass beads and brass wire, and a great many porters were needed to carry enough to purchase supplies along the way. The company, when on the march, stretched along the path for nearly half a mile. You can trace on the map below the course taken. From Bagamoyo, on the main-land opposite the island of Zanzibar, they went to


Azores
S. of Gibraltar
Madeira
MAROCCO
Canary I.
C. Juby
C. Blanco
Wadan
Aderer
Algeria
Tunis
Malta
Tripoli
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
TRIPOLI
FEZZAN
Murzuk
Alexandria
Cairo
EGYPT
Siut
Jerusalem
Sinai
RED SEA
SAHARA OR GREAT DESERT
NUBIA
Suakim
Timbuctu
Agades
SOUDAN
R. Senegal
R. Gambia
R. Joliba
Sierra Leone
Liberia
Gold Coast
Ashanti
Yoruba
Sokota
L. Chad
Bornu
Darfur
Kordofan
Khartum
Massowah
Abyssinia
S. of Babel Mandel
Berberah
Somali
Galla
R. Benue
Old Calabar
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Fernando Po
Victoria
Nyam Nyam
Monbuttu
Mtesa
Albert N.
GULF OF GUINEA
Gaboon R.
Ogove R.
Livingstone or Congo R.
Nyangwe
Ujiji
Urambo
Uyui
Ribe
Mombasa
Mpwapwa
Zanzibar
Congo
S. Salvador
Angola
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Bihe
L. Bangweolo
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Zambesi R.
Banai
Malabele
Quilimane
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Ovampo
Damara
L. Ngami
Sechele
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Walwisch Bay
Great Namaqua Land
Kuruman
Griqualand
Free State
Natal
Orange R.
CAPE COLONY
Lovedale
Cape Town
Cape of Good Hope
Port Elizabeth
St. Helena
ATLANTIC OCEAN
INDIAN OCEAN
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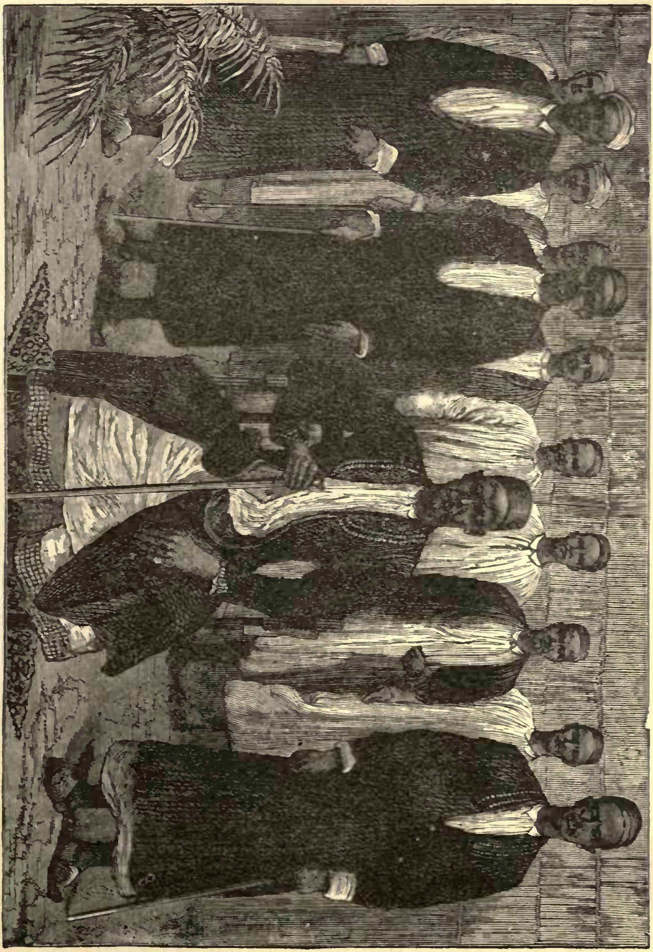
MISSIONARY MAP
OF
AFRICA,
Published by
The Native African Missions Aid Association, 1881

Mpwapwa, and then northwest to the Lake Victoria Nyanza, which is the great source of the River Nile. Mr. Stanley sailed around the shores of this lake, which, though it is three times as large as the State of Massachusetts, had been discovered by white men only seven years before. On the northern shore of the Victoria Nyanza is Uganda, whose Emperor, Mtesa, welcomed Stanley and entertained him for many weeks. Unlike most of the natives of Central Africa, the people of Uganda wear considerable



MTESA AND HIS CHIEFS.

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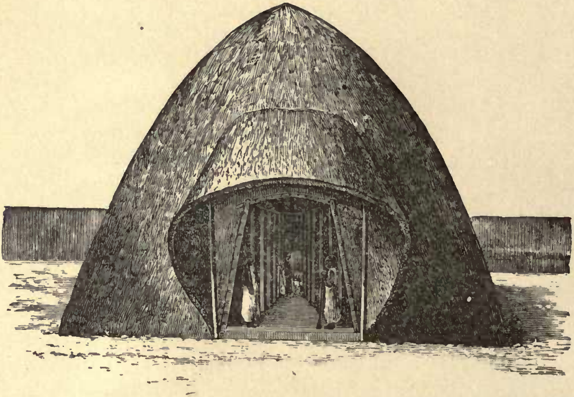
clothing, never appearing naked in the presence of the Emperor. But alas! they are deceitful, thievish, and quite regardless of human life. Their Emperor keeps them under control only by fear.

MTESA, THE EMPEROR.

This Emperor was a remarkable man and a great admirer of white men, of whom he had seen three or four before Mr. Stanley went to Uganda. He had built him a new capitol recently, of which a picture is given on the opposite page. The council-house, or audience-hall, represented below, stands on the corner of the hill, up which a fine avenue has been cut through the rich growth of plantains, and bananas, and fig trees. This council-house is built of poles and straw, and here Mtesa met his chiefs. He was a cruel man and often sent a chief "to eat up," or destroy, some one who had offended him. And yet he seemed greatly interested in what Mr. Stanley told him about Jesus Christ. He asked to hear more about this Saviour, and Mr. Stanley translated a large part of the gospel of Luke into the language of Uganda. Mtesa was so much touched by the story of the Lord who came to earth, that he professed to become a Christian. But he afterwards showed, as a great many not living in Africa do, that though he admired the Lord Jesus he was not disposed to follow him. Yet Mr. Stanley was so much impressed with the possibility of bringing this Emperor and his people to receive the Christian religion that he sent home an appeal to the philanthropists and pious people of England. "Here, gentlemen, is your opportunity — embrace it! The people on the shores of the Nyanza call upon you. Obey your own generous instincts and listen to them; and I assure you that in one year you will have more converts to Christianity than all other missionaries united can number." The English Church Missionary Society answered this call at once, and its missionaries are already in Uganda. It was hoped that Mtesa would



THE COUNCIL-HOUSE.

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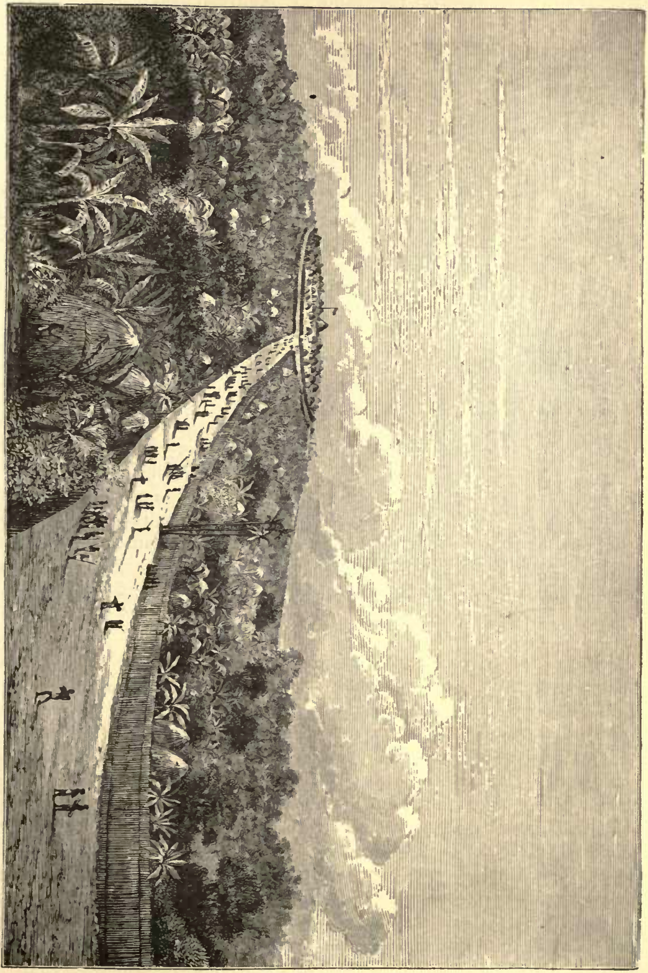
live many years, for under another Emperor the missionaries might have a different reception from that given Mr. Stanley.

When the expedition was ready to move on from Uganda, Mtesa furnished a large body of natives, numbering 2,100, to accompany Mr. Stanley westward to Lake Muta Nzigè. But the people at this lake were so warlike that Stanley's escort refused to stand by him, and he was obliged



MTESA'S CAPITAL AT RUBAGA.

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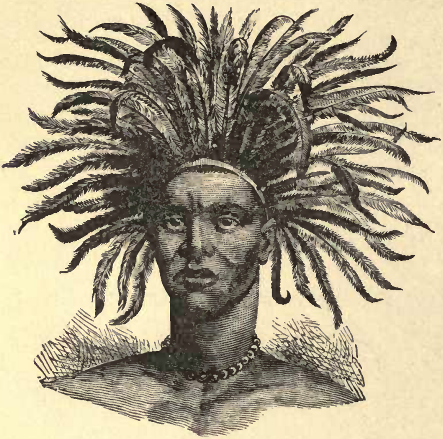
to turn southward, passing through various tribes until he reached Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika. On his way he met many of the Watuta tribe, a fierce and thievish race, who seem to have no permanent home anywhere. They assault and rob whomever they think they can conquer. These people apparently came from the southern part of Africa, and are able to understand the Zulu language as spoken by our missionaries in Natal. The Watuta are for Africa just what the wandering Bedawin are in Palestine and Arabia.



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ONE OF THE WATUTA.

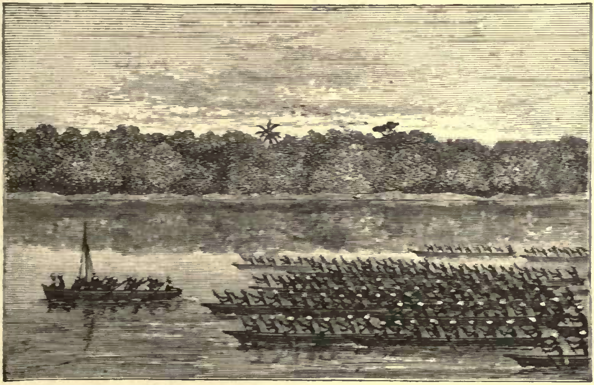
Since Stanley was at Ujiji, the missionaries of the London Missionary Society have established a station at that place. They expect to be able to reach a great many people who live on the borders of Lake Tanganyika. This is one of the regions that the missionary Livingstone explored, and it has been visited by several white men. Stanley, after sailing around this lake in the boat which he brought all the way from England, marched on westward till he reached the Lualaba River.

THE MYSTERY ABOUT WHITE PEOPLE.

Some of the tribes through which Stanley passed in this section of Africa are cannibals, though they do not kill men for the purpose of eating them. They could not understand why Stanley and his company should care to pass that way. Kassanga, Chief of Ruanda, was reported to have said : " How can the white men be good when they come for no trade, whose feet one never sees, who always go covered from head to foot with clothes. Do not tell me they are good and friendly. There is something very mysterious about them : perhaps wicked." In another place, Uhombo, the people, naked and without shame, gathered about the white strangers, staring at them as if they were creatures from another world. After long gazing they turned away and were heard to say, " Yes, these white creatures are men ! " Why have they not as much right to question whether we are men as we have to question whether they are ?

THE LIVINGSTONE RIVER.

But the most remarkable thing accomplished by Mr. Stanley in this expedition was his discovery that the Lualaba River, to which he gave the name of the Livingstone, in honor of the great missionary, was the same as the Congo, emptying into the Atlantic Ocean. No white man had ever gone further west than Nyangwè. From that place the river flows towards the north, but no one knew where it went to. Some supposed that it emptied into the Nile. Stanley determined to follow it through its course. None but a brave man would have dared to attempt the task. All that was known of the tribes along the way was that they were warlike and cannibals. The river with its rapids and cataracts was, perhaps, more treacherous than the men. Many of Stanley's company deserted him, but with such of his followers as he could retain he pushed on to the unknown regions. The picture below represents the start upon the Livingstone River.



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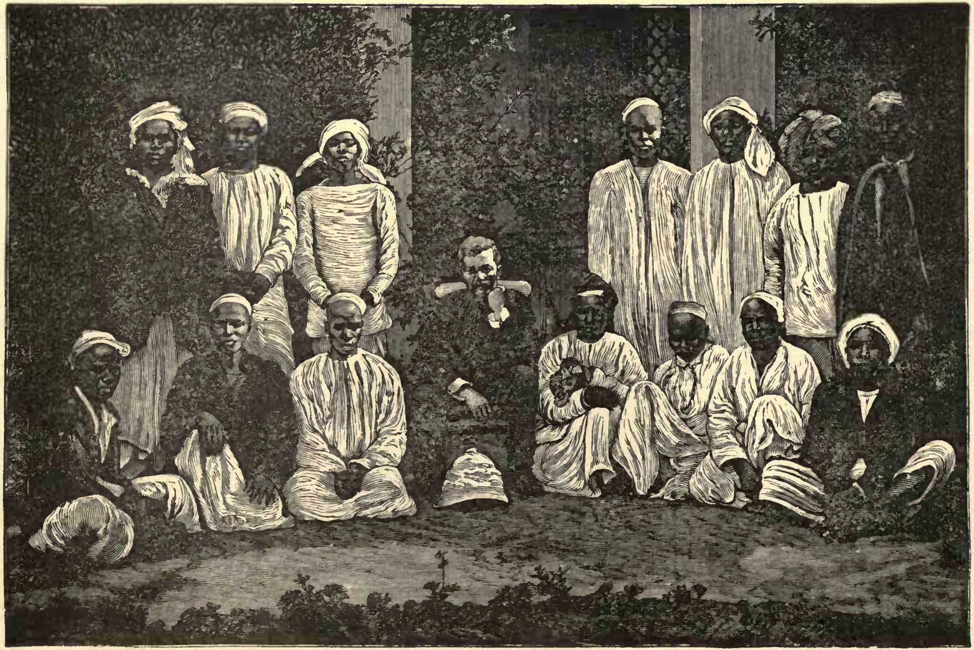
TOWARDS THE UNKNOWN.

We have not room to tell of the wonderful voyage which occupied seven months. Two men were employed to cry out from the boats to all the people along the shores, "Sen-nen-neh" ("Peace"), but there was no peace granted. Skirmishes and battles were of constant occurrence. Many in the expedition were killed in these fights, and many were drowned in the river. But the work was finally accomplished, and Stanley and his party, having lost by death the three white men and nearly one hundred of the Africans who started with them from Zanzibar, reached the mouth of the Livingstone or Congo River, whose course they had traced from the heart of Africa. It is a marvelous land which has thus been made known to the world. It is rich and fertile, and before long will be open to trade. Its people are rude and cruel, but they can be reached by the gospel of Jesus Christ. Says this intrepid explorer, whose journey we have so briefly traced, "How long, I wonder, shall the people of these lands remain thus ignorant of Him who created the gorgeous sunlit world they look upon each day?"



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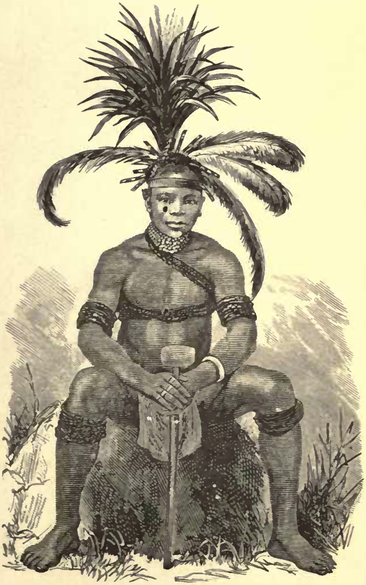
STANLEY'S BOAT-CREW ON THE LAKES.

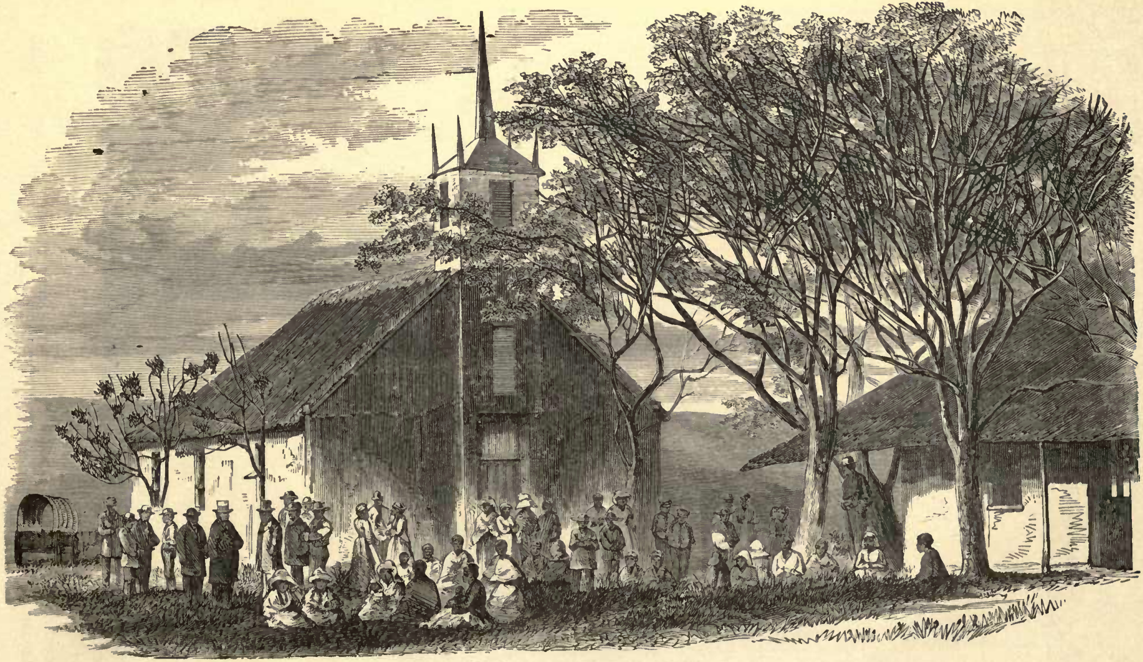
THE ZULUS.—1879.

A YEAR or two ago we could read about the Zulus only in books and missionary magazines, but now we may read about them in almost every daily paper. The war between this tribe of Africans and the English has called attention from all parts of the world, and many are asking who these people are who can resist the British forces so successfully.

There are three native races inhabiting South Africa: the Bushmen, the Hottentots, and the Kaffirs. The Zulus belong to the Kaffir tribe, and they are sometimes called Kaffir-Zulus. They occupy a region in the south-east part of Africa, including the province of Natal and the territory north of it. Natal is now an English colony, having been made such in 1843, and many English people have gone there to trade and to live. But before these colonists went to Natal, missionaries from America had begun to preach the gospel to the degraded natives. This was in 1835. The Zulus, as they were first found, were degraded indeed. The men, to be sure, had good forms and features; they were tall and quick in their motions. The earliest missionaries described them as wearing a few feathers upon the head, beads upon the neck and arms, a small piece of the skin of some animal about the loins, and otherwise without clothing. The photograph of the Zulu warrior from which the engraving here given has been made was sent us recently from Natal. This warrior is supposed to be connected with the royal family, and in appearance is a good specimen of the heathen Zulus who are now at war with the English. They are a strong, vigorous race, and very brave.



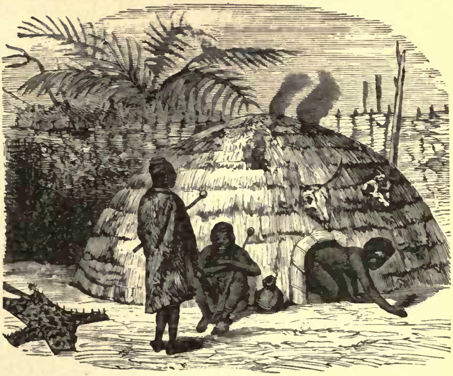
A ZULU WARRIOR.



ZULU CHURCH AND SCHOOL-HOUSE.

HOW THE HEATHEN ZULUS LIVE.

We give a picture on this page of the ordinary native dwelling, called a "kraal." It looks like a large beehive, and is made of withes covered with thatch. Kraals are usually some eight or ten feet in diameter, and in the center are four or five feet high, so that no man can stand erect in them. They have but one opening, about two feet high, which serves for door as well as for windows and chimney. If a Zulu has many wives, several of these kraals are built together in a circle, thus making a pen for the cattle. Women are always bought for wives in exchange for cattle, fathers selling their own daughters to the man who will give him the most cows for them. The Zulus were never cannibals, but they care very little for human life. It is said that when a king dies his body is not allowed to touch the ground, and before he is buried several of his principal men are killed and their bodies are placed in the grave so that the king may rest upon them. Cetawayo, the present king of the wild Zulus, when the English protested against his slaying so many of his own people, sent back this message: "I do kill, but do not consider I have done anything in the way of killing. I have not yet begun. I have yet to kill. It is the custom of our nation, and I shall not depart from it."

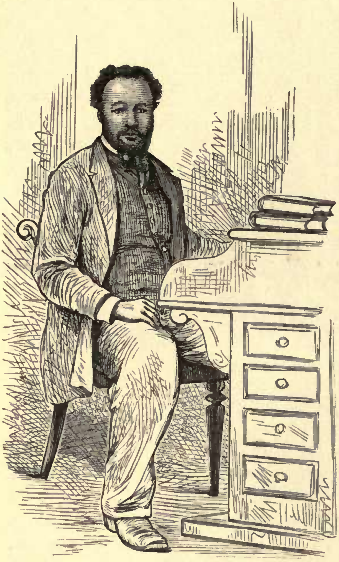

A ZULU KRAAL.

WHAT THE GOSPEL HAS DONE FOR THE ZULUS.

Some one told Mr. Grout, one of the first missionaries who went to Africa, that he was going on a wild goose chase. After thirty years of work there he could say: "If I did, I caught my goose." To be sure, it was ten years after the missionaries reached Natal before the first convert was received, but since then fifteen churches have been formed, and large numbers of Zulus have become Christians. They are changed in every respect, — new creatures all through, — with new hearts first, and then with new clothes, and new houses, and new habits. In the picture above the artist has put a frock on the man standing outside the kraal, but he never wore such a frock until he became a Christian, and then he soon built a house in place of the kraal. The picture opposite shows the chapel and a corner of the school-house built by the Christian Zulus of Amanzimtote, and is said to be a fair representation of the people as they may be seen at any ordinary gathering during the week.

A ZULU CHIEF AND PASTOR.

Our missionaries have sent home a photograph of the Rev. James Dubè, from which the engraving below has been made, showing a noble specimen of the Christian Zulus. The story of this man is remarkable. He was born in the interior, in a common kraal, where he lived as all Zulu children did, naked and untaught. He was the son of a chief, but when he was quite a boy his mother fled with him towards the coast because a war had broken out between the tribes in the region where they lived. They came to one of the missionary stations, built a kraal, and there James cared for his mother. He soon became a Christian, and when he had gained an education he was made a teacher. After a while the people of his tribe came to get him away from the mission, offering him the place of chief, to which by birth he was entitled. He had only a small salary as teacher, and the chieftainship would have given him everything which an ordinary Zulu thinks worth having: cattle, wives, and authority. But he answered them: "I want you to take Christ for your chief, and then I will gladly be your servant and teach you about him." He seems to have acted on the command Jesus gave his disciples when he said: "He that is great among you, let him be as the younger; and he that is chief as he that doth serve." In 1870 Mr. Dubè was ordained as a pastor over the native church at Inanda, and one of our missionaries, writing about him at that time, says: "While he has renounced every rag and tatter of heathenism, he is still greatly respected by his people. They know him to be a true man, a wise man, inside and outside a nobleman." He was a little over six feet high, of splendid form and feature, and though black as any negro, it was rare for a stranger to meet him without asking: "Who is that fine-looking man?" His preaching was said to be remarkably serious, earnest, and eloquent, so that he always deeply moved his hearers. But before he had time to show all that a Zulu could be or could do, God called him away from earth. He died in 1877. Well did one write about him at his death under the title "Ripened Fruit." There is more of such fruit to be gathered in Zululand. The English are sending thousands of men to South Africa to fight the Zulus. Can we not send a few more missionaries to save them?

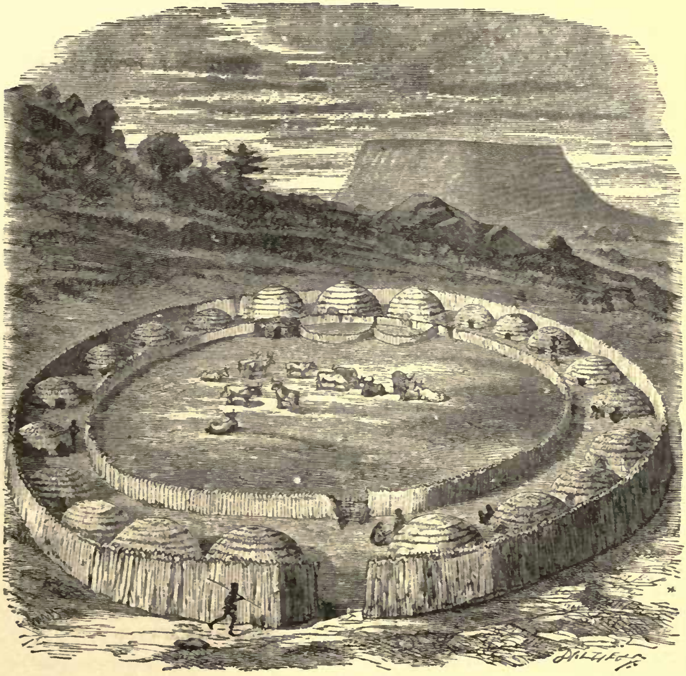


JAMES DUBÈ, A ZULU PASTOR.

VISIT TO A ZULU KRAAL.

BY REV. JOSIAH TYLER, NATAL.

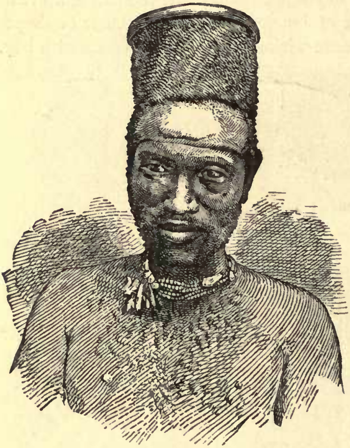
Zulu architecture is decidedly of a hay-stack order. Approaching a kraal, or village, you see nothing but a fence of bushes and poles, circular in shape, within which stand half a dozen or more wicker-work huts covered with hay.



A ZULU KRAAL.

They are not all so fine as the kraal which is here represented. Creep into one of the huts on your hands and knees, Zulu fashion, and take notes. That fence you see on one side of the hut, about two feet high, is to separate the goats, or calves, from the human occupants of the hut. Opposite are some large earthen dishes for food, but no cup-board and no place for one. There is the fire-place, a saucer-shaped excavation in the ground, made of ant-heap, a glutinous kind of earth, to keep the coals from scattering. In those clay pots, with stones for legs, their food is cooked, — meat, Indian corn, pumpkins, sweet potatoes, and other vegetables.

Does the smoke annoy you? Seat yourself at a distance, keeping your head low, for that which does not escape by the door, the only chimney, settles in the arch above. You will notice that the poles above are already black and shining from the sooty accumulations of years. Are you thirsty? The mother of the house will hand you a calabash containing some *amasi*, or sour milk. Do not reject it, for it is not skimmed, but rich with cream, adapted to the climate, not a bad substitute for ice-cream. Would you prefer something more stimulating? A dish of home-made beer is at hand, but better suited to native taste than to yours or mine. If inclined to eat a regular meal, help yourself with your hands to boiled corn, and for desert, finish with squash, or sweet potatoes. Are you sleepy? A little girl will sweep with a bunch of grass a place on the floor, and lay down a rush mat on which you may recline. She will then hand you a pillow, or six-legged stool, a foot long, and six inches high, telling you to place your neck, not your head, upon it. The idea being too suggestive of a guillotine to be pleasant, you decline, but you will understand why the Zulus prefer it to any other when you look at the elaborate arrangement of their hair, on which some friend has been employed a half a day or more, and which must not be disturbed. If the barking of dogs and the incessant chatting of the natives forbid repose, notice carefully the inhabitants of this singular abode.



ZULU HEAD-DRESS.

ZULU MEN.

There is the head man, or owner of the kraal. Have you ever seen a stronger looking man? How tall, muscular, and well-built every way! Pity, you say, that he will wear those cows' skins and monkeys' tails about his body, but remember that this has been the dress of Zulu men from time immemorial. Observe that gutta-percha-like ring on top of his head. How curiously the hair has been fastened to it and risen with it. The man often makes a cushion of the hair under the ring, inserting in it articles of general utility, such as tooth-picks, needles, and a snuff-spoon, which, by the way, is his only handkerchief. How nicely polished he keeps that ring! Yes, 't is his pride, his badge of manhood. Touch that, and you will insult him grievously. Zulu men have been known to die rather than part with the head ring. Chat a little with this lord of Zulu creation: —

"Saku bona niganì." [I see you friend!] This is the invariable salutation. "Are you a happy man?"

"Yes, but I should be more so if I had more cattle."

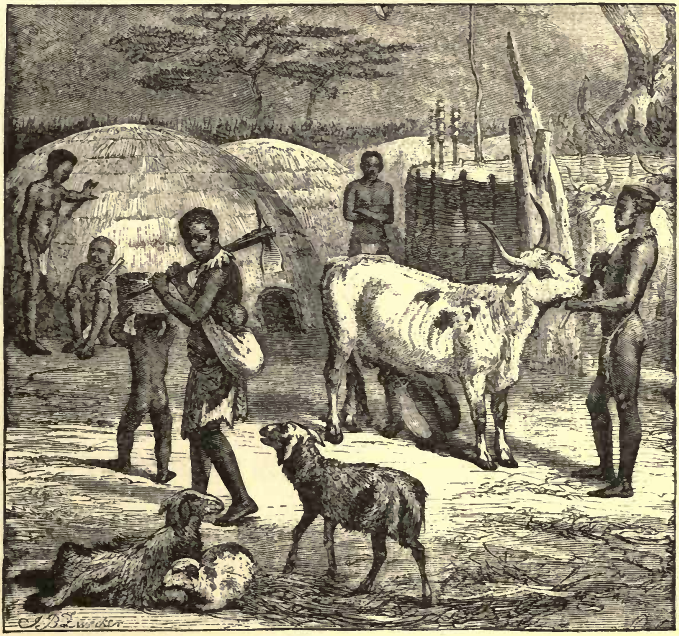
"What would you do with them?"

"Exchange them for more wives."

"What, not enough already?"

"No, I have only six. My father had ten."

"Not a good custom this, my friend, one which keeps the Zulus in degradation."



ZULUS AT HOME.

"Oh! that is according to your fancy. We black people are of another race altogether. Our tastes are very different! We shall never abandon polygamy."

"What do you intend to do with that intelligent little daughter of yours, yonder, who is looking at us so intently?"

"Sell her when she is old enough for ten cows, with which I shall purchase another wife."

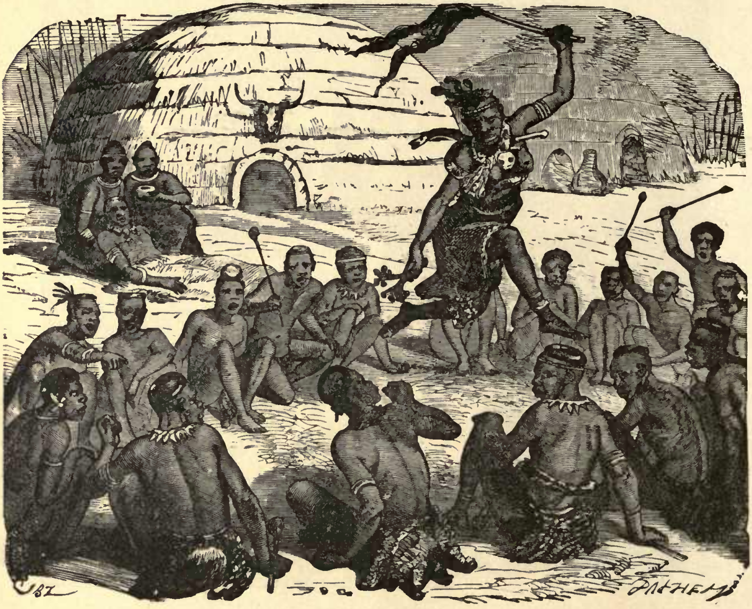
"Give her to me, and I will teach her to sew, read, and write, and become a useful woman."

"No, no; you white people spoil our girls. In your hands they become lazy, will not marry the husbands we select for them, know too much," etc.

Seeing him fixed in his opinion, we leave him, not, however, without appealing to his conscience, of which, thank God, no being, however degraded, is destitute.

ZULU SPIRIT DOCTORS.

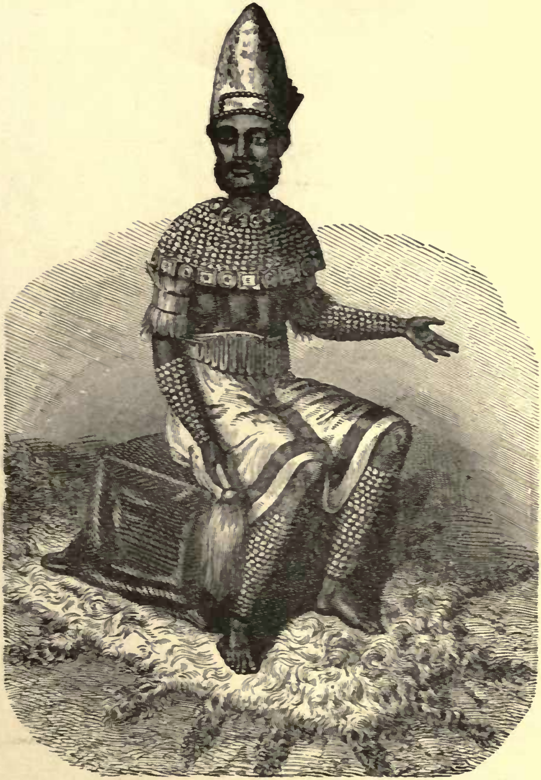
The Kaffirs of South Africa believe that evil is brought upon them by wizards, or bad spirits. If a man is sick or dies somebody is supposed to have bewitched him, and an effort must be made by consulting the spirits to find the wizard. The picture below is a good representation, as I can testify from personal observation, of the manner in which the Zulus consult the ancestral spirits. In this case the chief agent is a female, for the Zulus allow women to be their priests. You see near the door of the kraal the sick man supported by two of his wives, anxiously awaiting the reply of the spirits, and the priestess has worked herself into a frenzy. She has already marked one of the men as an *Umtakati*, or wizard, and he will soon be tortured, perhaps murdered in cold blood. The power of these "spirit doctors" is very great, and even converted Zulus do not wholly lose their fear of this class of persons. Many years ago one of these "doctors" visited a sick relative who was a member of a mission church, and told the converts that they would all die if they remained with the missionary. The result was that many went off to the heathen kraals; yet after a time some returned. But now the power of these heathen doctors is much broken. Let us pray that it may soon cease altogether.



"DOCTOR" SEEKING A WIZARD.

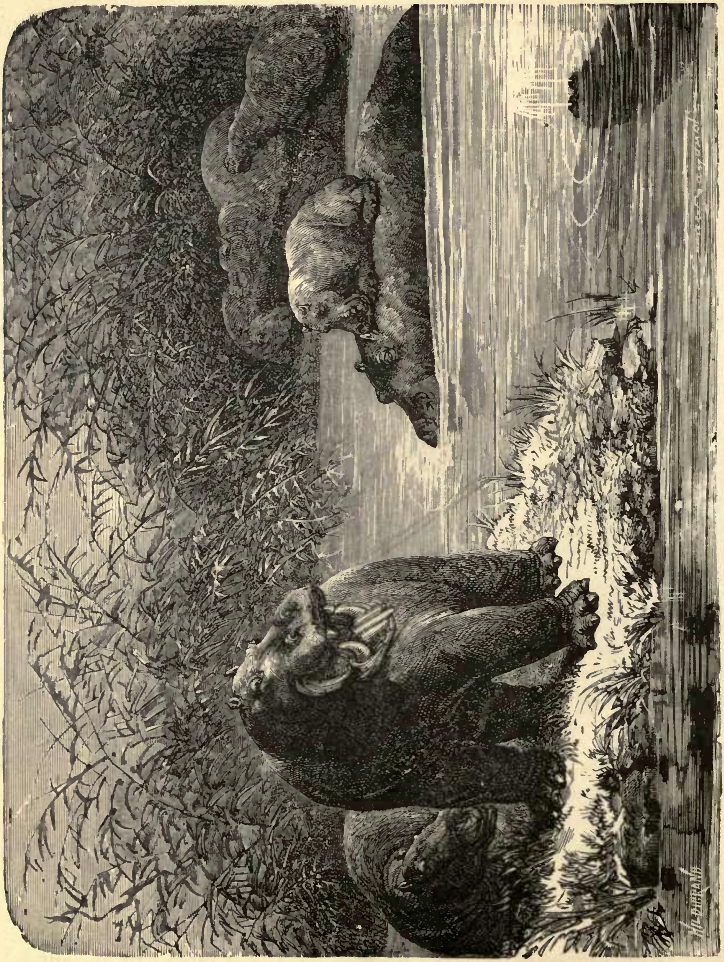
CRUELTY IN AFRICA.

If it were for no other purpose than to put a stop to the cruelties which abound among the heathen we ought to give them the gospel of Jesus Christ.



AFRICAN KING IN STATE DRESS.

Some very sad stories of cruelties perpetrated by African kings have recently been given to the world. The distinguished African traveler, Dr. Emil Holub, in his volumes just published, entitled *Seven Years in South Africa*, gives an account of Sepopo, King of the Marutse tribe, who live north of the river Zambesi. Sepopo's town, Sesheke, had been burned, and a new Sesheke was to be built. We will give in Dr. Holub's own words the story of a little boy whose cruel murder was planned by Sepopo, with the notion that in this way his new town would be made more fortunate.



HIPPOPOTAMI ON THE ZAMBESI.

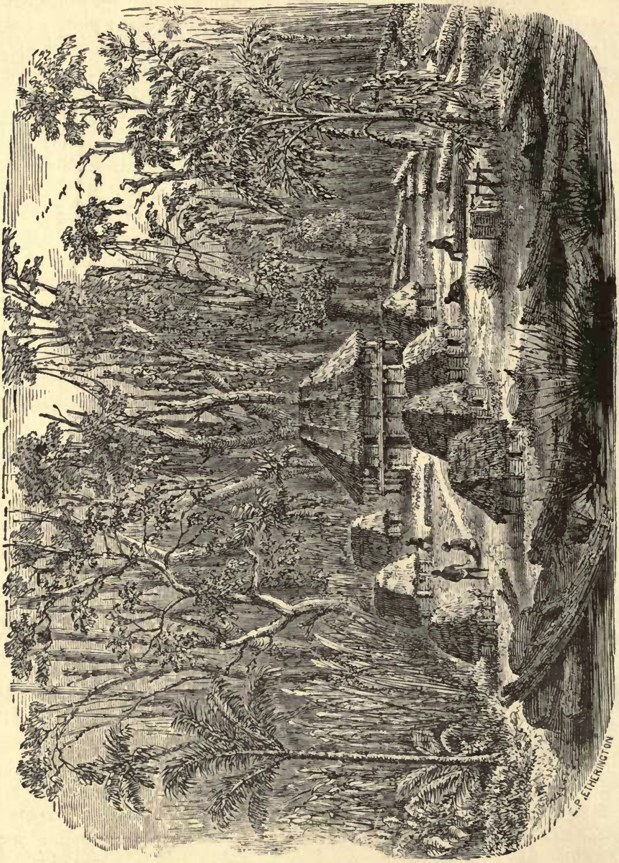
"Sepopo brought it about that a resolution should be passed by his secret tribunal to the effect that in order to save the new town from the fate of the old, the son of one of the chiefs should be killed; but that his toes and fingers should first be cut off, and preserved as a charm in a war drum. In spite of the secrecy which was enjoined, the rumor of the resolution came to one of the chiefs, who communicated it privately to many of his friends. This was about the end of September, when Blockley was the only white man left in Sesheke. Night after night groups of men were to be seen stealthily making their way past his quarters to the woods; they were the servants of the chiefs, carrying away the young boys whither they hoped to have them out of the tyrant's reach, and some little time elapsed before either the king or his executioner was aware of the steps that were being taken to frustrate the bloody order.

"The appointed day arrived. Mashoku's emissaries were sent to ascertain from which of the chieftain's enclosures a victim might most readily be procured, but one by one they returned, and reported that not a child was to be found. At last, however, one of the men brought word that he had seen a solitary boy playing outside his father's fence. Apprised of this, the king immediately sent directions to the father to go out at once and procure some grass and reeds for a hut that he was building, and then charged Mashoku to lose no time. As soon as he had satisfied himself that the man had left his home, Mashoku sent his messenger to fetch the child to the royal courtyard, where, although the place was full of people, a perfect silence prevailed. The king was in a terribly bad temper, and no one dared to breathe a word. The executioner's assistant made his way to the abode of the chief, and was greeted by the mistress of the house with a friendly 'rumela;' he then proceeded to tell her that the kosana, her husband, was just setting out in his canoe, and that he had sent him to say he wished his little son to go with him. The mother acquiesced, and the boy was delighted to accompany the man, who, of course, took him off to the royal courtyard, where a sign from Mashoku announced their arrival to the moody king. Sepopo started to his feet, and accompanied by his band made his way towards the river, the child being led behind him. Bewildered as the poor little victim was, he was somewhat reassured by the direction they were taking; but all at once he was alarmed by the shrieks of a chieftain's wife, whose house they were passing, and who, knowing the purpose on which they were bent, cried out in horror.

"At the river the whole party, numbering nearly seventy, embarked and crossed to the opposite side. The myrimbas were left behind, but the large drums were taken over. Shortly after landing the king seated himself on a little stool; he made the executioner, a few of his own personal attendants, and the members of his secret council, form an inner circle; beyond them he placed the drummers; and outside these he ordered the rest of the company to group themselves so as to conceal from the town the deed that was being perpetrated. The poor boy by this time had almost fainted from fear; but when, at a nod from the king, the executioners seized him, he began to scream aloud with terror. The drummers were ordered to play with all their might, so that the piteous shrieks should not be heard; several assistants were then summoned to hold the child, so that resistance was impossible, and the two doctors set themselves deliberately to work to amputate finger after finger and toe after toe.

"No drumming could drown the heart-rending cries of the sufferer. The people of Sesheke could hear him, in the midst of his torture, calling out, 'Ra, ra, kame, ra, ra!' (Father, O my father!) and 'umu umu bulaya,' (they are killing me!) but though a large crowd was thus made aware of what was going on, no one dared to raise a hand to rescue the miserable sufferer.

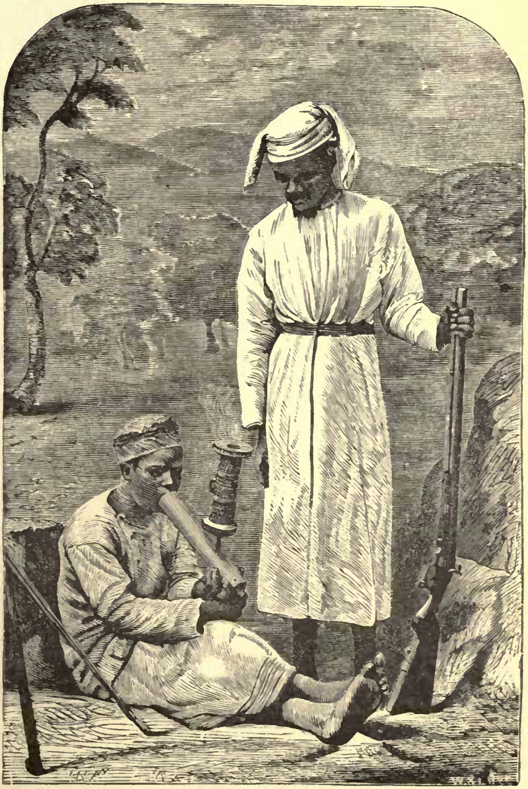
"When the doctors had finished their cruel operation, the hapless boy was strangled, and knocked on the head with a kiri. The whole party then returned to their boats, which were pushed off into mid-stream, where, as if by accident, they were joined into a circle; but in reality with the design of concealing the corpse as it was dropped into the water. Meanwhile the weeping mother had made her way down to the bank, and regardless alike of the crocodiles and of the displeasure of the tyrant, waded into the stream, and demanded her son, her darling Mushemani. But to Sepopo a mother's grief was nothing; he landed quite unconcerned, and proceeded with his myrmidons to enjoy his pots of butshuala, while the doctors stored away the dismembered toes and fingers in a war drum."



A VILLAGE IN ANGOLA.

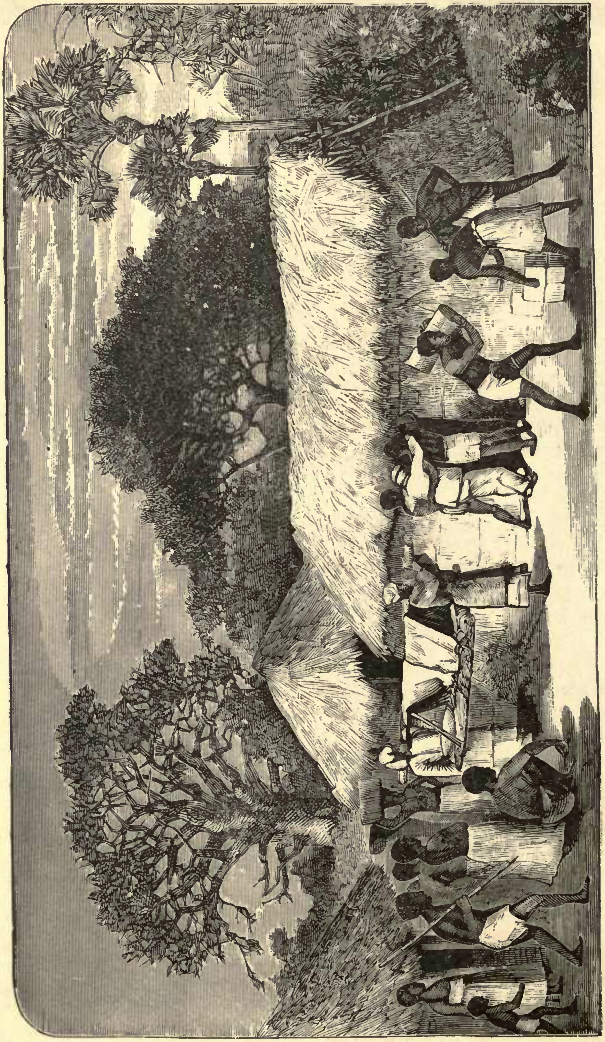
FAITHFUL AFRICANS.

The picture below represents two friends of the great missionary and explorer, David Livingstone. To be sure Chumah and Susi were Livingstone's servants, but if ever any mortals deserve the name of friends, they do. Their story should be told everywhere, not alone to their honor, but to the honor of the African race to which they belong. Susi became attached to Dr. Livingstone when serving as a wood-cutter in 1861, on board the little steamer "Pioneer," used for exploring the Shiré River. Chumah, when first seen, was a lad belonging to a party of captive slaves which was being driven by the camp where Livingstone and Bishop Mackenzie were resting, their drivers not knowing that any white people were near. Livingstone describes these drivers as marching very proudly,



CHUMAH AND SUSI.

dressed in all the finery they could muster, as if they were doing some very noble thing. The slaves were fastened together by long sticks, having a yoke at each end in which the neck of a poor slave was securely held. The children were bound by chains to the men and women. So the long sad

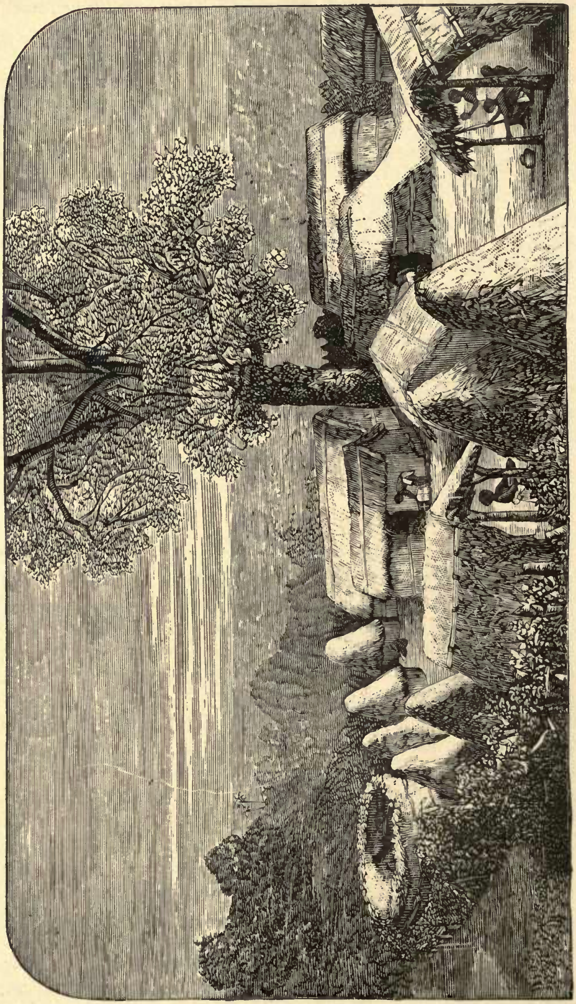


ILALA. THE HUT IN WHICH LIVINGSTONE DIED.

procession moved on, until the drivers caught sight of the white men, when they darted like mad for the forest. Dr. Livingstone and his companion soon cut the cords which bound the captives to their yokes, and set them free. The poor slaves knew not what to make of such kindness They had never seen anything like it. One little boy said, "The others tied us and starved us: you cut the ropes and tell us to eat. What sort of people are you? Where did you come from!" Chumah was one of these released slaves who were kindly treated and placed under instruction at the mission station at Chibisa's. Afterwards Chumah went to India with Dr. Livingstone, and was placed in a mission school there. Two years later, in 1866, Susi and Chumah formed part of the company of thirty-six persons with whom Livingstone set out from Zanzibar for the interior of Africa, upon what proved to be his last journey. Many of this company proved faithless and worse than useless, but these two could always be depended upon. Oftentimes Livingstone would have been utterly helpless without them, but they looked up to him as master, and seemed to love him and care for him as a father. No matter what the hardships of the long seven years' journey were, they seemed as much interested in their master's plans as they would have been had they been his own sons. They carried him on their shoulders over rivers and morasses. When he grew weak so that he could not walk, they saw that he was borne as gently as possible in a "kitanda," or palanquin, which they constructed. The picture on the opposite page shows the "kitanda," from which Dr. Livingstone is being carried by his faithful friends into the hut at Ilala, where he died, May 1, 1873.

AFTER THEIR MASTER'S DEATH.

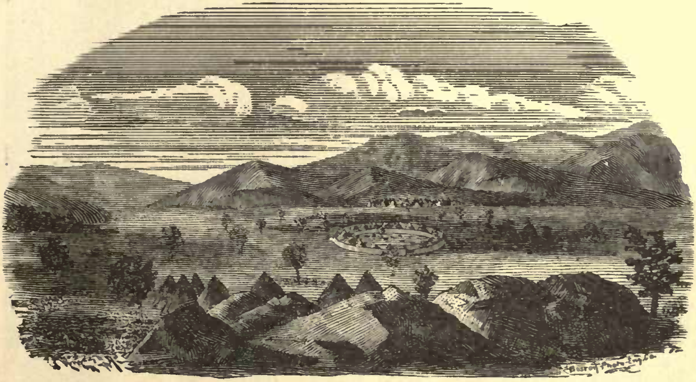
But Chumah and Susi were faithful to their master after his death. In the midst of their deep grief they felt that his body ought to be embalmed and sent, together with the records he had made of his discoveries, to his home in England. They at once determined to pay this honor to him whom they loved so much. It was a very difficult undertaking; some said it was impossible; it actually took them nine long months to reach the coast with their precious burden. The first difficulty they foresaw would arise from the superstitious notion of the native tribes, that to carry a dead body through their territory would bring disaster. It was doubtful whether these tribes would permit them to pass. Hence it was necessary to conceal the nature of their burden. The picture on the next page shows the village built under the direction of Chumah and Susi, in which their company lived while they were preparing the body for transportation. On the left of the picture you will see a round hut open to the sky. It was strongly built, so that no wild beast could enter. Here they embalmed the body as best they could, exposing it to the sun for two whole weeks, keeping close watch by night and day. Then wrapping it carefully in bark and cloth, and making it look as much as possible like a bale of goods, they took up their long and sad march to the coast. It was a hard and perilous journey. Many tried to persuade them to give up their purpose. But nothing could turn them aside from their determination to do what they might for their master, even though he were dead, and with loving hands they brought his body over land and sea, so that England might bury it with honor in Westminster Abbey. Are there many white men who would have been as faithful? Is not the race to which these noble men belong worth saving? Shall we not do what we can to give them all the gospel of Christ? Chuma, when last heard from, was guiding an exploring party on its way to Umzila's kingdom.



THE VILLAGE BUILT BY THOSE WHO WERE CARING FOR LIVINGSTONE'S BODY.

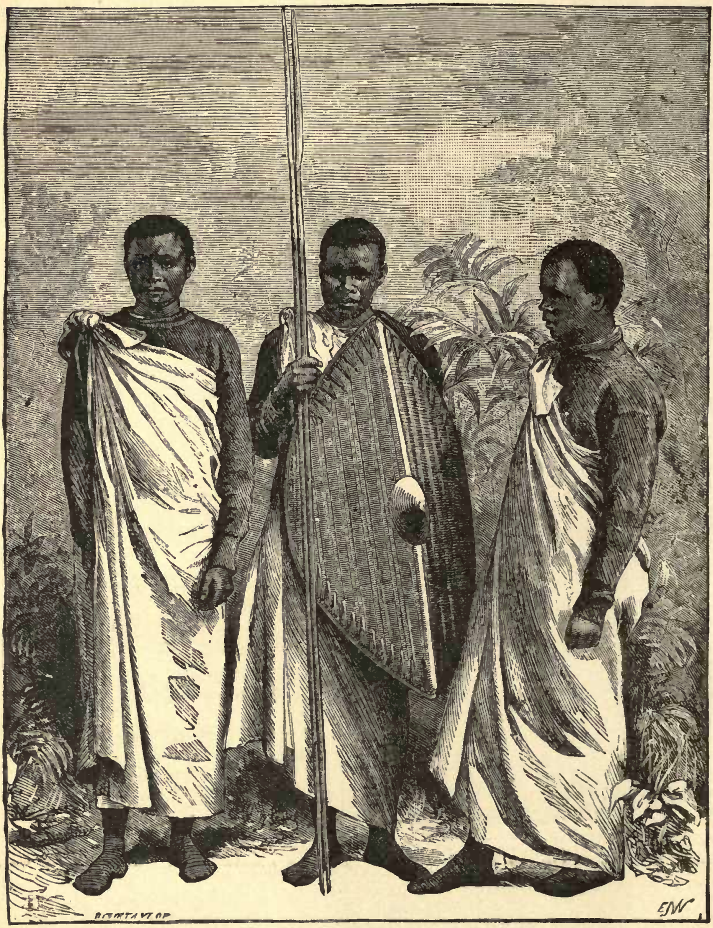
AFRICAN PRINCES IN ENGLAND.

Mtesa, the Emperor of Uganda, a territory in the very centre of Africa, received Christian missionaries less than nine years ago, and about six years ago he sent three envoys to England, that they might see and report about the country from which the missionaries came. They reached London in April, 1880, and their presence awakened much interest. *The Juvenile Instructor* of the Church Missionary Society has a picture of the three princes, which is reproduced on the next page. Their names are Namkaddi, Kataruba, and Sawaddu, and they are fine-looking fellows. How the sights of England must have surprised them! They had never before seen a building of more than one story in height. Of course they knew nothing of railroads or steamboats; indeed they never saw in their own country so much as a road on which a wagon could pass.



UMOYAMUHLE. UMZILA'S KRAAL.

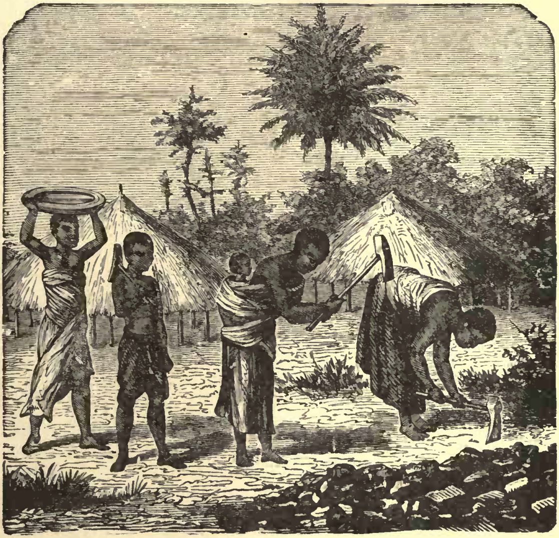
Two things in England are said to have chiefly excited their wonder: first, so many churches with their spires pointing to heaven; and next, the animals in the London Zoölogical Gardens. Many of these animals, like the elephant and



ENVOYS FROM UGANDA.

the hippopotamus, these men often saw in their wild state, but to find them caged and tamed and kept as a show was a boundless surprise. These envoys have now returned to their home in Africa. They have had such a kindly reception in England, having been welcomed by the Queen and by many eminent men, that it is to be hoped they will go back with a story that will convince the Emperor and people of Uganda that the missionaries who are laboring among them came from a wonderful land, and on an errand of love.

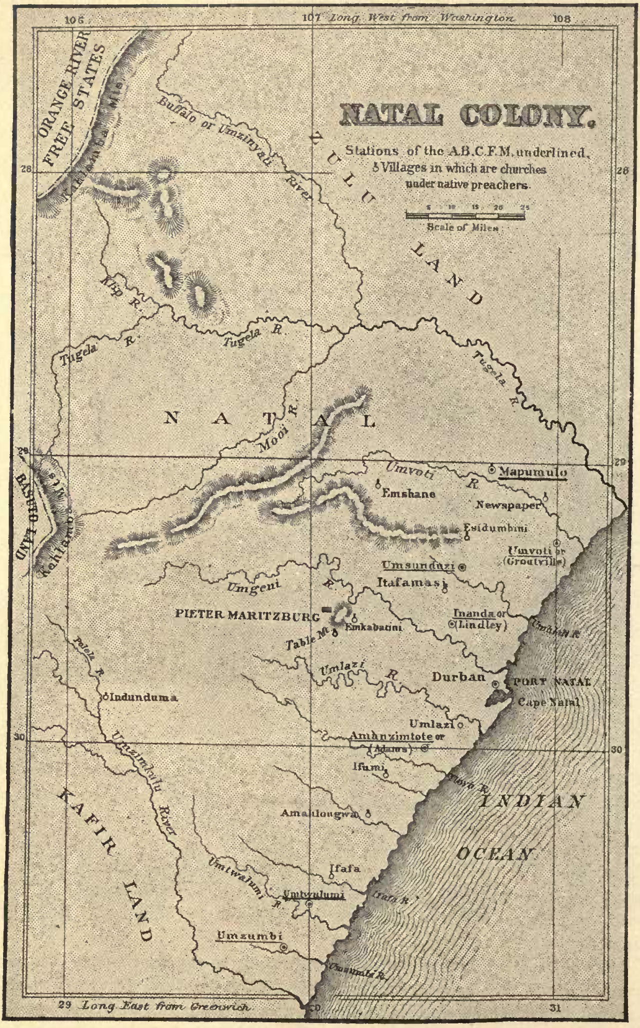
What a contrast there is between Africa and a Christian country, like England or the United States! The picture below shows how women are treated in Western Africa. They are only slaves, doing the hardest and roughest work. Men buy them for wives, and he who has the greatest number is most honored.



WOMEN IN AFRICA.

A common price paid for a wife is three cows, a goat, and a little crockery ware, the whole value not exceeding $20. If the husband dies, his wives belong to his brother, or are transferred like any other property. Where women are so treated of course there can be no home; the children know nothing of kindly care from either father or mother. If these envoys from Uganda should go back and tell of what they had seen in the Christian homes of England, of gentle fathers and mothers and of happy children, it would seem as if the men and women of the "Dark Continent" would listen to the gospel as it is brought them by the missionaries.

Men will not be made pure or happy till their hearts are changed, and nothing can change their hearts except the gospel of the Lord Jesus. The African savages who have seen the wonders of a civilized land cannot say or do anything to help those to whom they return to be better than they now are, only as they convince them that Christ is a mighty Saviour and the Bible a sure guide. Let us hope that the visit of these envoys may lead them to take back this message to Uganda.

NATAL COLONY.
Stations of the A.B.C.F.M. underlined.
♁ Villages in which are churches under native preachers.
5 10 15 20 25
Scale of Miles
106
107 Long. West from Washington
108
29 Long. East from Greenwich
30
31
28
29
30
ORANGE RIVER FREE STATES
Kahlamba Mts.
Buffalo or Umzinyati River
ZULU LAND
Klip R.
Tugela R.
Tugela R.
Tugela R.
NATAL
Mooi R.
BASUTO LAND
Kahlamba Mts.
Umvoti R.
Mapumulo
Emshane
Newspaper
Esidumbini
Umvoti or (Groutville)
Umsunduzi
Itafamasi
Umgeni R.
PIETER MARITZBURG
Emkabatini
Table Mt.
Inanda or (Lindley)
Umhlali R.
Patela R.
Umlazi R.
Durban
PORT NATAL
Cape Natal
Indunduma
Umlazi
Amanzimtote or (Adams)
Ifumi
Illovo R.
Umzimkulu River
KAFIR LAND
INDIAN OCEAN
Amahlongwa
Ifafa
Umtwalumi R.
Umtwalumi
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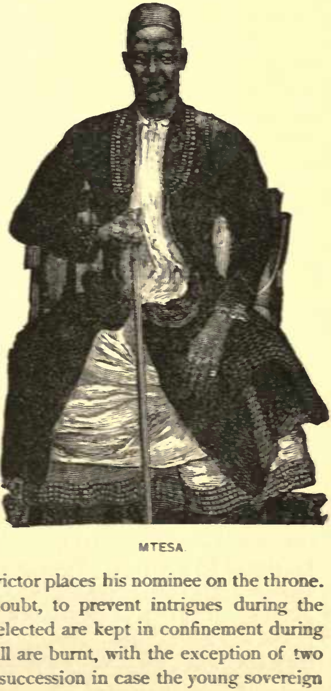
Umzumbi
Umzumbi R.

MTESA, EMPEROR OF UGANDA.

This noted monarch of Central Africa, whose capital was Rubaga, on Lake Victoria Nyanza, died in 1884. Rumors of his death were circulated for some time before it actually took place; his real condition being kept secret. Some very interesting facts respecting this remarkable sovereign, and the method of choosing his successor whenever he dies, are given in two interesting volumes, recently published in London, entitled "Uganda and the Egyptian Soudan," by Messrs. Wilson and Felkin, missionaries of the English Church Missionary Society at Rubaga. Mr. Felkin was physician to Mtesa for many months, and enjoyed many privileges at the dusky monarch's court. This is what he says about the peculiar laws regarding the succession to the throne: —



MTESA.

"When a king dies, his successor is chosen from among the deceased monarch's children, by the three hereditary *bakungee* (or principal chiefs), with whom alone the choice rests. A child is always elected, and during his minority his mother, if living, acts as queen regent, and, with the assistance of these three nobles, governs the country, the young king being meanwhile trained up in the traditions of his ancestors. Should, however, the three nobles not agree in the choice of a successor, they go to war about it, and the victor places his nominee on the throne. The reason of this singular law is, no doubt, to prevent intrigues during the king's lifetime. The brothers of the king elected are kept in confinement during his minority, and when he comes of age all are burnt, with the exception of two or three who are preserved to keep up the succession in case the young sovereign should die childless. The children of the king have no rank on account of their birth, and the princesses are not, as a rule, allowed to marry, only a few of Mtesa's unmarried daughters having been given as wives to neighboring kings, or to the great nobles of Uganda."

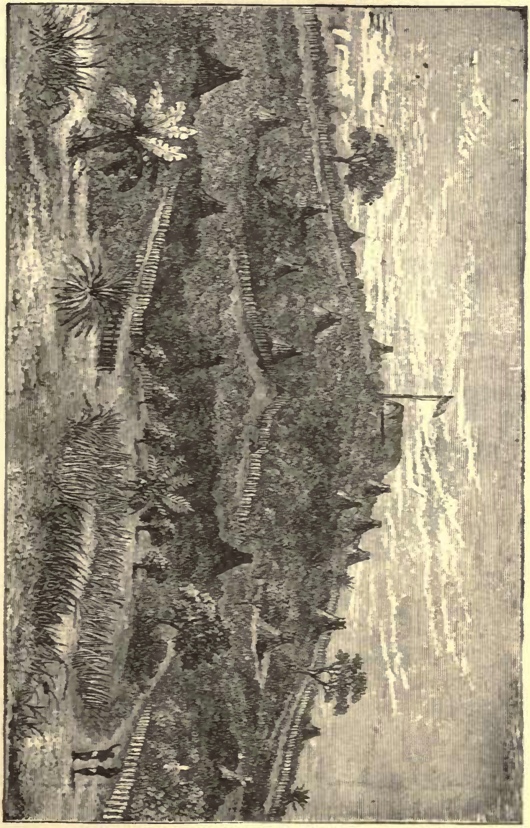
Some four years ago Mtesa told Mr. Felkin that he had seventy sons and eighty-eight daughters, but that he did not know how many wives he possessed. His people said he had seven thousand. Think what an enormous establishment he must have at his court with his retinue of chiefs and servants, in addition to his wives and children!

When Mr. Felkin first saw Mtesa, he lay on a rich carpet, supported by spotless linen cushions. He describes him as a man not far from forty-five years of age, tall, slender, and graceful, having a well-formed face, with large languid eyes, usually dull, but often lighted up with a good deal of fire. He has been a great sufferer from bodily ills, and much of the fickleness for which he has been noted has doubtless been the result of his poor health. But his sickness has had one good effect, in making him somewhat more merciful. The remark was often heard at Rubaga: "If Mtesa were well, you would soon see some executions." These African monarchs fear that they shall lose control over their subjects unless they exhibit their power in acts of cruelty. Mtesa keeps a small army of executioners, and one of this band is always near his person. If ever he dreams of any of the gods of his country, he imagines that they are angry with him and must be appeased. He therefore immediately offers human sacrifices, sometimes to the number of several hundred.

The people of Uganda, called Waganda, are superior to most African tribes. They are peculiar in this, certainly, that they are always clothed, the penalty for appearing in the public roads without proper apparel being death. Their country is directly under the equator. Yet the temperature does not rise above ninety degrees Fahrenheit, in the shade. Mr. Wilson estimates the population of Uganda at about five millions.

The religion of the Waganda may be called devil-worship. They believe in a Supreme God who made all things, but they do not worship him, because they regard him as quite unconcerned about his creatures. But evil spirits, called *lubari,* are supposed to dwell in particular places, and are to be feared and their anger averted. Chief of these lubari is the spirit of their great lake, Victoria Nyanza. This spirit, they believe, occasionally enters the body of some man or woman, who then has great power to bless or curse. Not long ago a woman, who claimed to be this lubari of the lake, frightened Mtesa out of his new faith. He had openly rejected the old superstitions of his people, and called himself a Christian. Then, under Arab influence, he professed to be a Mohammedan. But when this woman came, claiming to be the lubari, he announced that the foreign religions were all false, and that henceforth he should know no religion but that of his ancestors. Happily, so far at least as the opening for missionary labor in Uganda is concerned, he not long ago changed his mind, and again listened with interest to the teachings of the Christian missionaries, allowing his people also to be taught. Many of the Waganda seem to be prepared to receive the gospel, and a few have been really converted to Christ.

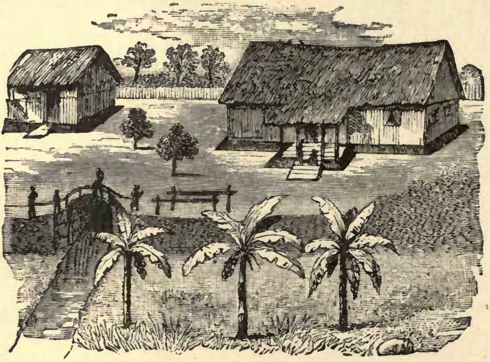
A recent number of the *Church Missionary Intelligencer* contains the journal of Mr. Mackay, giving the story of a year of missionary life at Rubaga. Among other matters referred to is the death and burial, in May, 1882, of Namasole, the mother of Mtesa. The Emperor asked Mr. Mackay to make a copper coffin for the queen and to assist in the funeral ceremonies. He gives the following account of the affair: —



MTESA'S PALACE AT RUBAGA.

"The grave was a huge pit, some 20 feet by 15 at the mouth, and 30 deep. It was dug in the centre of the late queen's chief house — a monstrous hut, some 150 feet in diameter, as usual all roof with no walls, and a perfect forest of poles inside, the centre ones being good enough for frigate masts.

"Nearly all the excavated gravel had been carried away, while the monster pit was neatly lined all round with bark-cloth. Into this several thousand new bark-cloths were thrown, and carefully spread on the bottom, filling up the hole a long way. Then the segments of the huge box were lowered in with much trouble. I descended, and nailed the corners together. After that I was summoned to the ceremony of putting the corpse into the first coffin. Thousands of women were yelling with all their might, and a few with tears in their eyes. Only the ladies of the royal family were near the corpse, which by this time had been reduced to a mummy by constantly squeezing out the fluids with rags of bark-cloth. It was wrapped in a new *mbugu*, and laid on the ground. The chiefs half filled the nicely padded coffin with *bufta* (bleached calico), then several bunches of petty charms belonging to the queen were laid in; after that the corpse; and then the coffin was filled up with more bufta. Kyimbugwe, Kunta, and the other chiefs in charge carried the coffin to the court where the grave-house was, when much more yelling took place. I screwed the lid down; but such was the attachment of some of the royal ladies to the deceased, that I had to get them peremptorily ordered away, with their crying and tears and hugging of the coffin, before I could get near to perform my duties as undertaker.

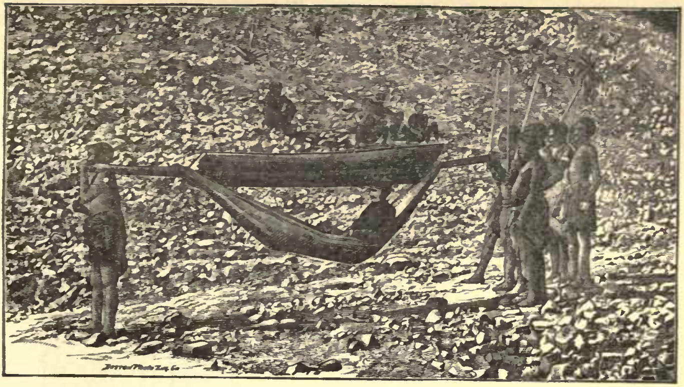


MISSION PREMISES, RUBAGA.

"Then came the copper coffin, into which the other was lowered by means of a huge sheet. Thousands of yards of unbleached calico (shirtings) were then filled in, round and over the copper coffin, until the big box was half full. The remainder was filled up with bark-cloths, as also all the space round the outside of the box. The lid was lowered, and I descended once more to nail it down. Several thousand more of mbugus were then laid on till within three feet of the surface, when earth was thrown in to the level of the floor.

"We returned at dusk, but the burying was not completed till nearly midnight. Next morning, every man, woman, and child in the land had his head shaved, and put off his mourning dress of tattered mbugus and belt of plantain-leaf."

The missionaries estimated the value of the cloth buried in the grave of Namasole at not far from seventy-five thousand dollars. If such a lavish display was made at the burial of a queen, what would be done on the death of the king himself!



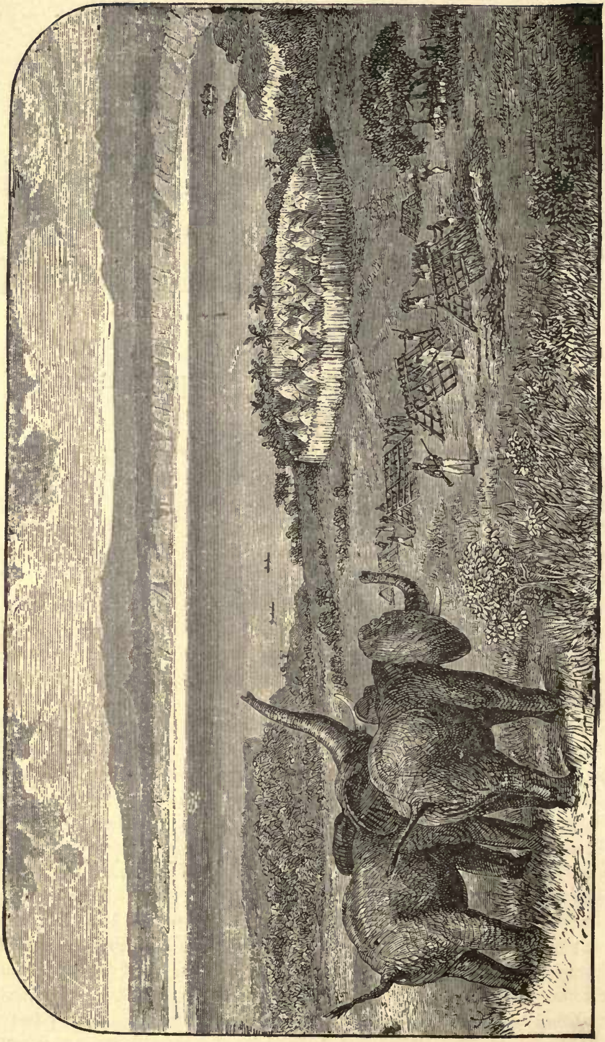
AN AFRICAN TEPOIA.

A "MORNING STAR" IN AFRICA.—1883.

All the young stockholders in our missionary ship will be interested to hear of another *Morning Star*, recently built, and now in actual service in the heart of Africa. It is not a great affair in itself, a lifeboat, only thirty-two feet long and eight feet wide; but it is made of steel, and as the importance of boats is not, any more than the importance of people, measured by their size, it is doing a more valuable and blessed work in the world than many a larger craft. It belongs to the London Missionary Society, and is used in missionary service on Lake Tanganyika, a large and beautiful inland sea in Central Africa, the southern portion of which is represented in a picture on the next page, taken from "Livingstone's Last Journals."

The *Chronicle* of the London Society, December, 1883, contains an interesting account of this little *Morning Star* (called in African *Nyota ya Assabui*), from its hammering out in the English workshops to its launching in its home in the beautiful lake, under the superintendence of Captain Hore, who tells the story.

This steel lifeboat was built in sections, and shipped from England to the East coast of Africa, and then carried on men's shoulders eight hundred miles inland to Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika. This was an undertaking of great difficulty; but it was successfully accomplished through the skill and energy of Captain Hore, for the huge pieces of steel might easily have been lost in some African swamp or river. Captain Hore thus describes the way they crossed the Malagarasi River, sixty miles from Ujiji, with its vast swampy shores: "Right in front, and a little below, stretches a great level plain, apparently uniformly covered with long bright green grass, and diversified only by a few regular mounds, covered with the same grass — these are anthills. North the vast plain seems to continue as far as eye can reach. Very beautiful



VILLAGE ON LAKE TANGANYIKA.

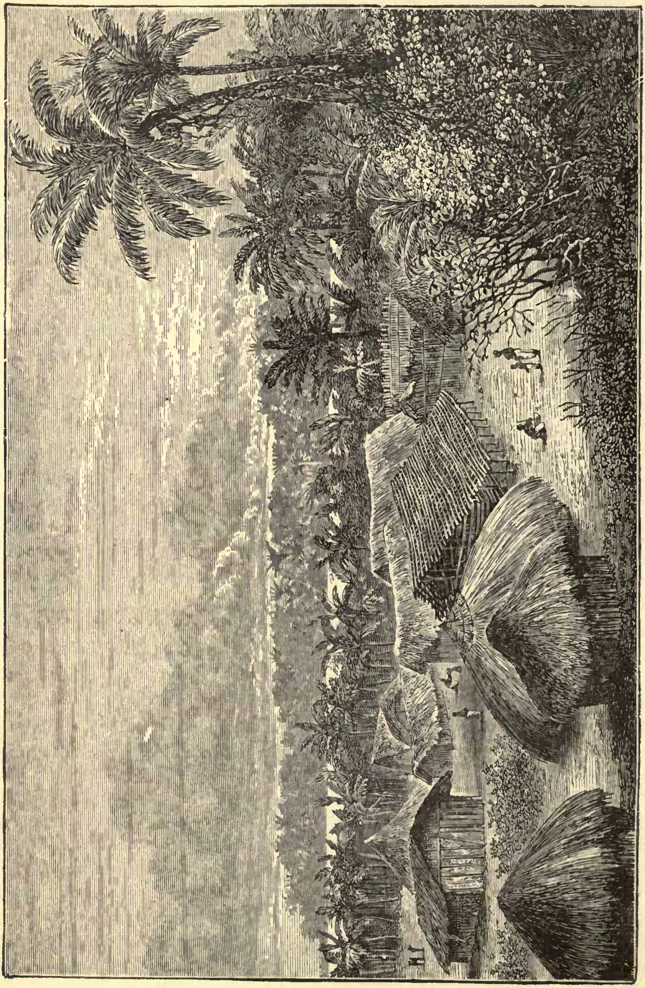
it looks, but it is treacherous. It is a vast swamp, the mounds are but islands, and in the midst is the great river." After wading through the tall grass, higher than their heads, and sometimes in water to their waist, for more than half a mile, they reached the proper river bank. Here boats were waiting, secured with much delay and difficulty from the native chiefs, to carry them over, all the odds and ends of cloth being used up for fare. The camp equipage and other baggage were taken across first, and the precious sections of the *Morning Star* left for the last. For these, two of the largest canoes, twenty-two feet long, built of a single piece of bark, pinched together at the ends, were taken, and two stout poles laid across them, tightly lashed on, upon which one boat section at a time was placed, and so all were carried safely over.

On the twenty-third of February, one hundred and five days after leaving Saadani, on the coast, the caravan arrived at Ujiji. Here they set to work at once to put the vessel together and launch it upon the lake. This was successfully accomplished on Monday, the twenty-first of May. The account of this we must let Captain Hore give in his own graphic way: —

"As the boat neared completion, she was daily visited by people of many tribes. She was the sight of the place; people landing from boats after a voyage made first to the white man's building shed; and Wajiji from the hills, who seldom or never visited the town, came down to see the wonderful iron canoe. As the steel sides grew up, the natives tapped and felt in silent wonder; the Arabs and Wangwana confessed 'this indeed is work.' As the shell of the boat became filled up with the various fittings, the excitement and wonder increased, and when the bulwark and rail rose up, and the gold stars on her bows shone forth, and inside and out gleamed with paint and varnish, she was pronounced to be *the most wonderful* thing, at least in all the world they knew. 'Those Wangwana,' said the natives, 'whose work we used to wonder at and admire, where are they beside such work as this? — tut, but they are nowhere.'

"Early on Monday morning we started from the house, with our men carrying the masts, ropes, and all gear necessary for the launch. Blocks had already been laid from the shed to the lake, a distance of one hundred feet. A stout and long rope was passed around the boat and secured, the blocks were greased, and we only waited the arrival of long-promised help. The men from the town, chiefly Arabs' slaves and followers, arrived first. Then in the far distance we saw a long line of natives approaching along the beach. Later on another group arrived from Gungu, and so, at last, we mustered about two hundred and fifty or three hundred men. A smooth, steady drag brought the boat to the water's edge, sliding over the blocks as smoothly as could be. Here the mainmast was put in, and our Mission flag, the dove with olive branch, hoisted. One more good pull and our boat was afloat upon the waters of Tanganyika: while from a hundred African throats, she was pronounced to be the *Nyota ya Assubui*, or *Morning Star*. Numbers of the people rushed into the water, firing off their guns, and dancing and shouting, until it was announced that the promised beef was to be distributed.

"The *Morning Star* is now riding at anchor off the town. As I look upon her I recall to mind some events of that wonderful journey she achieved while still her parts were separate. All those parts have in due course arrived; the work of erection has been completed; and there she rides, the last, but not the least to be remembered of our mission fleet—destined, we hope, to a considerable share in the conveyance of the good news to all the twelve tribes of Tanganyika."

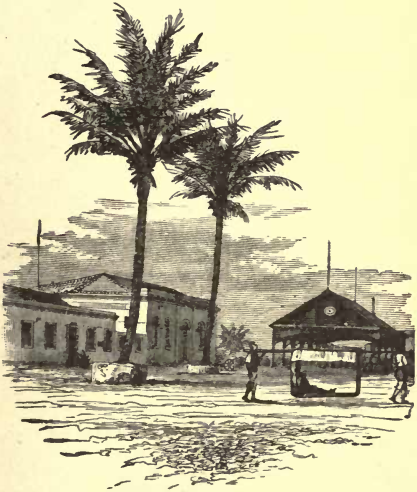


THE TOWN OF UJIJI, ON LAKE TANGANYIKA.

THE NEW MISSION IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

THE FIRST REPORT, MADE IN 1881.

Comparatively little is now known of the region about Bihé. Between the years 1873 and 1875, Commander Cameron, of the British navy, accomplished the remarkable feat of crossing Africa from Zanzibar to Benguela. He passed through Bihé, and in the volume descriptive of his journey, entitled *Across Africa*, he gives a glowing account of the region to which our missionaries are going, with many illustrations taken on the spot. Through the kindness of Messrs. Harper & Brothers, the publishers of the volume, some of these illustrations will appear among the stories we are able to give from this part of Central Africa.



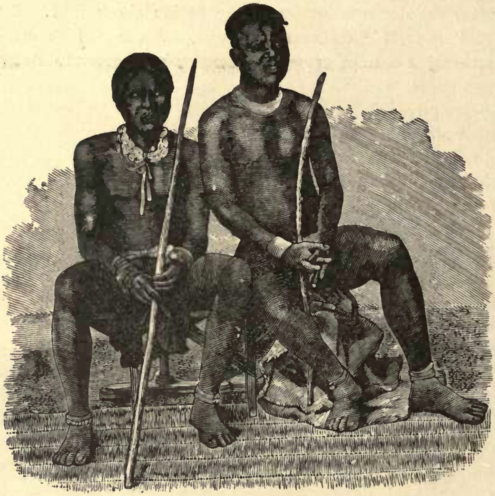
CUSTOM-HOUSE AT BENGUELA.

Benguela, the port at which our missionaries, Messrs. Bagster, Sanders, and Miller landed November 13, and from which they hoped soon to start for the interior, is the coast town at which Commander Cameron arrived after his long and perilous journey across the continent. The Portuguese claim authority over Benguela, and for a long distance inland, but practically they have little power away from the coast. Of the custom house Mr. Bagster writes: —

"The process of clearing goods from the custom-house is one of extreme slowness and detestable delays. If the officials can put off until tomorrow what ought to be done to-day, they will certainly do so. There is so much of ignorance and idiocy that yesterday, when clearing the case of guns, etc., although I told them four or five times that there was danger because of the loaded cartridges in the box, and although I would not stay near, they persisted in breaking into that case with a cold chisel and big hammer, fortunately without damage."

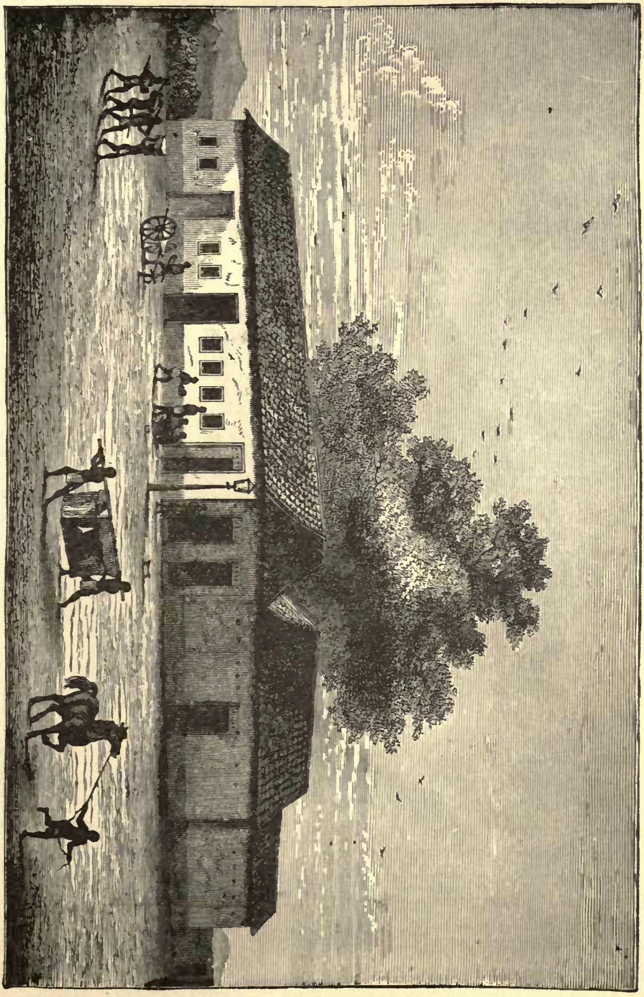
Benguela is a place likely to be often mentioned in future letters from West Central Africa. Mr. Sanders says of it: "There are in the town about two hundred white men, and a few hundred blacks. There are scarcely any white women in these West African cities. Generally each white household consists of the members of the trading firm, with whom the clerks board and lodge, besides many black servants. This state of society gives rise to much immorality, drinking, and smoking. Fever seems to be the great bugbear here, though at present it is as healthy as can be. We are in good health and spirits, take all reasonable precautions against sickness, and do not propose to worry about the fever beforehand."

It seems that besides its custom-house Benguela has a court-house and a good hospital, and a church, but according to Commander Cameron the church is never opened except for baptisms and burials. Mr. Sanders describes the house which they have taken for one month while they are getting ready to march into the interior. It evidently is not so fine as the house of the French merchant which Cameron saw at Catumbella, a few miles from Benguela, a picture of which may be seen on the opposite page, but it serves their purposes well. Mr. Sanders says: "The house has three rooms and an entry. One room is used for the storage of our heavy boxes; the next is the dining-room; the third room has two windows without any glass, and here we sleep and write and work. The floor is paved with stones, but if any sidewalk in Boston were as rough the newspapers would cry out at once. Our household now consists, besides ourselves, of two Cabinda servants, two dogs, many rats, more mice,



PORTERS OF BIHÉ.

most of all fleas. The sea breeze commences to blow into our front windows certainly by the middle of each forenoon, and it keeps the house as cool and pleasant as can be desired, even at the hottest part of the day. The black people here are most miserable in appearance. It is scarcely possible to see fifty of them without finding many whose toes are either entirely or partly gone, or their legs much swollen. This is due to neglect in extracting the 'jiggers,' a kind of insect which burrows under the skin of the feet."

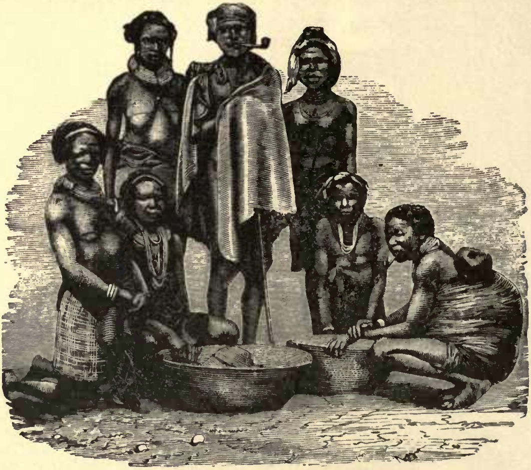


HOUSE OF FRENCH MERCHANTS AT CATUMBELLA.

Copyright by Harper & Brothers.

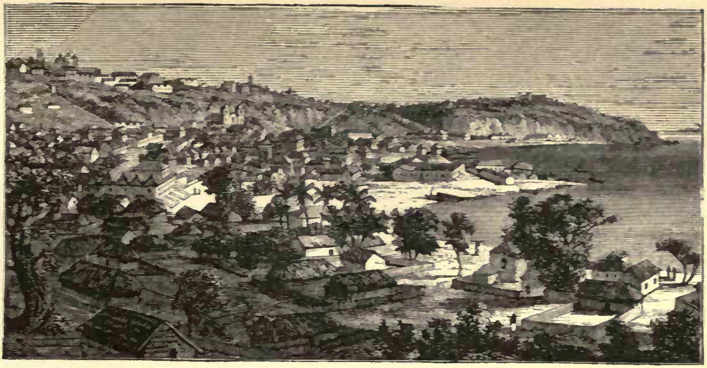
ON TO BIHÉ.

From Benguela to Bihé is about two hundred and fifty miles. Bihé is not a town but a district, the chief of which, at the time of Cameron's visit, was Kagnombé, who lived in a town bearing his name. Cameron says it was the largest town he saw in crossing Africa. This place Messrs. Bagster, Sanders, and Miller were planning to reach by the last of January, and we hope soon to hear of their successful journey. They were to go to Catumbella, to wait for caravans coming from Bihé, in order to secure porters, like those represented on a preceding page. You must remember that money does not pass among these Africans. They know little of the value of gold and silver, and therefore cloth, beads, and trinkets must be paid in exchange for whatever is bought of the natives. The chiefs also must have presents, and the large supplies our missionaries must needs take with them will call for quite a company of these porters. They expect also to use donkeys, though the way is very rough, and in portions very steep. The land rises rapidly as the coast is left, and the traveler has often to climb on his hands and knees along the rugged path. One of Cameron's camps between Bihé and Benguela was 5,800 feet above the sea level, and the adjoining hills were 800 feet higher.



THE PEOPLE OF KISANJI.

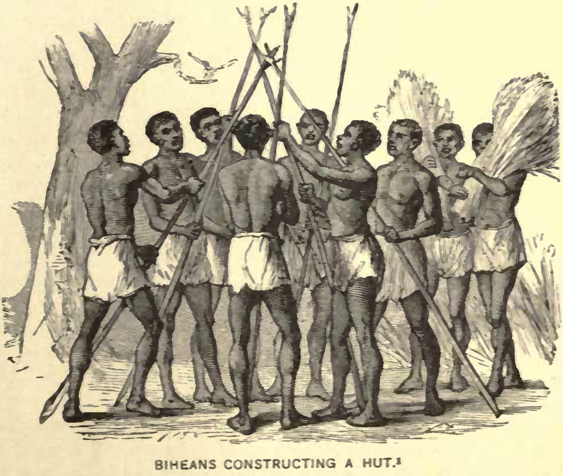
Only two days out from Benguela Cameron met, in the district of Kisanji, the group of people represented above. All along the way he saw fresh clogs and forks such as are used in fastening slaves while they are being driven to market. Graves and skeletons were visible on every hand, showing that the slave trade was still active in that region. It is to bless and to save the people of Africa who have suffered so much from the horrible traffic in slaves, and who are now so ignorant and degraded, that our missionaries have gone to preach the gospel among them. The work will be difficult, but our brethren are courageous and hopeful. Will you not think about them and pray much for them, and watch for their success?



ST. PAUL DE LOANDA.

FROM BENGUELA TO BIHÉ.—1881.

OUR pioneer missionaries to West Central Africa have many novel experiences on the inland journey from Benguela to Bihé. The road is a mere track, the width of a man's bare foot, and it is worn deep by long use, like a wheel-rut. The natives walk at ease in it, but the deep sides proved painfully hard to our friends who wore boots, and to the ox which Mr. Bagster rode. The poor animal's feet were really made almost raw.



BIHEANS CONSTRUCTING A HUT.[1]

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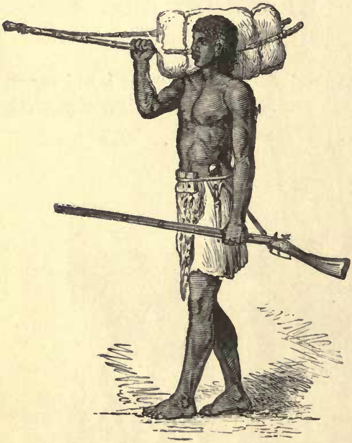
[1] The cuts given in this article are from Major Serpa Pinto's valuable book on *How I Crossed Africa*, and for their use we are indebted to the publishers, Messrs. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia.

Beautiful indeed upon the mountains of Bailundu are the feet of our brothers bearing the good tidings to Africa, but as yet this is only figuratively speaking. Mr. Sanders and Mr. Miller were generally obliged to ride in the hammock-like *tepoia*, slung on the shoulders of the Bihé carriers, who also bear all their luggage.

All the while the missionaries were slowly climbing from the coast to the high lands for the first time, they had great opportunities of hearing the Bihé language used by the carriers. It is called "Umbundu." Mr. Bagster wrote that the natives are much given to using signs, and that this proved a help to him. For instance, to-morrow is *nena* with a snap or two of the fingers in front, and yesterday is the same word with the snap or two backwards, over the shoulder.

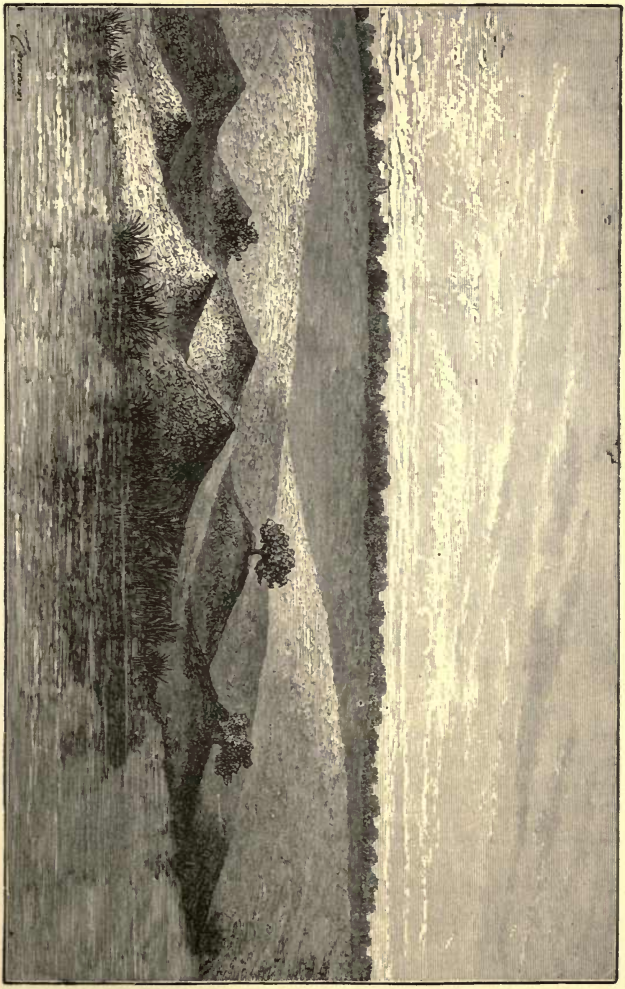
While Mr. Bagster went back from Bailundu to the coast for some delayed supplies, Mr. Sanders and Mr. Miller remained encamped in Bailundu studying the language, with their guide, Barros, who speaks Portuguese, for a teacher. They had a hut built behind their tent, to serve as dining-room, and another hut at a little distance for a kitchen. These huts are constructed very quickly. Several men cut the poles, and others bring the long grass, and in an hour the neat little house is done. In the tent were the beds and a few boxes. Hanging from the ridge-pole were the lanterns, umbrellas, ropes, and guns. In the dining-room were the little camp folding-table, or stand, the dishes, and the food. Tucked away among the poles were a variety of cloths, towels, etc. The Bailundu King, Kwikwi, often sent them sweet potatoes and corn meal, but he expected a good present in return. Mr. Sanders says: "One of our luxuries is about a gill of goat's milk, night and morning. The little creatures are not accustomed here to give milk to any but their young. Hence our goat is not very generous. The native style of milking is novel. One able-bodied man holds the head; another, standing astride and grasping the hinder legs, lifts the goat into position for the third sitting behind to milk. The sight and the despairing cries of the goat make a very ludicrous affair. It is equaled only by two pigs which had not enough fat to fry their own meat. Tallow had to be added. I could not look at the bony carcasses without laughing at the idea of their being pigs."



A CARRIER OF BIHÉ.

One day in camp Mr. Sanders sang the chorus of "Home, home, sweet sweet home," to Barros, and gave him the meaning in Portuguese. He said these people had a similar song. Mr. Sanders took down the Umbundu version and sent this literal translation. The first line refers to the wooden stockades which bar the way to their villages.

"At our village the entrance is crooked,
The family there are not crooked;
From our village the foot goes forth,
The heart never departs thence."



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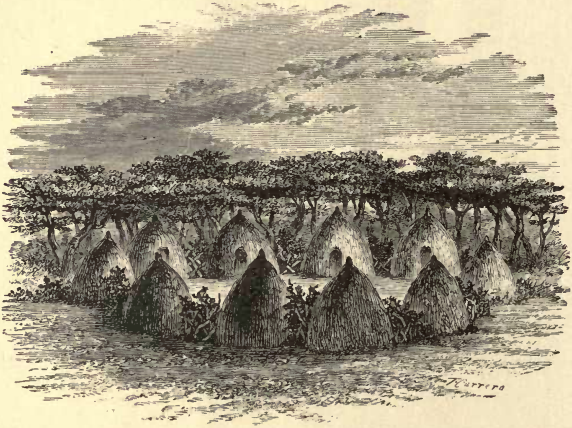
ANT HILLS ON THE RIVER CUTATO.

These missionaries write of only two things as personal trials, though they must have many such. First, they have been accustomed to speak of the Saviour's love, and they went to Africa on purpose to tell those savage and ignorant men the truth about the holy God, their loving Father, who has sent the Lord Jesus to be their Saviour. But as yet their mouths are shut, and probably they will find, even when they know that strange language well, great difficulty in expressing spiritual ideas in it. Their great comfort in this privation is, as one of them says, that they "can pray, and God can use other means than our words by which to answer."

We can already see one way in which he is answering. Their true and pure lives witness for God, and have already arrested the attention and awakened the wonder of the natives, who are at present eager to receive them, and understand that they have come to teach, and not to trade.

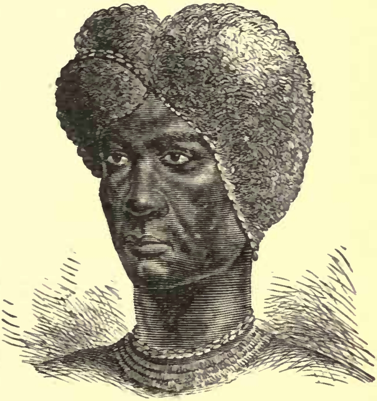


SERPA PINTO'S ENCAMPMENT ON THE WAY TO BIHÉ.

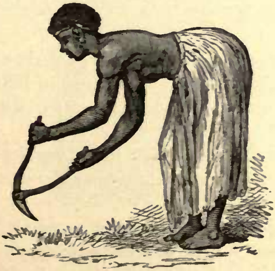
The second trial of which the missionaries write is that, loving God's house and the company of Christians as they do, they are now deprived of these helps. "We do so long for 'the gates of Zion,'" says one of them. "To each one it would be a great boon to meet with a congregation of God's people. Three are a small assembly, and though missionaries we do not at all times 'mount up with wings as eagles.' You doubtless know that missionaries lead every-day lives like other folks. The knowledge that so many prayers are daily offered for the mission strengthens us."

THE WEST CENTRAL AFRICAN MISSION IN 1882.

It was after long delays that Bihé was reached by the missionaries of the American Board. This was the region Messrs. Bagster, Sanders, and Miller set out for in 1880, leaving Benguela, on the sea-coast, in March, 1881. The story of their detention in Bailundu, two hundred miles from the coast, and fifty miles from Bihé, is, we hope, familiar to our readers. King Kwikwi, of Bailundu, did not want them to go on, and would not furnish them with necessary carriers. So they stayed at Bailundu and built them houses for a station, watching all the while for any opportunity to visit Bihé, to see if a good opening for a mission could not be found there. In April, 1882, Mr. Sanders was at last enabled to make the journey, and wrote home at the time an interesting account of the place and people, which was published in the *Missionary Herald*. This region of Bihé was visited in 1877 by a Portuguese traveler, De Serpa Pinto, and in his entertaining volumes, entitled "How I Crossed Africa," he gives a graphic story of what he saw there. Through the kindness of Messrs. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, the publishers, we are able to give several illustrations from that portion of Major Pinto's work which relates to Bihé. These pictures of a Bihean man and woman are taken from real life, and Pinto saw many of the women digging in the fields, as this one is doing. The men have good forms, and are large and strong and brave, and though sadly depraved, they are, in the opinion of this trav-



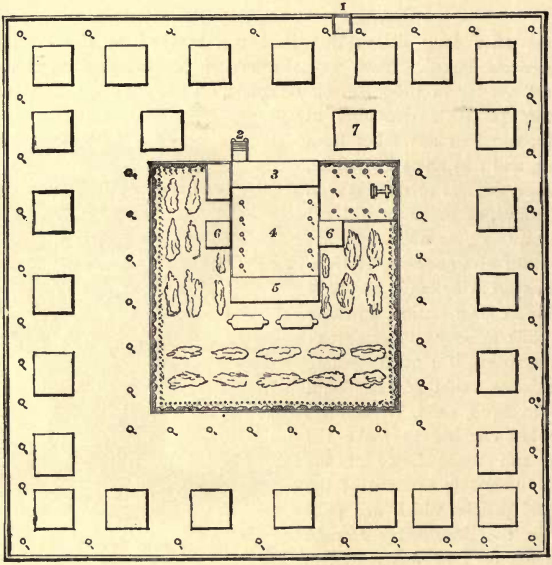
A BIHÉ HEAD-DRESS



BIHÉ WOMAN.

eler, fitted to take the lead of all other peoples in Africa, could they be taught aright.

The villages of the Biheans are usually fortified, not as a protection from wild animals, for these are few, but to resist the attacks of men. Below is a plan of the village of Belmonte, which Mr. Sanders speaks of visiting. It was the place where Silva Porto, an enterprising Bihean, once lived. The outside line represents a strong wooden stockade, within which, at regular intervals, are fine sycamore trees. The small squares represent the houses of the people. Then comes another row of sycamores surrounding the large inner square, or palisade. Within the latter are pomegranates and orange trees and roses, with gardens, and a burying-place. Silva Porto's house (at No. 3 above) is shown on the opposite page. This is a finer house than is commonly seen in Bihé, most of them being little more than huts made of wood and covered with thatch.

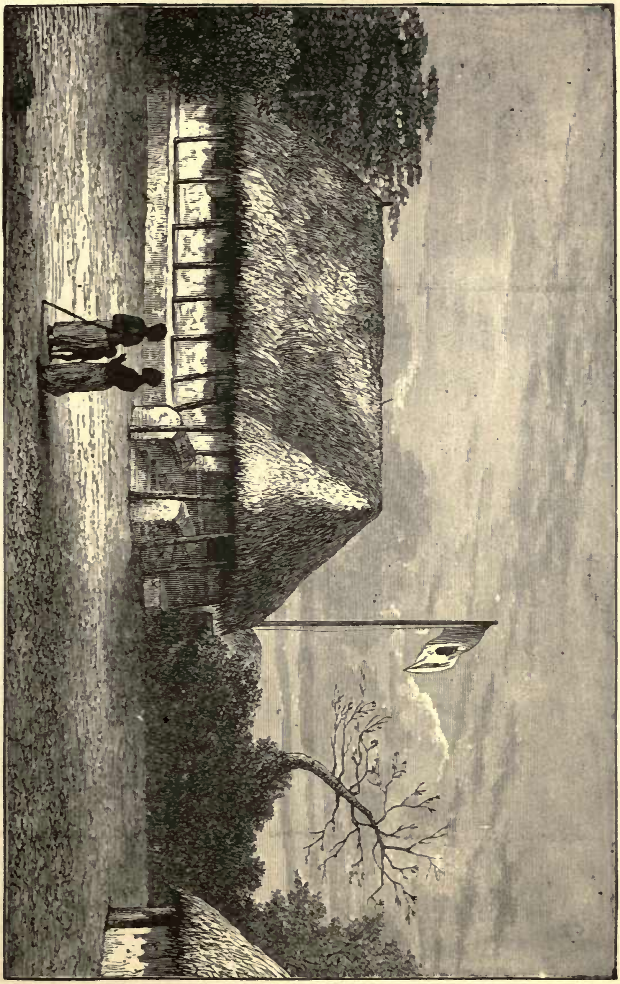


PLAN OF THE VILLAGE OF BELMONTE

1. Entrance to the village. 2. Entrance to Silva Porto's House. 3. House. 4. Interior court-yard. 5. Kitchen and store-room. 6. Servants' house. 7. Warehouse.

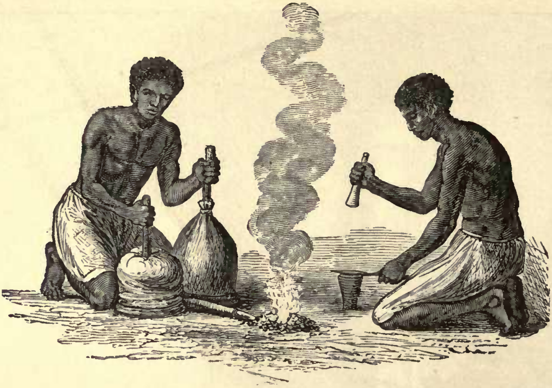
It was at this village of Belmonte that Serpa Pinto was sick for a long time, and here, after his recovery, he laid his plans and made his preparations for his long and perilous journey across Africa.

The Soba, or King of Bihé, is Chilemo (Major Pinto spells the name Quillemo), and Mr. Sanders' letter shows that there is little to admire in this sovereign. Under the king are seculos, or chief men, some of them having fortified villages of their own, who are to all intents kings over their own small territories. These seculos are the persons with whom, for the present, our missionaries carry on their dealings with the natives, for they act as guides and business agents. As soon as a better acquaintance is formed with the people and the kings, it is to be hoped the services of these seculos can be dispensed with.



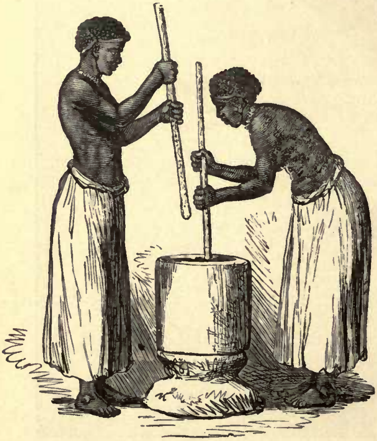
BELMONTE HOUSE, BIHÉ

There is nothing which shows more clearly the character of the Biheans than their treatment of women. They are practically slaves, doing the hard work. They dig in the ground and raise the corn, which is one of the chief productions. Instead of grinding the corn the women pound it in a mortar in the way represented below. Polygamy prevails here as in other parts of Africa, and the men seem to put away their wives whenever they are pleased to do so.



GANGUELLA BLACKSMITHS.

On the way from the coast to Bihé Major Pinto passed among the Ganguellas, the near neighbors of the Biheans, and much like them. Above are shown some of these Ganguellas at their forge, where, notwithstanding their rude bellows and anvil, they make very good tools and weapons. Though these people of Africa have received our missionaries kindly, and offer to let them stay and choose any spot they please on which to build their houses, it must not be supposed that they care anything as yet about having the gospel of Jesus Christ preached to them. They have no wish to be taught about God. But as Jesus did not come to earth because men wanted him, but because men needed him, so our missionaries have gone to Bailundu and Bihé. Pray God to guide and keep them.

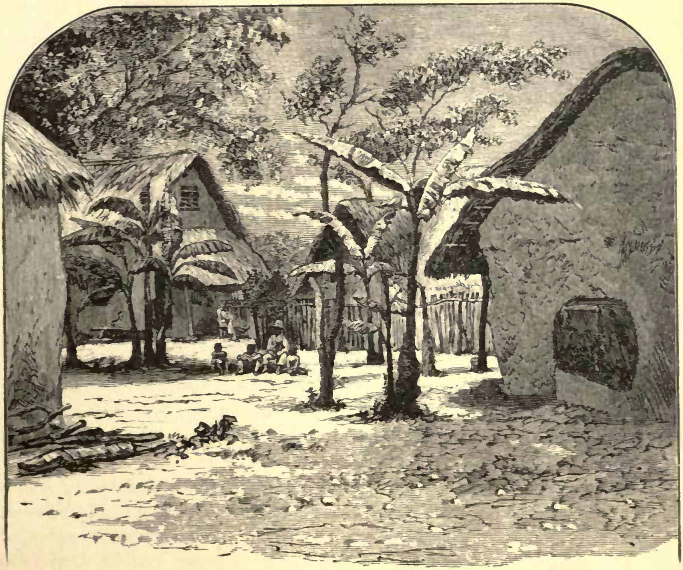


BIHÉ WOMEN POUNDING CORN.

CHRISTMAS AT BAILUNDU, WEST CENTRAL AFRICA.—1883.

BY REV. WESLEY M. STOVER.

CHRISTMAS has come and gone, and the young people who read the *Herald* will be interested to know how we observed the glad day at this new missionary station in Central Africa. They will also be pleased to see the picture of our mission premises given above. The view here presented is from a point exactly opposite that from which the one in the *Herald* for June, 1882, was taken. The building on the right is Mr. Fay's house: that on the left, of which but a corner is seen, was the doctor's office: the next beyond is Mr. Miller's house, with the proprietor sitting under the thatched awning. The building behind the fence is now used

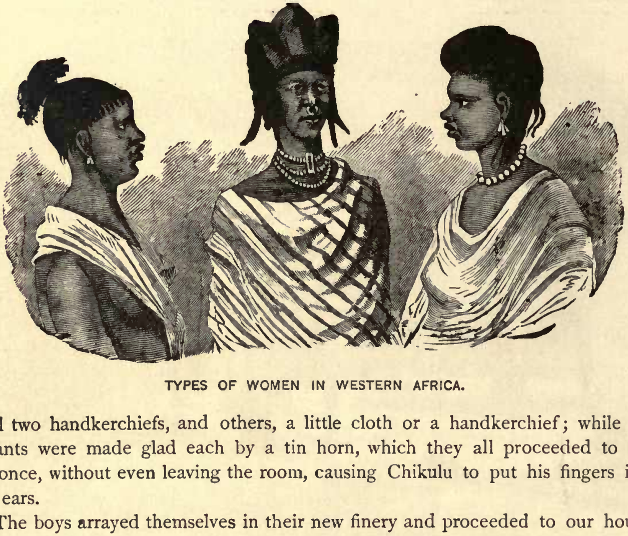


MISSION PREMISES AT BAILUNDU.

as a schoolhouse. The large-leaved plants are bananas, which were planted by us and have grown up within two years.

At our Christmas celebration we concluded to follow the scriptural rule and make a feast for those who could not feast *us* in return. So we killed an ox, dried the portion suitable for drying, and the rest of our half we devoted to the boys. Filling the wash-boiler about half full of meat, we made a nice rich soup.

Christmas afternoon, we invited all the children to Mr. Walter's house and had a service consisting of songs and prayer, together with a few remarks by Mr. Sanders, explaining, as best he could, the meaning of the day, and our joy in it, which we were accustomed to manifest by giving presents to each other. After this, gifts were distributed to all, from Chikulu to the babies. Chikulu, our head man, had been invited, and was an attentive listener to all that was said and to the singing. He received a Zulu shirt and a blanket. Our house-servants received each a suit made of storehouse goods; the cattle-boys, each a shirt and two handkerchiefs, and others, a little cloth or a handkerchief; while the infants were made glad each by a tin horn, which they all proceeded to test at once, without even leaving the room, causing Chikulu to put his fingers into his ears.

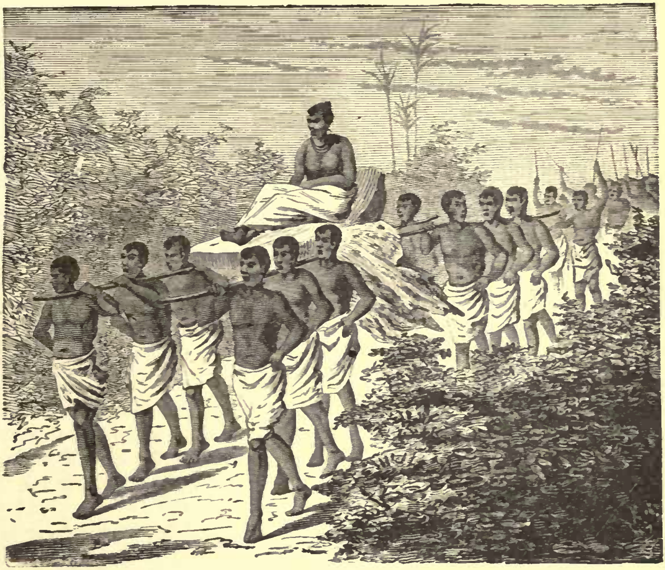


TYPES OF WOMEN IN WESTERN AFRICA.

The boys arrayed themselves in their new finery and proceeded to our house, where the feast was spread. There were three tables. At one of them sat Chikulu and our seven lads in their striped suits. At the second were seated eight more lads, who either were or had been in our employ. At the third stood ten smaller boys and girls, who favored us with their presence for the day only; while the infant department, numbering about eighteen, were seated on our bedroom floor. When all had taken their places, I said: "Now, let us thank Suku." Instantly every head was reverently bowed, and not a movement or sound was made during the saying of grace, of which they understood not a word.

Then began *the* work of the day. I remarked to Mrs. Stover: "I think mother would have enjoyed baking a chicken for this occasion." But even my dear mother's famous baked chicken never met such a reception as did our plain soup and cornbread, beef and beans. How you would have laughed and enjoyed it, could you have looked in upon us, especially in the bedroom, and seen the bright eyes, and heard the childish expressions of satisfaction which greeted us as we passed back and forth, serving each to his heart's content, such as: "This is splendid! We like it! We have eaten lots! We are tied!" this last being their way of saying that they were satiated.

In the evening Mr. Walter exhibited the magic-lantern, which was witnessed by a houseful of people with great interest and pleasure. We were able to explain some of the pictures, especially the scenes in the life of Christ. Chikulu wanted also to see Suku's picture, — Suku being the name of God.



AN AFRICAN CHIEF'S WIFE TRAVELING.

Thus ended this Christmas day in Africa, the results of which eternity alone will reveal. We think good seed was sown, which fell, not by the wayside, nor among thorns, nor on stony ground, but into soil mellowed by God's grace and warmed by the sunshine of his love. And, by the blessing of the Holy Spirit, we trust, it will in due time spring up and bear fruit, "some thirty-fold, some sixty, some a hundred." Indeed, the day was not over before fruit appeared. On the preceding day, it seems, Mrs. Walter's oldest boy, Kapila, had been offended with her and would not speak to her. After the Christmas dinner, her two boys were talking over, in her presence, the affairs of the day, and especially what Mr. Sanders had said about Jesus Christ and our sins, when Kapila, turning to Mrs. Walter, said, in a very penitent tone : "Yesterday I was angry."

I hope those of you who pray will pray very earnestly for these dear boys. They rest upon our hearts, as if they were our own children, and they know enough to become Christians every one of them ; those, I mean, who are among us daily.

A few days ago Esuvi, Mrs. Sanders's lad, son of Chikulu, was playing on our floor with our little Helen's rubber baby. All at once he said : "Mr. Stover, isn't this an image? Doesn't the book of Suku say you must not make images?" I explained that this was a mere plaything, and not an image to which we pray as we do to Suku. But the incident shows the thoughtfulness of these heathen lads. And we hope the young people in America, who read this account of a Christmas day in Africa, will do what they can to bring to all the children in the Dark Continent the blessings of the gospel of Christ.

AN AFRICAN TRIAL.

THE following incident, connected with Chikulu, the petty chieftain who figures so prominently in the above account, is reported by Dr. Nichols, formerly of the mission, and will be of interest as showing something of the character and manners of the Africans.

It seems that, about a year ago, when Chikulu was absent from his home and capital, one night the walls of his hut were broken down, and all his cloth, of which he had a large quantity, was stolen, and only the empty box and the ruined hut remained. Chikulu of course was frantic, and vowed that he would find and punish the thief. So the trial by "casca," as the Portuguese call it, was held in the bush near the village. This trial consists in compelling the suspected persons, under the direction of a diviner, to drink a poisonous drug, which it is supposed will more or less affect the guilty, while the innocent will escape unharmed. Most of the village, missionaries and all, went out to see the process and the result.

The poison was prepared with elaborate ceremony, and four men, representing the four divisions of the village, were selected to drink it. Two of these preferred to drink by proxy, each selecting a slave-boy to take his dose. And also, as the custom is, the diviner himself had to take the draught. Greatly to the surprise of all, this diviner, named Kasandola, was the only one at all affected by the poison. But his prominence gave him the right to a new trial, which was appointed for the next day.

In the evening Chikulu came quietly to Dr. Nichols and tried to induce him to officiate as medicine-man at the new trial. Think of it, a Yankee missionary doctor acting as diviner in the African superstitions! The doctor of course politely declined, explaining to the incredulous Chikulu that no medicines, his or any other, had any power in the direction he desired.

The second trial was held in a wood some eight miles southeast of the village, and resulted in the conviction of Kasandola, the diviner at the previous trial. "It is satisfactory to know," says Dr. Nichols, "that he was convicted, *not* by the medicine, but by sound evidence."

TWO NOTED ZULUS.—1884.

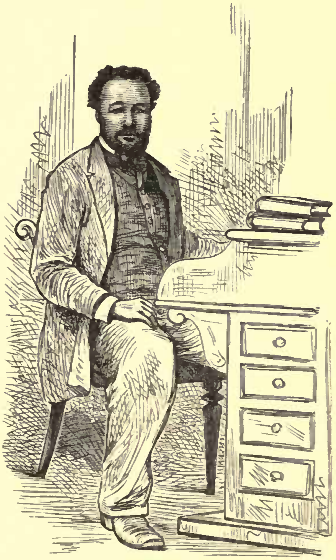
BY REV. S. C. PIXLEY, INANDA, NATAL, SOUTH AFRICA.

HERE are pictures of two Zulu men, James Dubé and Cetywayo, whose names will not soon be forgotten. In some respects they much resembled each other; in other and more important characteristics they were widely separated.

Both were born in heathenism, of the same race, about the same time, on the shore of the "Dark Continent." Both were of royal blood, descendants of chiefs noted in war, with no written history indeed, but whose names are household words in Zululand. Both by nature were well endowed, of large stature, of commanding appearance, fitted to control others, and bidding fair to live many years.

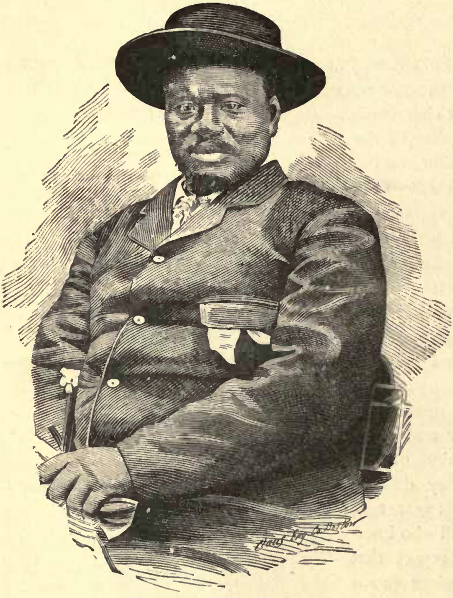
But, while they were so much alike in these respects, in other and more important points, in their aims of life, in character and work, they differed widely. Dubé died some six years ago, beloved and respected by all who knew him. And now comes a report that Cetywayo has died, a previous rumor to the same effect having proved false. The contrast between the two men is interesting and instructive.

James Dubé, upon the death of his father by violence, while yet a child, fled with his mother from his early home in Zululand to Natal, to escape from the persecutions of the tryannical king of the Zulus. Providentially he arrived there at the time when the pioneer missionary, Rev. Daniel Lindley, commenced his labors at the Inanda station. The mother of James, Dalida Dubé, early became interested in the truth, and was one of the first converts among the Zulu people. She still lives, showing, in her old age, the power of the gospel to elevate and save heathen women.



REV. JAMES DUBÉ.

Her son James was placed in the family of the good missionary, where he enjoyed the instructions, and came under the influence, of the now sainted Mrs. Lindley. He early gave evidence of having become a true Christian. He improved his privileges so well, and made such good progress in gaining knowledge, that he was soon employed in teaching the station school. In this useful work he continued some years, spending his time during the week in teaching, and going out on the Sabbath to teach and preach among the kraals away from the station. Occasionally, when the missionary was obliged to be absent from the station on the Sabbath, he was engaged to preach at home. In this work he was so successful, and so acceptable to the people, that, when the missionary was called to leave the station altogether, Mr. Dubé was unanimously chosen to be their pastor. Having been ordained, he labored zealously for more than seven years, not only for the good of the station people, but for the salvation of his countrymen.

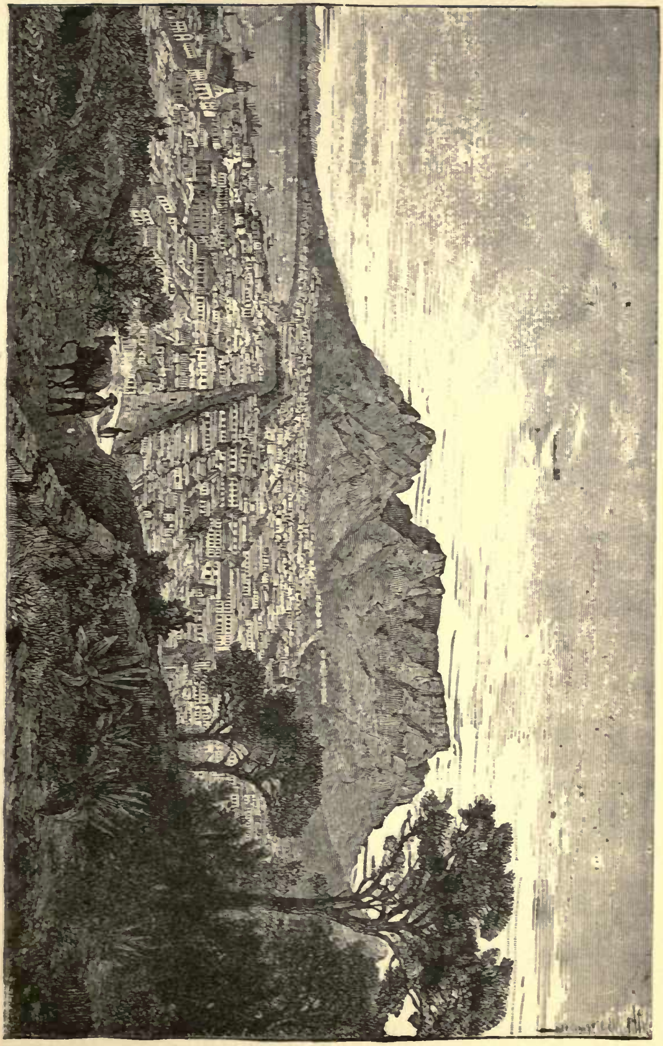


CETYWAYO (in English dress)

After a short but most useful career, beloved and honored by all, in the midst of his usefulness, he was suddenly called away to his home above. Devotedly attached to his work, wise in winning souls to Christ, he died lamented alike by Christian and heathen, native and foreigner. Never shall we forget the lamentations made at his funeral. One after another, as they approached the house after his death, falling to the earth on their faces, exclaimed, in the bitterest tones: "Ubaba wami, ubaba wami, u file!" (My father, my father, is dead).

Upon his monument, erected by the united gifts of loving hearts, are inscribed these words of the wise man: "Ukukunjulwa kolungileyo ko busiswa" (The memory of the just is blessed). The affection of many a Christian, saved by the labors of James Dubé, will not suffer his memory to perish.

Now comes the report that the second of these men is dead, not having died as James Dubé did, at home, surrounded by loving friends, but an exile, driven from his kingdom, with none to care for him. Cetywayo, having secured his title to the government by compassing the death of a more worthy brother, aspired, even before the death of his father, to the exercise of supreme power, without



CAPE TOWN, AND TABLE MOUNTAIN SOUTH AFRICA.

a single effort to improve his own condition, or the condition of his people; his greatest ambition apparently having been to imitate and, if possible, to surpass, in deeds of blood, his uncle Chaka, the Nero of South Africa. Cetywayo has ended his brief reign of ten years, hated by his own people, who wished to free themselves from his tryanny.

What a contrast his life and death afford to those of James Dubé! Cetywayo, by birth as well as by position, had equal, and even greater, opportunities than the humble pastor had, to benefit his people and to elevate the Zulus over whom he was king. He willingly neglected these opportunities; missionaries would gladly have made known to him the news of salvation, but he wilfully refused to hear them. Good men, like Sir Theophilus Shepstone and Sir Bartle Frere, sent him, once and again, messages of peace and goodwill, advising him to make his reign beneficial to his people, worthy of himself and of the age in which he lived. He scorned their advice. He was repeatedly warned that the course he was pursuing would, if persisted in, bring war, and result in ruin to himself and to his people. He despised these warnings. Defeated in battle after his warriors had given fearful evidence of their valor, and carried into captivity, it was hoped he would learn some lessons of wisdom by adversity. He was carried to England that he might see what Christianity has done to make a nation truly great, and learn how he might make himself a blessing to his people. He was sent back, and reinstated as king in Zululand, that he might have one more opportunity to do something worthy of his position. So far as is now known, he has only used this opportunity to resume his former career of tyranny and oppression. In his life like Nero, his death, like the hated old Roman's, will not be mourned. One report says that he died of a broken heart.

While the memory of Pastor Dubé shall be blessed and his name had in lasting remembrance, the name of Cetywayo, like that of his uncle whom he sought to imitate, shall be accursed.

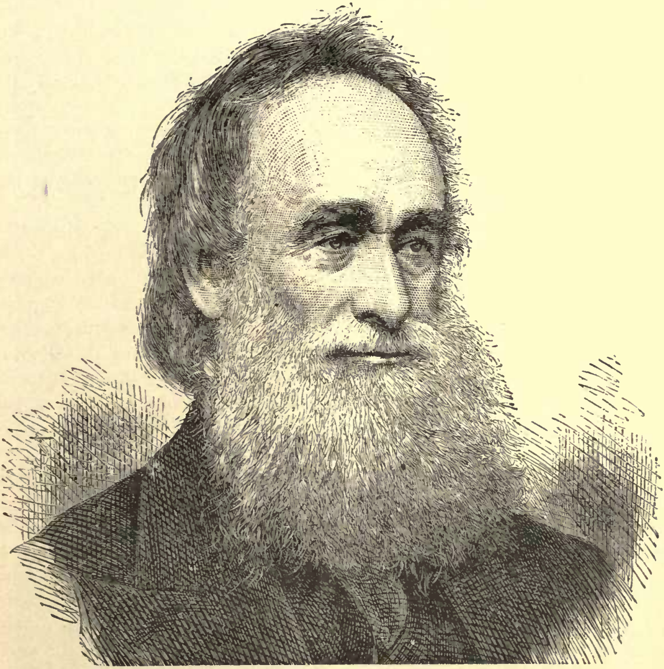
The only opportunity the writer ever had of personally visiting this remarkable man was in 1881, when Cetywayo, after his war with the English, was held as a captive at Rondebosch. This place is near Cape Town, the port near the Cape of Good Hope at which all the vessels carrying our missionaries to and from South Africa always trade, and of which a picture is given on the preceding page. Learning that we had just arrived at Cape Town from Natal, a country so near his own land, Cetywayo was delighted to hear from us every item of news relating to the Zulu people, and finding that we could communicate with him in his own language, without an interpreter, he was quite pleased to talk with us. But when I remarked that I hoped he was quite well and that results of the war would ultimately prove beneficial to his own people, by introducing to them the arts of civilization and the blessings of Christianity, he sighed and said: "A ngazi lapa ngi nga hlala kahle kanjani? ngi botyiwe nje" (How can I be happy while I am a prisoner? I do not see how my people can be benefited in that way). How the gospel could help him or his people was a mystery to him. It would, as he thought, make brave warriors "abafazi nje" (women only).

Shall we not all learn from his sad history the lesson God is often teaching us, that greatness of birth and of position is of little worth unless accompanied by nobleness of character?

DR. ROBERT MOFFAT, OF AFRICA.

ROBERT MOFFAT, the eminent missionary to South Africa, the father-in-law of David Livingstone, the African explorer, died in England, in 1883, at the advanced age of eighty-eight years. He was born in Scotland, in 1795, and after leaving school was apprenticed as a "Scotch gardener."

One evening, when his work for the day was over, he was slowly walking along the street, when a placard announcing a missionary meeting caught his eye. Two lines especially attracted his attention; they were these: "The London Missionary Society." and "Rev. William Roby, of Manchester." The stories which he had heard in boyhood, from his mother's lips, of the adventures and



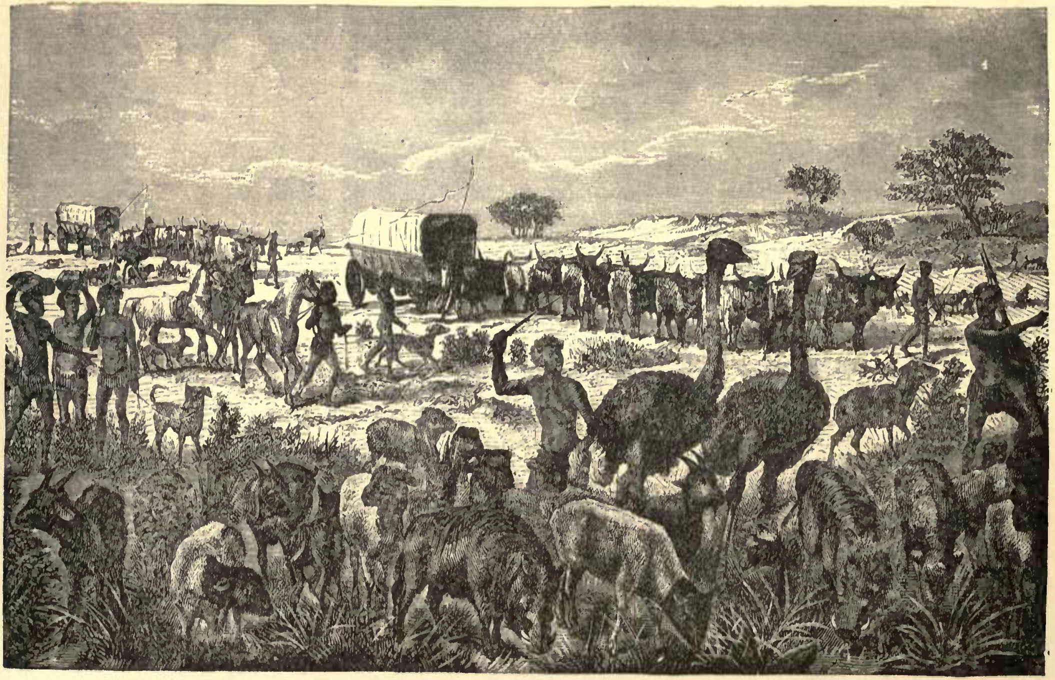
ROBERT MOFFAT.

labors of the early Moravian missionaries came back to him. As he afterwards said, the sight of the placard "had made him another man." The missionary spirit was aroused. He speedily made his way to Manchester, found Mr. Roby, and told his story. He met with every encouragement. Though but little over twenty years of age, he was accepted by the Directors of the London Missionary Society for service in Africa. Later in the same year, 1816, he sailed for Cape Colony.

Unable at first to go into the interior, he spent his time in learning the Dutch language, in order that he might preach to the Boers and their servants. It was in this way he preached his first missionary sermon, after he was at last permitted to leave the Colony. Stopping over night with a somewhat surly Boer, arrangements were made for an evening service. A hundred Hottentots were in the Boer's employ, but these did not at first appear. In the long barn, where the service was to be held, only the family of the host could be seen — some seven persons in all. "May none of your servants come in?" said the missionary. "What!" snarled the man, "Hottentots! are you come to preach to Hottentots? Go, preach to baboons. Or, if you like, I'll fetch my dogs, and you may preach to them." Moffat had intended preaching on the "Neglect of so great salvation," but the reply suggested a new text, which he immediately read: "Truth, Lord; yet *the dogs* eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table." Again and again the truth was driven home to the man's conscience, until at last he cried out: "No more of that! Wait, and I'll bring you all the Hottentots in the place." Soon the barn was crowded, and the sermon preached, to the evident satisfaction of all.

After a long and wearisome journey over a trackless desert, harassed by wild beasts, parched with thirst, and overwhelmed with fatigue, he reached his destination — the kraal of the dreaded Chief Africaner. Of a similar journey Moffat himself has said: "We had a tolerable supply of meat, chiefly the flesh of zebras and giraffes; the latter, when fat, was preferred, though nothing came amiss to hungry travelers. The best parts were always eaten first; and, when pressed with hunger, recourse was had to the leaner portions, which had been stowed away in the wagon. To make this meat palatable (for it much resembled sole leather), it was necessary to put it under the hot ashes and then beat it between two stones till the fibres were loosened; even then it required very hard chewing, and many a time have I risen from a meal with my jawbone so sore, I felt no inclination to speak."

He was received somewhat coldly by Africaner, but after a short interview the women were ordered to build him a house. They stuck into the ground a number of long, slender rods, like fishing-poles, half an inch apart; tied the tops together, and covered the whole with native mats. This was the young missionary's house for six months. He says of it: "When the sun shone, it was unbearably hot; when the rain fell, I came in for a share of it; when the wind blew, I had frequently to decamp to escape the dust. Any hungry cur of a dog that wished a night's lodgings could force itself through the frail wall and deprive me of my meal for the coming day; and, as the cattle had no fold, but strolled about, I have been compelled to start up from a sound sleep to defend



ON THE MARCH IN SOUTH AFRICA.

myself and my dwelling from being crushed to pieces by the rage of two bulls, met to fight a nocturnal duel."

Africaner had been the terror of the Colony and the scourge of the surrounding tribes. On the way, Moffat was repeatedly warned that he was going to his destruction. But the Word of the Lord touched the heart of this African desperado. He learned to read, and might be seen all day in some shady nook eagerly perusing the New Testament. Often at night he would sit down with the missionary, at the door of his house, talking till the dawn of the things of God. The new view taken of all created things impressed him deeply. Sometimes after these long conversations he would say: "I have heard enough; I feel as if my head were too small and would swell with these great subjects." His character was completely changed, and his piety became as notable as had been his career of outlawry.

Moffat was now appointed to take charge of another mission, that among the Bechuanas, leaving Africaner and his brothers to carry on the work in Namaqualand. The Bechuanas were savage, warlike, treacherous, and indifferent to instruction. The missionaries were subjected to mortification and insult. But in time the sharing of mutual danger made the people less distrustful, and after the removal of the station to Kuruman, prospects became much brighter. Here Moffat remained in charge until 1870, with the exception of a visit to England in 1840. From Kuruman he made numerous journeys to various heathen chieftains, by whom he was kindly received, with many of whom he came to be on intimate terms.

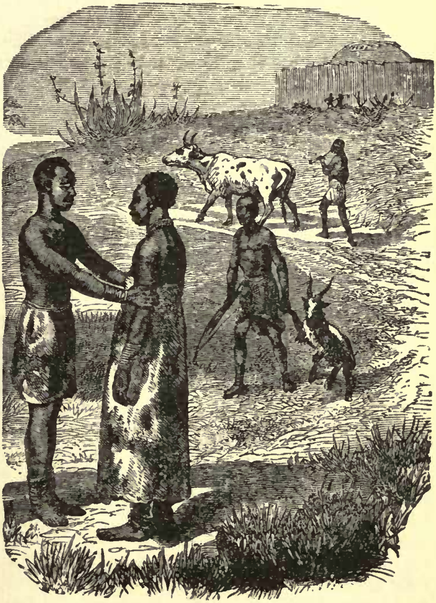
One of these chiefs, Mosheu, hearing of Moffat, came to visit him, and after staying two days left, but soon returned with a large retinue and cattle enough to support him. On leaving again, Moffat promised to visit him at his village. This the missionary soon did, reaching the village after a tiresome journey. But there was no rest for him. As soon as he appeared, young and old came flocking forth to welcome him. It was twelve o'clock that night before the people were satisfied. At early dawn more than five hundred people were clamoring for him to preach to them. Without waiting for breakfast, he did so. At the close of service he went to a neighboring pool to wash himself, and on returning for breakfast. found the people assembled again for another sermon. Pleading hunger, one of the women hastened to her hut and brought to him a wooden bowl of sour milk, saying: "There, drink much, and you will be able to speak long." Hastily swallowing this draught, a new sermon was preached. In the evening these scenes were repeated. One incident shows how the seed thus planted brought forth fruit.

It happened that, one Sabbath morning, the people were assembled at their early prayer-meeting, when a band of cattle-robbers appeared, saying: "Your cattle! resist at your peril." "There are my cattle," said Mosheu. Then a hymn was sung, and all the people knelt in prayer to God, who alone could save. The ruffians, awed by the sight, withdrew without touching anything.

Fifteen years ago, after a life spent in such successful missionary labor, Moffat returned to England, where he passed the remainder of his long life. Honored and loved of all, from peasant to Queen, he has gone to his heavenly reward, dying on the 10th of August, 1883.

AN AFRICAN SLAVE BOY.

Most of our readers have heard of the English Church missionaries who have been laboring for several years in Central Africa, at Uganda, whose king, Mtesa, lived on the shore of the great inland lake Victoria Nyanza. Two of these missionaries, Messrs. Wilson and Felkin, have written a book called *Uganda and the Egyptian Soudan*, which describes the country in which they lived, and the region they passed through in reaching it. They brought home to England on their return a boy who was once a slave, but who now is in a Christian home in England, where he is making many friends for himself. He is said to be quick and teachable, a great lover of music and flowers, graceful and kind in all his actions. From what he was when a slave-boy, we may learn what thousands and thousands of African boys are to-day. The story of Capsune, as told by the missionaries in this volume on *Uganda*, is so interesting that we make room for it here.


A WATUSI SALUTATION.

"When at Dara we were very short of servants, and Slatin Bey offered me one of his liberated slave boys, named Capsune. He was a nice, bright little fellow, so I accepted him, and found that, although very young, — being only six years old, — he had gone through some strange adventures. A sketch of his life before he became my servant, taken from his own lips, may be of interest. The first years of his life were spent happily and peacefully, his home being far away, many days' journey from Dara, in a land of running waters and trees and flowers. He remembers his father and mother and three grown-up brothers with great affection, and tears often come into his eyes as he talks of them and his old home. His father possessed cows and sheep, and cultivated the ground; and, besides the necessary food, he grew cotton, which he spun and wove for the clothing of the family. The men of the village were armed with lances and knives, but appear to have been of a peaceful disposition until molested by the Arabs.

"Capsune's chief playmate was a little white goat, a present from his father; he helped to take care of the cattle, and made snares for birds, and tamed them, and had no heavier sorrow than the loss of his favorite goat. More serious troubles were in store for him, for the dongolowees came to the neighborhood, and he, among others. was captured. At night he was confined in a hut, and made to lie down between another boy and one of the Arabs. He was not chained, and when his captors were fast asleep, he stealthily glided out of the hut. Just as he got outside a dog began to bark, and awakened the Arab, who, perceiving his absence, started in pursuit. The man was gaining on him, when he turned aside and hid in the tall grass, so that his enemy passed without observing him. On and on he ran, until, frightened at the roaring of the lions, he climbed a tree, and rested for a little time. He then continued his flight, but in the darkness lost his way, and at last, completely worn out, took refuge again in a tree, and slept until morning. Then, with the help of daylight, he found the right path, and reached his home, to the great joy of his parents.

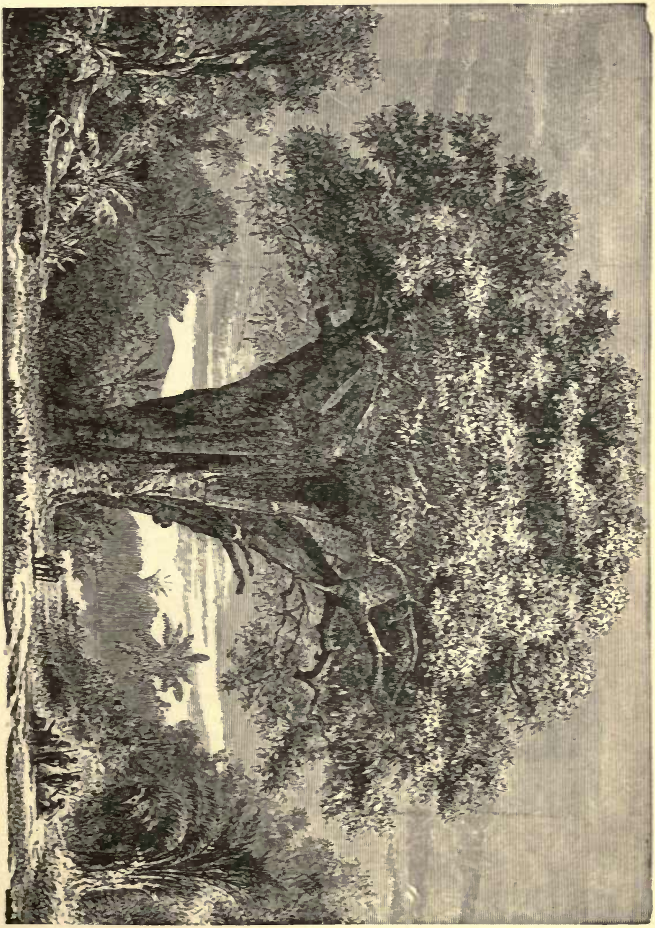
"Their happiness was not long unbroken. Another party of dongolowees appeared, and Capsune was again taken prisoner, and this time his father and many of the men of the village were killed while endeavoring to protect their wives and children. The following day Capsune was rescued by his brother, but he was recaptured. The dongolowees were about to secure him, like all the other captives, by a rope round his neck, when one of the men said, 'He is such a little fellow; he will never run away,' so he was left at liberty, and at night made one more attempt for freedom, but in vain. He was taken from one place to another, and passed from one master to another, and, young as he was, learnt the meaning of the kurbatch.

"On one occasion he had been ordered to gather bundles of grass, and to put them in a certain place. After fulfilling his task he went away, and whilst he was absent the grass was removed; his master came and asked why he had not obeyed his order, and, taking no notice of his assurance that the work had been done, ordered the child to be whipped. His own words are, 'He not let me lie down, but man hold my hands, and whip go all round me, very bad, — oh, very bad!' He was so angry and indignant at this treatment that he tried once more to get free, and succeeded in making good his escape, only to fall into the hands of another slave-dealer.

"After some time spent in Dara, he was taken to Tuaisha, and there sold to an Arab, who, with other dongolowees and a caravan of slaves, started for Omchanga. On the march, the slaves had only a very small quantity of dhurra and water allowed them, and were frequently so parched with thirst, that when they came on any moist patches of ground they sank down and tried to suck a little moisture out of the mud. The water supplied was at last completely exhausted, and the slaves were placed in grass huts, a short distance from the main road, while some of the dongolowees went in search of water. When they returned successful, a little water was given to each of the slaves; and afterwards, their chains having been removed, some tried to forget their misery in sleep. They were presently aroused by hearing that Kuruck (Gordon Pasha) was coming, and all was in confusion. The dongolowees were in a state of abject fear; those who could escaped, while others tried to hide, but the soldiers searched all the huts and thickets, and several were discovered. The slaves were taken under the shade of a large tree, food and water, by Kuruck's orders, being given to them — 'Children so thirsty; children very glad.' The captured dongolowees meanwhile had their hands tied behind them, their clothes taken away, and after receiving a whipping, were allowed to depart, and ran away 'quickly, oh, so quickly;

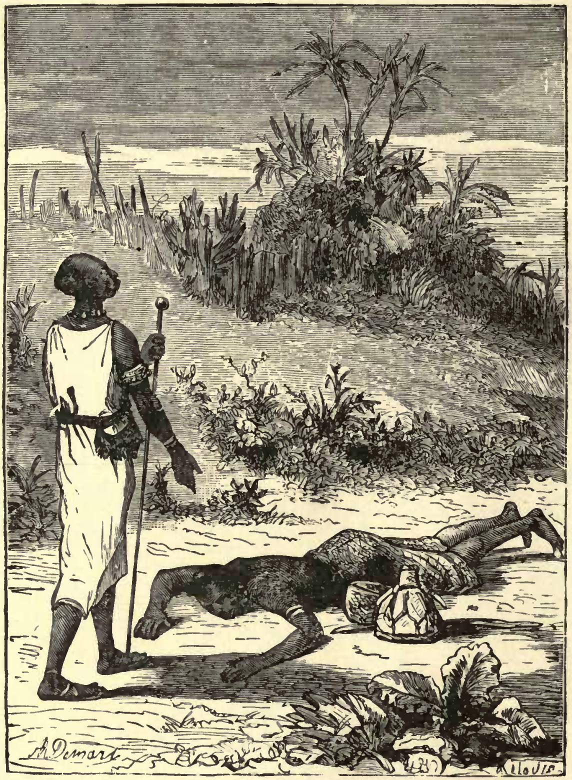
stop for nothing, but shut eyes and run.' Kuruck then came from under the tree where he had been sitting, and inspected the slaves, and Capsune gazed with astonishment at the first European he had ever seen.

"The 'white man's eyes' made the greatest impression on him, and he says, 'I shake very much when I see eyes; eyes very blue, very bright; I think eyes can see through me; and when I see eyes, I frightened, and think I finished to-day.' However, he was not finished, for, after giving orders about the slaves, Kuruck called for his camel and rode on to Tuaisha. The slaves were sent to Omchanga, where they were detained for some time, and then were taken to Fascher. There they were dis-



AN AFRICAN BAOBAB TREE.

posed of, but not against their will; for Capsune says, 'two men asked me, "Will you go with me," and I say, "I not like;" then another man come, and I like, so I go with him.' His master was very good to him, and bought him clothes, slippers, and tarboosh. He was given or sold to another Arab, who took him to Dara, and died there, and after his death Capsune came into Slatin Bey's possession. He told me afterwards that when his companions in Dara knew that he was going with a white man, they frightened him by saying he would be eaten, and the same thing was told him in Khartoum. But my other servant boy, who had been with me longer, reassured him, and he soon found that I had no fancy for roasted negro. I brought him with me to England, and he is such a faithful servant that I have always had reason to thank Slatin Bey for his gift.



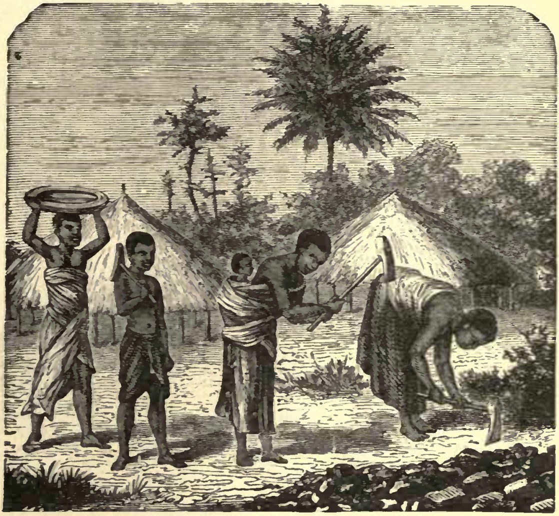
AN AFRICAN PROSTRATING HIMSELF BEFORE HIS PRINCE.

"He very speedily attached himself to my family, and is now my sister's devoted attendant. He is a great chatterbox, and the remarks he makes on the novel sights he sees are most instructive as well as entertaining, for from them one can realize the effect our civilization produces on the mind of an unsophisticated observer."

SAMUEL CROWTHER. SLAVE-BOY AND BISHOP.

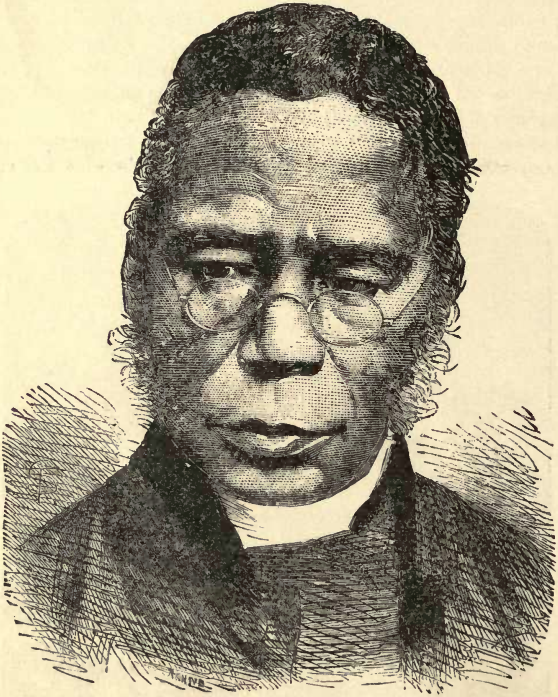
MANY books have been written showing how from lowly circumstances men have risen to positions of great honor and usefulness. Perhaps you have read "From Poorhouse to Pulpit," or "From Cabin to White House." The story we are about to tell might be called "From Slave-pen to Bishopric." It is a wonderful story of high attainments by one of humblest birth.

Some seventy-five years ago, the great supply of slaves for the markets of the world came from the west coast of Africa, and especially from the kingdoms bordering on the Gulf of Guinea. One of these kingdoms is Yoruba, and about a hundred miles inland from what is now the port of Lagos, there lived, in 1821, a family consisting of father and mother and three children, one of them a boy of eleven years, named Adjai. One morning a cry was heard in this rude African village: "The men-stealers are coming!" In the fight which followed, the father fell in defence of his home, and the children and mother were bound together with cords about their necks, and were driven away from their home, which was left a smoking ruin. The mother and baby were allotted to one of the warriors. Adjai and his sister were assigned to a principal chief, but were



AN AFRICAN FAMILY.

soon bartered away for a horse. Inasmuch as the horse did not suit the chief, Adjai was taken back, but was subsequently sent in chains to the slave market at Ijaye to be sold. Within a few months he was sold four times, generally being bartered for rum and tobacco. All this time he was in terrible anxiety lest he should be sold to white men and carried off, as so many of the slaves were, to a foreign land. He often purposed to strangle himself, and once actually attempted to throw himself into the river. But God kept him in life, for he had a great use to make of him.



BISHOP SAMUEL CROWTHER.

The fourth master of Adjai did sell him to the white men, who put him with the others into the slave barracoons, or sheds, where he lay stifling for four weary months. This was at what is now the flourishing town of Lagos. But one night Adjai and his companions, to the number of 187, were carried on board a slave-ship, and stowed away in the hold for the purpose of transportation to Cuba or Brazil. Shortly after the slaveship went to sea she was captured by a British man-of-war which was seeking to suppress the slave trade, and the slaves were taken on board to be carried to Sierra Leone. But of course these poor creatures did not understand the merciful purpose of their deliverers, and when on board the rescuing ship they were filled with horror at seeing joints of pork and cannon-balls about the deck, for they had no other thought than that these were the heads and flesh of murdered negroes, and that it would soon be their turn to be thus cut up.

These freed children were placed at Sierra Leone, in a school under the care of young men, and Adjai was so eager to learn that when the first day's school was over he begged a half-penny, and bought an alphabet card for himself. In six months he could read the New Testament well. A little girl with whom he was associated in this school, named Asano, afterward became his wife.

After exhibiting marked intelligence and showing evidence of Christian character, Adjai was baptized, in 1825, by the name of Samuel Crowther. He was then taken to England by one of the missionaries, but returned shortly after to Sierra Leone, and became a student, and soon an assistant teacher, in what was called the Fourah Bay College of the English Church Missionary Society. He was invited to accompany the celebrated Niger expedition, undertaken by the English government in 1841, the object of which was to explore that important but then unknown river of Africa. The expedition, though it made valuable discoveries, was disastrous in its results, for nearly one third of the hundred and fifty persons connected with it died within two months. Mr. Crowther, however, escaped, and in 1843, just twenty-one years after he was put on board the slave-ship, he was ordained clergyman in connection with the mission of the Church of England. His countrymen marveled as they heard one of their own race preaching in his native Yoruba, and the whole church rang with the cry of "Ke oh sheh!" — "So let it be."

At this time many of the Yoruba-speaking tribes, after suffering greatly from men-stealing wars, had built a city about a hundred miles from Lagos, calling it Abeokuta, and many of the slaves who had obtained their liberty in various parts of Africa made their way back to this their native land. Mr. Crowther was appointed to labor at this city, and went thither with four other Christian Yorubas. In 1846, three weeks after he had reached the city, he met his mother, after a separation of a quarter of a century. In his own journal he makes the following record for August 21, on which day he met her: —

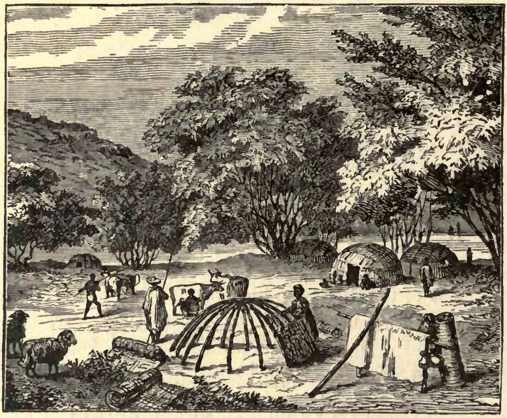
"*Thou art the Helper of the fatherless.* I have never felt the force of this text more than I did this day, as I have to relate that my mother, from whom I was torn away about five and twenty years ago, came with my brother in quest of me. When she saw me she trembled. She could not believe her own eyes. We grasped one another, looking at each other with silence and great astonishment; big tears rolled down her emaciated cheeks. A great number of people soon came together. She trembled as she held me by the hand, and called me by the familiar names by which I well remembered I used to be called by my grandmother, who has since died in slavery. We could not say much, but sat still, and cast now and then an affectionate look at one another — a look which violence and oppression have long checked — an affection which had nearly been extinguished by the long space of twenty-five years. My two sisters, who were captured with us, are both with my mother, who takes care of them and her grandchildren, in a small town not far from hence, called Abàkà. Thus unsought for, after all search for me had failed, God has brought us together again, and turned our sorrow into joy."

It seems that his mother had long given up all hope of seeing her son, having been in slavery herself more than once, though not taken from Africa. She afterward became one of the first fruits of the mission, and was baptized by the name of Hannah, the mother of Samuel.

In Mr. Crowther's journal of August 3, 1849, is this record : —

"This mission is to-day three years old. What has God wrought during this short interval of conflict between light and darkness! We have five hundred constant attendants on the means of grace, about eighty communicants, and nearly two hundred candidates for baptism, A great number of heathen have ceased worshiping their country gods; others have cast theirs away altogther and are not far from enlisting under the banner of Christ."

We have not room to follow the subsequent life of Mr. Crowther in detail. He prepared a grammar and dictionary of the Yoruba language, and was known as a diligent and thorough scholar. He translated the Bible and school-books into his native tongue, and gave himself unweariedly to efforts to elevate his people. He led a second expedition up the Niger, which was a signal success, making important additions to the geographical knowledge of the world. But he was engaged chiefly in the missionary work, and in 1857 the Niger Mission of the English Church Missionary Society was established. When the English bishop died, no one could be found so fitted for the position as Mr. Crowther, and he was consecrated bishop in 1864. The last report of this mission says that "no other mission started so recently as 1857 can show equal visible results in large congregations of professed Christian worshipers." There are nearly four thousand Christian adherents under the care of this bishop, and though the people have suffered much from the heathenish superstitions of their neighbors, they have stood steadfast for the faith. The wife of Bishop Crowther died only four years ago, more than fifty years after their marriage, and the good bishop himself is still laboring, an honored and useful man, in his missionary field on the banks of the Niger.



BUILDING A HOUSE IN AFRICA.

THE BLIND ZULU BOY'S STORY.

[Condensed, by permission, from a story written out by a missionary lady at Umvoti, Natal, South Africa, and printed in a new edition of "The Seed and the Sheaves," recently issued by A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York.]

My name is Tungwana. I was born in Natal, South Africa, and my home is twenty miles from the great Tugela River. My father was chief of a tribe. When I was a baby I lost the sight of one of my eyes. When I was about ten years old I saw one day at the English government station a man working in iron, and I went near to see how it was done. The sparks were flying and that was the last thing I ever saw, the last ray of light. One of the sparks flew into my eye, and I became totally blind. It was like death; often I cried with the pain in my heart, which was sometimes harder to bear than the dreadful pain in my eyes.

MEMORIAL CHURCH AT UMVOTI, NATAL.

At times, like weddings and feasts, when the people would all go and I could not, I felt as if my heart would break. My mother would never go and leave me, and many bitter tears we shed when alone together. I longed to die, and often felt as if I could kill myself. Then I thought all would end; I would just die as the beast dies. Sometimes I ran hard, saying I did not care where I went or how I fell and hurt myself. I would fall in the tall grass many a time, and lie there hoping I might never get up again. But my mother would be sure to find me. I knew nothing of God; all was dark, dark to body and soul. I knew not that I had a soul.

I always liked to take a bath in the river every day, but I had never gone alone. One morning I waked when the cocks began to crow, and thought I should like to try if I could go alone and take my bath. The river was about half a mile away. I got up and set out. The air was fresh and pure, and the birds were waking up to sing their morning song. I did not know if it was yet light; it was all the same to me, night or day; I could never see again. I went safely to the river and had a nice bath. I came out and was able to find everything just as I had left it; my native dress on one side of the path and my sticks on the other (a Zulu will never go away from home without sticks; every little boy carries at least one or two).

I do not know when I had been so happy as that morning; I was pleased to have got on so nicely alone; I wondered how it was that I had such nice thoughts; where they came from; where everything came from! As I quietly walked home thinking on these things, it seemed as if I were not alone, that some one was with me, was helping me, and that was the reason I had gone on so well this morning. Yet I could hear no sound that told me any one was near.

I now believe these were my first thoughts of God. It was like a little trust. I hardly know what it was like. From the children in the school I had heard that there was a God. But the thought was very vague, and had taken no real form in my mind.

About this time "Inkosazana" (Miss H.) and Titise, a native woman, began to have meetings at our kraal for the women. They were sometimes in my mother's house. One day I was there at the meeting; they spoke to me, but I would not say much. I just sat, as I often did, with my blanket on my bowed head. They have since told me that they then thought I was very stupid as well as blind. They had no idea that I had listened to every word they had spoken at the meeting, or that I had listened at all.

When Panda died in Zululand, and his son Cetewayo was made king, in that year I began to understand truly that the Son of God had come into the world. I had heard the name of Jesus, but I did not seem really to know who he was, or why he came. One day "Inkosazana" came to the meeting, and she told us about Jesus walking on the water; how kindly he helped Peter when he was sinking and unable to help himself; how he put him in the boat where he was safe from harm. Then she said: "That is the same Jesus who loves *us*, who is our friend. He took Peter out of his trouble, and put him in a safe place. So he can take us out of our sins, can help us, can keep us safely, and at last take us to his own beautiful home." Those words did not go out of my mind; I thought of them continually.

I could not get away from the thought that this same being, Jesus, was near me, was my friend, and I longed to know more about him. I could scarcely wait for the next meeting, and then only Titise came. I asked her to tell me more about Jesus. She told me something that he did, but I longed to see "Inkosazana," that she might tell me just as she had done before.

The next week she came. When I heard her step my heart bounded with gladness. I *then* did not wish to keep my head in my blanket! I told her how very glad I was that she had come. She sat near me, and I asked her all I liked. We talked much about the Son of God, and what he had suffered and done for us. As I heard more and more of his love, a stillness came into my soul when I thought of his being *my* friend. She told me of his opening the eyes of the blind, and then she said: "It may not be in this world, but some day you will again see. Jesus can make you see; it will not be a dream! In another world much better than this, there will be his home, the home of God and the redeemed. He loves you, is truly your friend. When it is best for you to go, if you will trust in him and obey him, he will bring you safely there. Then you will no longer be blind."

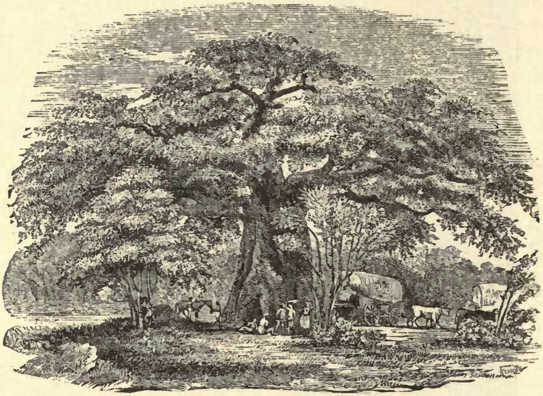
Oh, I cannot tell you how sweet it was to me to hear all these glad tidings! They were continually in my thoughts, and were to my heart like rain in a dry and barren land. Yet I felt that I did not know how to speak to him, who was so great, so pure, so holy; yet *I hoped that he would understand me.* So that

FOREST SCENE IN AFRICA.

night, and when alone, I often put my head in my blanket, and whispered a few words to him.

"Inkosazana" said that I could go to school, and the teacher would teach me verses from the Bible. He wished me to learn the third chapter of John. So I went to school, and while learning that chapter I saw very plainly that Jesus Christ the Son of God was my Saviour. I asked him with all my heart to take my sins away, to take me and keep me. I trust that I was then truly born again.

Since that day I have never known a time when I did not feel that God was with me and heard my prayers. It is not difficult for me to remember chapters and verses from the Bible, or where they are written. I have learned a great many, so that now when I preach I can get on without any one helping me by reading the Testament or hymns. I sometimes think that it is better for me to know the Testament and parts of the Bible in this way than to be able to read it. I am glad when I speak to others of Jesus that I can remember his words to tell them. I never now feel lonely and sad, as I used to do; I have continually so much to think of that is pleasant. I have even grown happy in the thought of being blind. If I had not been blind, I might never have sought and found Jesus Christ. To have found him is more to me than eyes or any earthly thing.



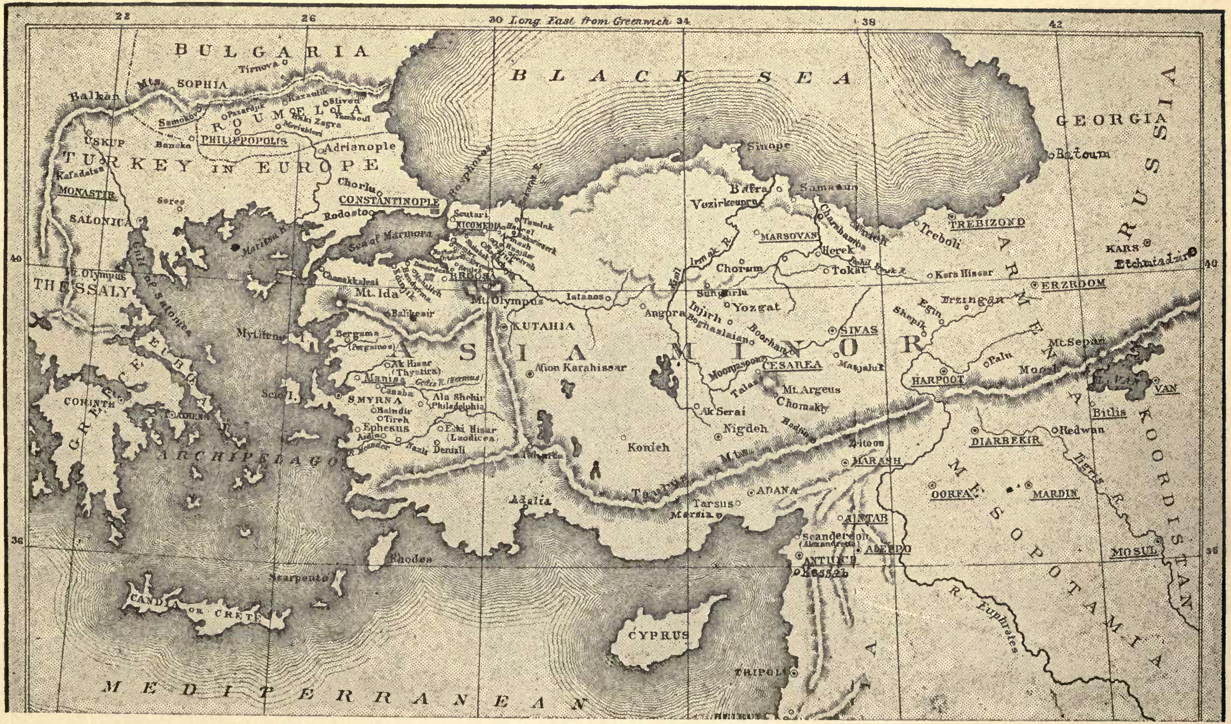
AN AFRICAN BAOBAB TREE.

My one great desire and joy is to tell others of Jesus, and how they may find and follow him. I have been in the Theological School at Adams for over two years. I learn by listening, and hope in that way to be better fitted for the Master's use.

I am twenty-nine years old. I have a wife and a little daughter. My wife is being taught by one of the ladies at Adams. When we have finished here we shall hope to return to Umvoti, and live near our old home, where I trust that God will help me to be pastor over the people of my father's tribe, and to lead many of them to love and follow our Lord Jesus Christ.

I want to thank you, more than words can express, for sending missionaries to us. I love to pray for them and for you who send them. Will you not pray much for the native pastors, that God will raise up many more to work for him, and give us much of the Holy Spirit? For the darkness here is great — very, very great!

TURKEY.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BULGARIA
Tirnova
Balkan Mts.
SOPHIA
Samokov
Pazardjik
Kazanlik
Slivend
Yamboul
Eski Zagra
Merichleri
ROUMELIA
PHILIPPOPOLIS
Banska
Adrianople
USKUP
TURKEY IN EUROPE
Kafadatse
MONASTIR
Seres
SALONICA
Chorlu
CONSTANTINOPLE
Rodosto
Maritsa R.
Sea of Marmora
Bosphorus
Sakaria R.
Scutari
NICOMEDIA
BROOSA
Chanakkaleh
Mt. Ida
Edinjik
Balikesir
Mt. Olympus
THESSALY
Gulf of Salonica
Mytilene I.
Bergama
(Pergamos)
Ak Hisar
(Thyatira)
Manisa
Gedis R. (Hermus)
Casaba
Ala Shehir
Philadelphia
SMYRNA
Scio I.
Baindir
Tireh
Ephesus
Aidin
R. Meander
Nazli
Eski Hisar
(Laodicea)
Denizli
CORINTH
ATHENS
GREECE
EUBOEA
ARCHIPELAGO
Rhodes
Scarpento
CANDIA or CRETE
MEDITERRANEAN
BLACK SEA
Sinope
Bafra
Samsoun
Vezirkeupru
Charshamba
Unieh
Treboli
TREBIZOND
MARSOVAN
Herek
Tokat
Yeshil Irmak R.
Kara Hissar
Irmak R.
Kizil
Chorum
Sungurlu
Yozgat
Angora
Injirh
Boghazlaian
Boorhan
Istanos
KUTAHIA
ASIA MINOR
Afion Karahissar
Moonjasoon
CESAREA
Talas
Mt. Argeus
Chomakly
Ak Serai
Nigdeh
Konieh
Adalia
Taurus Mts.
ADANA
Tarsus
Mersin
SIVAS
Mazjaluk
Egin
Shepik
Erzingan
HARPOOT
Palu
Moosh
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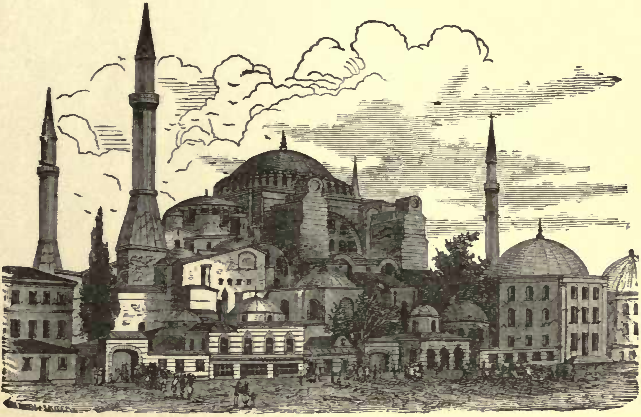
L. VAN
VAN
Bitlis
Redwan
DIARBEKIR
MARASH
Zeitoon
Hadjin
AINTAB
Scanderoon
(Alexandretta)
ALEPPO
ANTIOCH
Kessab
CYPRUS
TRIPOLI
BEIRUT
OORFA
MARDIN
MESOPOTAMIA
R. Euphrates
Tigris R.
MOSUL
KOORDISTAN
ARMENIA
ERZROOM
KARS
Etchmiadzin
GEORGIA
Batoum
RUSSIA

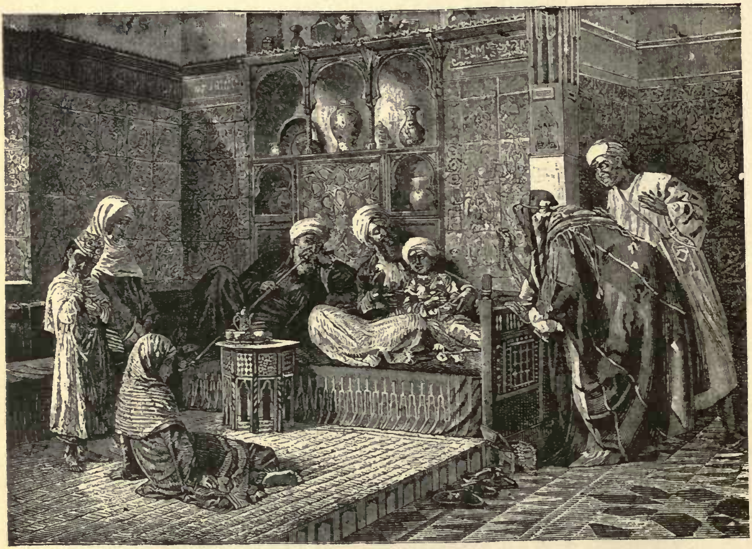
THE EMPIRE OF THE SULTAN.

THE Turkish Empire has for several years past attracted a large share of attention from the rulers of Europe and from the Christians of America. These European rulers have been specially interested in Turkey, because it has seemed probable that the government of the Sultan could not long continue, and if he should be overthrown, it was a very important matter who was to rule at Constantinople. If England and France and Germany did not want the rich territory of Turkey for themselves, they were anxious that no other Great Power of Europe should gain it. And so these nations, with Russia and Austria, are watching each other, and their diplomatists are discussing what is called "The Eastern Question." That question is: What shall become of Turkey? But it is as a missionary field that Christians in America have had their eyes specially turned towards the East. Whoever may rule in place of the Sultan, Christ ought to rule in the hearts of all the people. This whole region was once Christian ground. The grand mosque of St. Sophia represented above, was once a Christian church. When the Mohammedans con-



MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE.

quered Constantinople in 1453, A. D., they transformed this beautiful temple into a mosque; they sought to cut out of the stones every Christian symbol, like the cross, and they added minarets, after their own style of architecture. It is said that they only partially succeeded in destroying the Christian symbols, for a few still remain to bear witness to the origin of the building. What we are endeavoring to do is to regain such temples as this, not by any means by the sword, as the Turks took it from the Christians, but by giving them a better faith so that they shall renounce their false prophet and follow only Christ. More than one third of all the money raised by the American Board is expended in the Turkish Empire. So far the Mohammedans, or Moslems, as they are often called, have not been reached to any extent. The few who have accepted the Christian faith have been bitterly persecuted; some have been killed. But the day when the followers of Mohammed shall be reached is, we believe, not far distant, and we hope that Christian songs will some day be again heard in the restored church of St. Sophia.



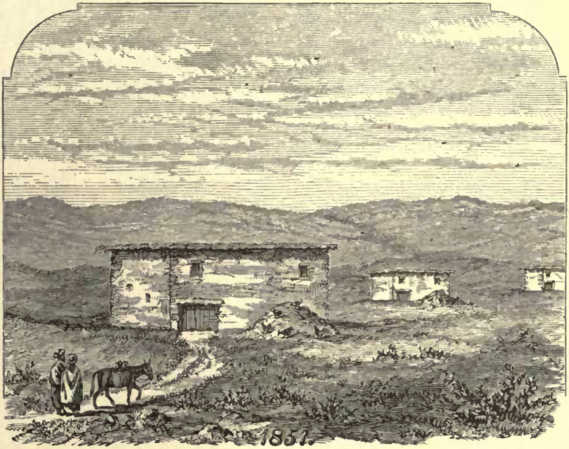
A MOSLEM HOUSEHOLD.

The people in Turkey are by no means all Turks. The Greeks, the Bulgarians, and the Armenians are nominally Christians. They have churches, though the people do not understand what is said in them. They have the Bible, but usually in an ancient version which they cannot read. It is among these races, especially the Armenians, that our missionaries have had their great success, numbering now ninety-four churches with over 6,500 members. One of the ladies connected with the Eastern Turkey Mission has sent us the following interesting account of family life in Turkey.

FAMILY LIFE IN TURKEY.

"Perhaps you know that neither in the Turkish nor Armenian language is there any word for home. All they have is a *house* or *dwelling-place.* We see in the picture opposite a Moslem dwelling. The floor at the right of the picture is generally of earth, and those who are invited to step up to the part covered with matting, or a rug, first drop their shoes below. The Arab by the door, with his long, loose, brown robe and his head covered for his journey with the many-colored silk handkerchief, does not presume to step up into the place of honor, but shows his beads for sale near the door, where the servant also stands, until bidden to bring a coal for the lighting of the pipes, or coffee for the two turbaned Turks. The mother of the household stands meekly by. Her mouth and nose should be completely covered by the cloth thrown over her head. She may not sit in presence of her liege lord, much less would she or her daughters think of occupying a place on the divan, or of asking a question, or advancing an opinion, even about those amber beads which are so beautiful to their feminine eyes. The father takes his little son to chat with him on the divan, and if asked how many children he has, would reply, *one.*"

A picture of Turkish houses, such as are seen by tens of thousands in various parts of the Empire, is given below. Rev. Mr. Adams, of Central Turkey, has given a very good description of one of this class of houses. He says: —



COUNTRY HOUSE IN TURKEY.

"It consists of two rooms, each occupying an entire story without any partitions, or divisions. The door, of rude planks, and the only one in the house, measures about five and one half feet high and six feet wide, for the admission of a loaded animal, and opens into the lower story, which is allotted to all the domestic animals — as a donkey or two, as many cows, a few goats, with a liberal intermixture of fowls — besides wood, farming tools, etc. Rude stone steps, in the back corner opposite the door, lead to the upper room. The floor of this room is a single course of rough boards, with capacious cracks, so that the heat from the animals below may help warm the occupants above, with the further convenience of allowing the good man, with a stick, to 'hush up' his obstreperous donkey, and, in general, to keep order below, without descending. With but two small windows in the whole house, the air, in a winter morning, when every opening to the fresh air is closed, is such as only those 'to the manor born' can endure.

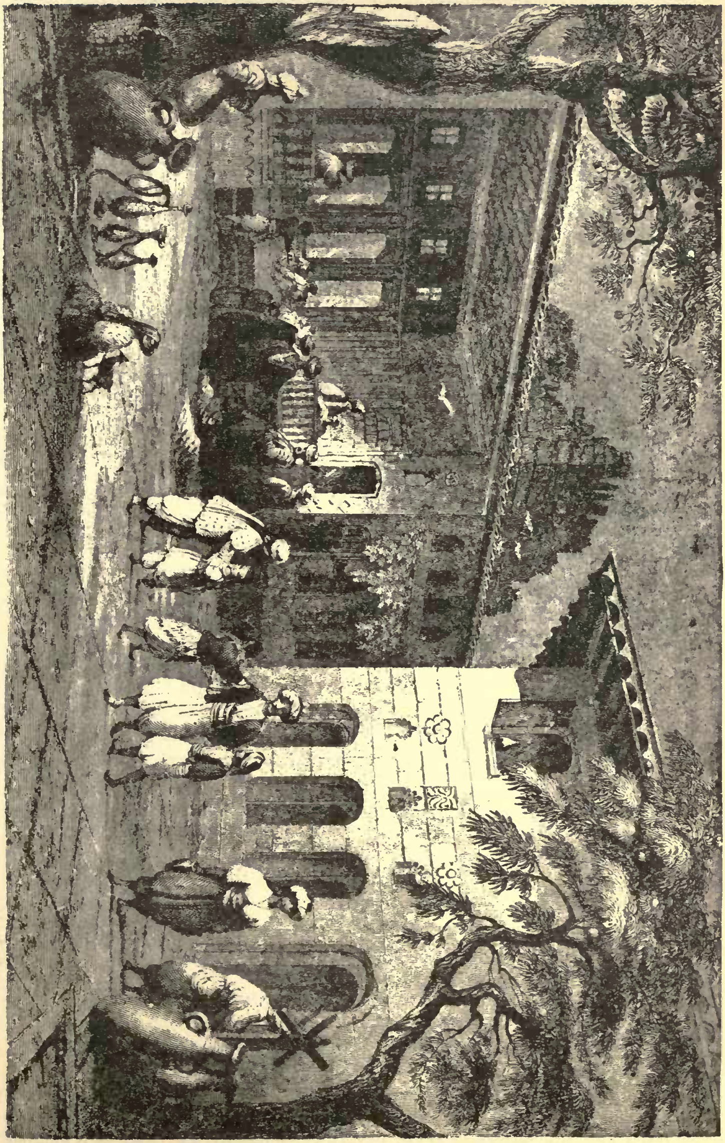
"Externally the house aptly corresponds with the interior. The brush and sticks of the roof projecting at all lengths, always remind us of the brim of our boyhood's palm-leaf hat, in butterfly season, in New England; the everlasting manure heap near the door, decked with fowls, if not by a dog, ready to try his teeth upon every visitor; the absence of a bush, vine, or tree as a screen from the fierce sun, all make a picture that outrages language when called a house. Yet in such places thousands of children are born and grow up, with scarcely a blooming, healthy countenance among them all."

On the opposite page is a house of quite another order, though it also is in Turkey. This one is the house of a Greek in the city of Antioch, and represents well the open courts that are found in connection with the dwellings of the wealthy. The same missionary lady quoted above writes also of

WOMAN IN TURKEY.

"It is sad to think of the low place occupied by woman in Turkey, of the fact that she is given in marriage to one whom she has never even seen, perhaps is obliged to work like a slave, with no gentle 'If you please,' or, 'Thank you,' to make the tasks lighter. She is bound by custom and expediency to cover her face even while working in the fields under a summer sun, or when cooking by the hot fire, and she is forced to live a life of silence, with no opportunities for that growth and culture which come from mingling in society. Can we wonder at the words spoken by a good Protestant mother who said with tears, as she looked at her little, dark-eyed daughter: 'I never mourned at the birth of a child before, but as I think of what this little girl must experience in this land, with no liberty and so little respect, I am ready to wish that she had never been born.'

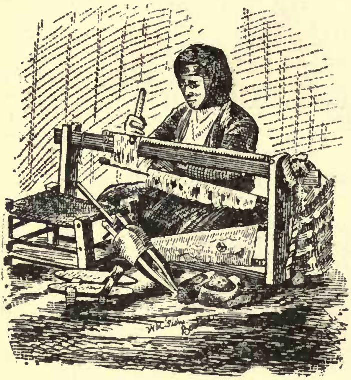
"Yet the lot of these poor women is improving year by year. Look into the beautiful school-rooms of the seminaries for girls, established by the missionaries in Marsovan, Manisa, Aintab, Cesarea, Hadjin, Harpoot, Mardin, Erzroom, Bitlis, and Beirut, and tell me if the children of those educated there can ever be satisfied with the low life of the women of the present day. Look into the colleges at Beirut, Aintab, and Harpoot, and judge if those well-dressed, gentlemanly young men will allow their wives to work in the fields, gather up manure for the winter's fuel, or stand silently by while they eat or smoke. In Protestant homes you may now very often see the mother and daughters eating at the same table with the father and sons, a thing unheard of in the 'good old days' before Protestant innovations. Recently, in one of the large cities of Turkey, a prominent Protestant invited a Turkish pasha to dinner, and allowed his own wife to partake of the meal with them. Formerly she would not have entered the presence of that Turk. In these days it is not uncommon in fine weather to see a whole family out on the hills for a little



HOUSE OF A GREEK AT ANTIOCH

recreation, the woman chatting as much as she wishes, and only growing silent and dropping back from her position at her husband's side when you approach. The more humble place behind him, and the sheet in which she is enveloped, are little remnants of Orientalism which she cannot yet abandon.

"The real Oriental family often consists of from thirty to forty individuals, embracing three or four generations. The men are farmers, their produce being mainly wheat and cotton. One or two of the sons, perhaps, have learned trades, but they have a common purse. The old father is the ruler of the household, the eldest son being only a little less in authority. If one of the grand-children is daring enough to wish to extend his village education to a college one, the consent of all the mature heads under this great roof must be obtained. An awkward business, for some stingy soul is sure to rise up and say to the boy's father, 'Then you will have a larger share than the rest of us in providing books, clothing, and tuition for your boy.'



A TURKISH WOMAN WEAVING.

"In this one house we can see every variety of work carried on. The women help the men to dig and plant and reap. The girls pull the weeds, help take care of the cattle, and gather the cotton. In the long, stormy days of winter the low, dark room is full of busy workers. Old women and young girls sit in the warmest corner by the deep oven, on the ground, and pull the cotton from the husks. One or two young men pass it through the "roller-gin" to make it clean of seeds, older men whip it soft and light, some of the older women roll it over a smooth stick to make it ready for spinning, the younger women sit all day with covered faces at the wheel, the occupation only interrupted by a stirring in the cradle at their elbow, or a trip with the jug to the village fountain. Finally they take the thread, and on a clumsy loom weave it into cloth for the clothing of the household, or into rough bags for the produce of their fields.

"This primitive mode of life is being broken into by modern notions that there is less quarreling and more prosperity where the sons separate and rear families by themselves. The book-shelf is getting to be part of the household furniture. Men and women are getting to be very much ashamed if they are obliged to say 'No' when you ask, 'Do you know how to read?' and newspapers and international Sabbath-school Lesson books are creeping over the land, and Armenians who formerly did not even dare to wear the red Turkish fez, which was considered as belonging peculiarly to their masters, the Turks, now discuss *politics*. The city women abandon the tunic and indulge in dresses, the men adopt the European costume, houses are adding a second story, and the rooms gleam with white-wash. The young men are restless over the slowness of trade and the restraints of an unlimited monarchy, and look with longing eyes to America. Best of all, from many a poor, unadorned home, longing eyes are turned towards the Better Land.

"From out a village home not long ago went to that Better Land the good and gentle mother, whose voice had often been heard in the prayer-meetings for women; soon the father, one of the pillars of the church, passed suddenly away, his last words being of perfect trust in God, and now, their son, a graduate of one of our Protestant colleges in Turkey, supports the faltering steps of his old grandmother, both of them ready to go at any moment to make one family in heaven. In this manner is the leaven slowly 'leavening the whole lump.' Surely no one need ask, 'Of what use this waste?' as the church counts out her thousands for the foreign work. Surely no one need say to the missionary, 'You are throwing your life away' so long as multiplied tokens like this are given that his 'labor is not in vain in the Lord.'"

HOW THE GOSPEL REACHED EGIN.—1883.

BY MISS C. E. BUSH, HARPOOT, EASTERN TURKEY.

THE city of Egin, four days' journey due north from Harpoot, is peculiar among the cities of Turkey as to situation, the characteristics of its people, and the style of life. Long years ago, the Armenians built a city on the eastern slope of one of two lofty mountains, which, facing each other, stand guard over the western branch of the Euphrates as it flows between them. The sterility of the soil, the inaccessibility of the place, and its undesirability as a site, gave them hope of being delivered from the envy and the enmity of their enemies, while a wonderful spring of water, clear as crystal, cheered them with the prospect of making even " the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose," and gave the name to the place Egin, that is, the " Eye" of the mountain.

The place grew also to be one of the strongholds of the Gregorian, or old Armenian, faith, and now contains two large stone churches, having a bishop and numerous priests. The people are hospitable, refined, and versed in all the etiquette of Oriental life. The city affording but small facilities for earning a livelihood, its inhabitants have been forced to seek support in the surrounding villages, Constantinople, and even foreign lands, so that many are absent from home for fifteen, twenty, or even thirty years. They often acquire wealth, and a knowledge of the world, so that their homes are quite luxurious. The better class of women dress in broadcloth and silk, and are bright and pretty. They possess far greater influence than in most towns in this land. The largest Gregorian school for boys has about one hundred and fifty pupils, and one for girls is well attended ; but the training is deficient in almost every respect, and many of the beautiful and ladylike women whom one meets do not even know how to read ! The houses, which are neatness itself, are surrounded by gardens of fruit-trees, and the clear water from that exhaustless spring flows even through the streets in the summer time. The eastern mountain hides the sun as long as it dares in the morning, and in the afternoon the western peak wards off the heat. Here, as in cities so situated in Switzerland, that sad deformity, the goitre, is found, as well as asthma, caused by climbing the steep streets.

About sixteen years ago, the Bible in the modern tongue first found a welcome in a few homes and hearts. Muggerdich, a poor man, was the first Protestant. He was not known as such for a long time, as he had no companions. Now, his family is considered the most truly Christian and carefully trained in the place. Paris, one of his daughters, was in our school awhile, and now Muggerdich is to send another daughter, a very lovely Christian girl. He has been quite a bookseller, of course without pay.

In 1870, Kapriel Agha and Harootune Agha became convinced of the truth, and often met to read the Bible and pray together, but did not separate themselves from the old church. Alexan Agha joined them after awhile and their first thought was to employ a priest who should read the Bible, preach, and pray, without the rites and ceremonies of the old church to which they had been accustomed from childhood. They collected money for a school also, but soon found that their plan would not work; they must come out as Protest-

MOUNTAIN PASS IN EASTERN TURKEY.

ants and they were advised by Protestants in other places to send to Harpoot for a preacher. The most suitable person was thought to be Mr. Mardiros Iknadiosian, of this city, then in the Theological Seminary at Harpoot. The request was sealed and sent, Nikoghos Agha, one of the wealthiest men in the place, and now a prominent church member, putting his seal thereto and saying, "I am with you," though he did not leave the old church till six months later.

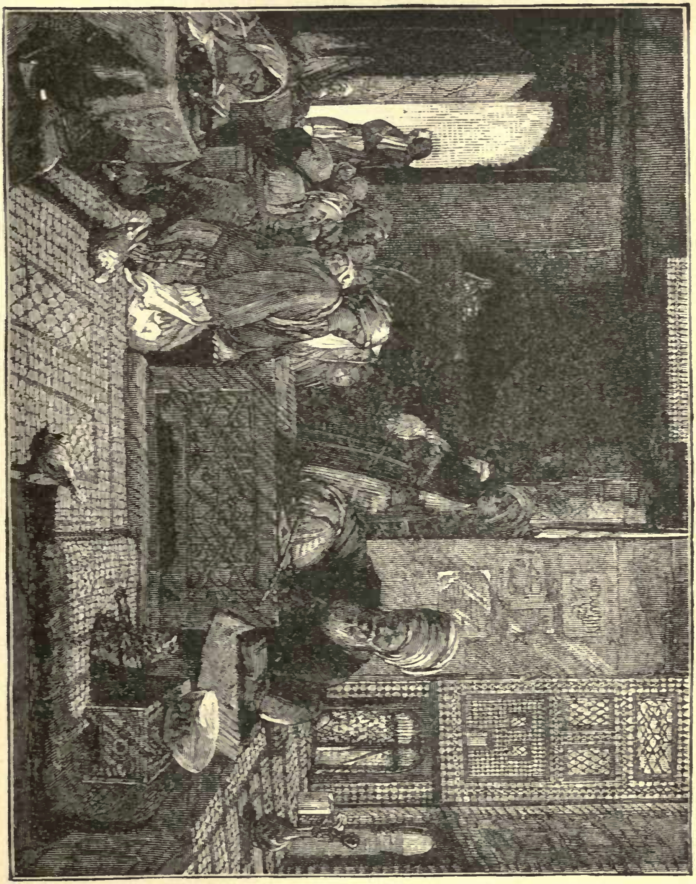
Three years now had passed since these brethren had become convinced of the truth, but, though they had borne much reproach, they had not separated wholly from the old Gregorian faith. One Sunday, it being a feast-day in the church, when their absence would be most noticeable, Kapriel Agha and Harootune Agha, each without knowing the decision of the other, determined not to attend the services that day or go to the Gregorian Church any more. The former came to the latter's house; each made known his decision; and they spent the day in prayer, conversation, and reading the Bible. They did not know any gospel hymns. People then commenced to call them "Protes," and a few who had joined them in searching the Scriptures and praying, now could not bear the reproach and turned back.

A church was formed, or rather thirteen members were received as a branch of the Arabkir Church. In 1873, this became a separate organization, with Mr. Mardiros Iknadiosian as pastor. There was great earnestness in preaching the truth to individuals, and in learning to read. Old ladies with white hair, and spectacles on nose, pored over the primer, and learned with remarkable rapidity. I think that they are the most striking examples of diligence in this direction, of any women in our field.

Before the formation of the church, or about that time, there was bitter persecution, friends refusing to speak to relatives who had become Protestant, and even spitting upon them when meeting them in the street. One man was set upon in his own home and beaten severely. For three days he was obliged to hide in caves in the mountains. The most notable instance was the persecution of Harootune Agha and his family at the time of the death of their child, eight years of age. The Gregorians did not allow them to bury the body anywhere, not even in their own garden. The Turks offered a place in their burying-ground, but even this would not be permitted by the excited crowd who hated Protestantism. All the time that the body was in the house two other children were very ill. The mother, Gada Hatoon, said, in the anguish of her soul: "What shall I do if they also die?" But she remembers to this day the perfect peace and joy with which she went about the house at her work, and says, "It was wonderful!" They finally had to send the body to the village of Shepik, at least eight and one half hours distant, for burial, and on the road their enemies tried to bribe the muleteer to leave it half way, unburied, but he refused to do so mean an act.

The pastor has now gone to a professorship in Aintab College, but has left his mark on the congregation, and there are a number of young people fully capable of leading a prayer meeting, and three or four who fill the pulpit with great acceptance on the Sabbath. There are forty-five members in the

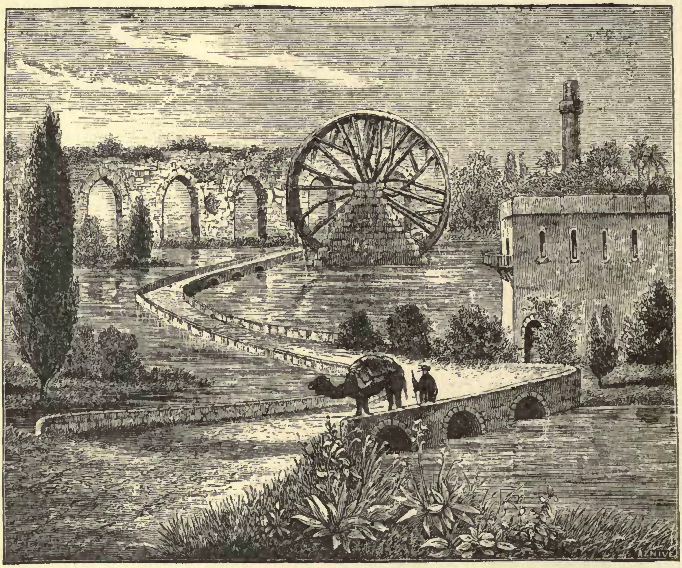
Protestant Church, six of whom have been lately received as the fruit of some special interest among the women during the week of prayer. Between eighty and one hundred persons form the average Sabbath attendance. The amount given in 1882 by the people for pastor, schools, and benevolent objects, was some 7,970 piastres, or $314, a large sum where money is worth so much more than it is in America.



A TURK AT HOME.

The school is taught by a graduate from Aintab. It is not large, containing only thirty pupils, nor is the place suitable. The people will soon have to raise money for a new chapel and schools. They have no girls' school at present, for lack of a suitable teacher, which we hope soon to supply. I understand that there are about forty Protestant families in the place, but the Bible is found in many other houses, and many are convinced of the truth but are kept back from receiving it, from regard for friends or their station in society. There are many infidels among the young men belonging to the Gregorian Church. The Protestant families are among the first and most influential in the place.

Many of the people were persuaded of the truth of the Bible by their little children who attended our Protestant school. One dear girl was observed to go regularly to a quiet corner in the house and pray most earnestly and tearfully for forgiveness and salvation. "If this is necessary for my little daughter, who scarcely knows what it is to sin, what is my duty?" reasoned the father, now the most upright and influential of the Protestants. This same little Mary grew to a lovely Christian womanhood, and was married to the only educated physician they have in the city, a devoted Christian, and graduate of Aintab Medical School. A few brief months of happiness only were granted them, and then by her patience and beautiful faith in all the trying sufferings of consumption, she preached the gospel to one and all as they had never heard it before.

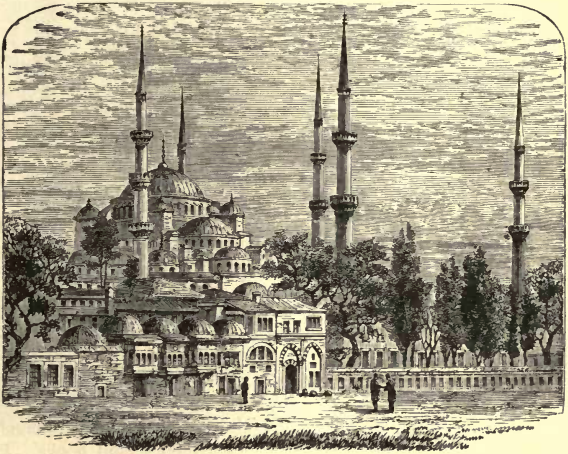


A WATER WHEEL AND AQUEDUCT IN TURKEY.

These Egin Christians have a sturdy piety. They "search the Scriptures," and are thoughtful and independent. Will you not pray that God will send his Holy Spirit with convicting power to make the souls about them willing to be saved?

ISLAM.

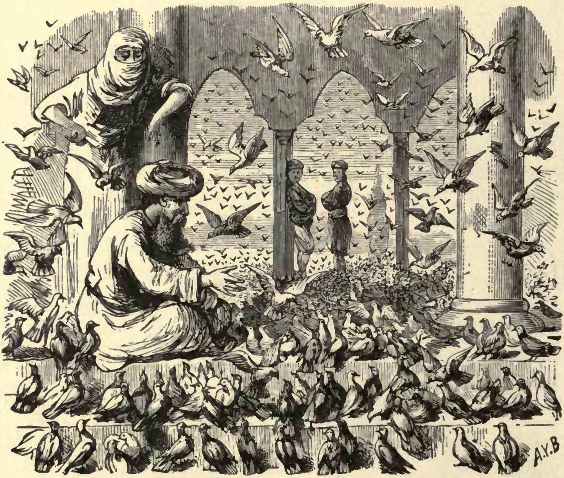
In the year 570 A. D., at the city of Mecca, in Arabia, Mohammed was born. The religion which he founded is called Islam, and those who profess it are called Moslems. Islam means "entire submission to God." This faith has multitudes of followers, there being not less than six million Moslems in Europe, while the number in the whole world is estimated at about one hundred and seventy-five millions, so that not far from one eighth of the population of our globe acknowledge the False Prophet. At the great Mohammedan missionary university at Cairo in Egypt, there are at this day ten thousand students under training, ready to go to any part of the world to teach the doctrines of Islam. Our missionaries meet these Moslem priests, not in Turkey alone, which is the centre of their power, but also in Persia, India, and China, and in the heart of



MOSQUE OF SULTAN ACHMED, CONSTANTINOPLE.

Africa. Very few who have professed this faith have ever been led to renounce it for Christianity. This is partly owing, no doubt, to the fear of persecution, for the Moslems hold that it is not only proper but a bounden duty to kill any one who abjures his faith in their prophet.

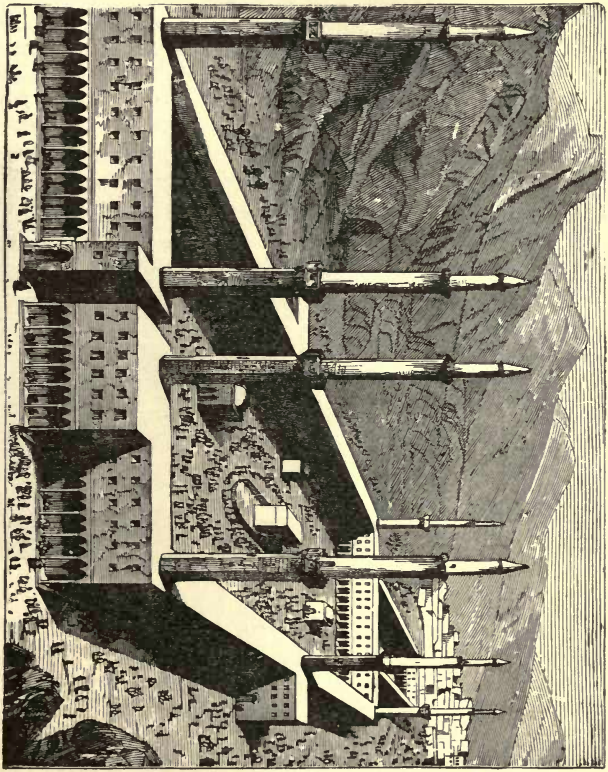
On the opposite page is a picture of the Kaaba at Mecca, the most celebrated of all the mosques of Islam. It was an idolatrous temple, long before Mohammed was born, the legend among the Arabs being that Adam and Eve came to Mecca after they were driven out of the garden, and were there permitted to construct a temple on the model of the one in Eden. In a corner of one of the walls of the Kaaba is the famous "Black Stone," of which the tradition is that the angel Gabriel brought it from Paradise. Though there is nothing remarkable in the stone itself, it being a common piece of basalt, semicircular in shape, about six inches high and eight broad, it is deemed most sacred, and hundreds of thousands of pilgrims have crossed sea and land that they might kiss it.



MOSQUE OF THE PIGEONS. CONSTANTINOPLE

Mohammed often visited the Kaaba when he was a boy. When a young man he used to travel with some of the caravans which went northward into Syria for trade. During these journeys he doubtless saw and heard much of the Christians and Jews. He must have learned of their sacred books. But alas! he learned little of what pure Christianity was from what he saw. Sad corruptions had crept into the Christian Church, and Mary and the saints and numberless images were worshipped in place of God. But in some way, whether from the teachings of the Old Testament or not is not quite clear, Mohammed was led to accept the grand truth which his idolatrous ancestors had not known, and which the Christian Church, as he saw it, had lost sight of, that there was but one God, and that it was sacrilege to worship images. So he entered the

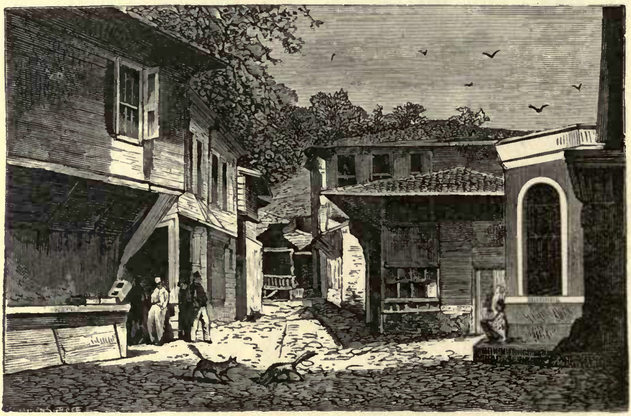
Kaaba and preached this truth. He announced himself as the prophet of God, and sought to destroy all idols. This aroused the opposition of his fellow-townsmen. After a time they planned to destroy him, but he escaped them. In the year 622 took place the celebrated "Hejira," or Flight of Mohammed from Mecca to Medina. From this flight of their prophet the whole Mohammedan world computes its era, just as the Christian world dates its years from the birth of our Lord.



THE KAABA AT MECCA.

It was during this flight that the life of the prophet is said to have been saved once by a spider and once by pigeons. The spider spun his web, and the brooding pigeons remained undisturbed, by the mouth of a cave where Mohammed had hidden, and his pursuers thinking that no man could have been there, passed on. It is in remembrance of this deliverance that to this day pigeons are fed from the tower of one of the mosques of Constantinople.

Before he left Mecca Mohammed began to have what he called revelations from heaven. He caused the account of his visions to be written out, and these records, with what he added afterward at Medina, constitute the Koran, or sacred book of the Moslems. It consists of one hundred and fourteen chapters, and every word Mohammed declared to be of divine command. The volume contains many excellent precepts, and the first portions of it, written before the flight from Mecca, are much more gentle in tone than the later chapters, which were composed after Mohammed had given way to his pride and passions. If he wished to defend any act of his, however wicked, or when he would excite his followers against his enemies, he had only to write another chapter commending his course and cursing his opposers, and give it out as a message directly from God. For instance, when he wished to marry more wives than he had allowed to others, an addition to the Koran appeared, which said, "O prophet, we have allowed thee wives. . . . . This is a peculiar privilege granted thee above the rest of believers."



STREET IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

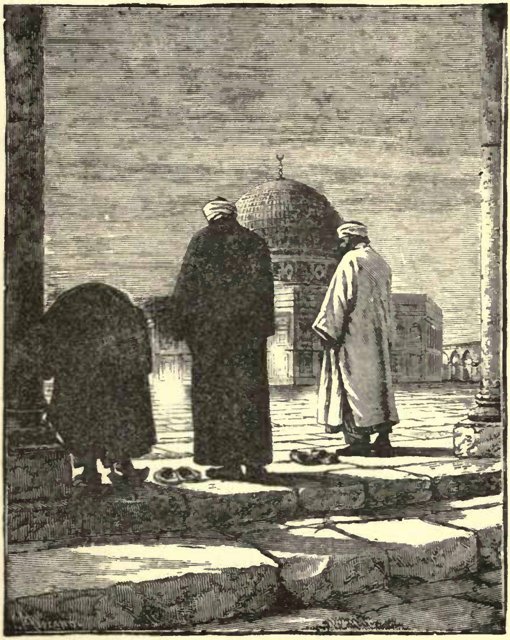
After reaching Medina Mohammed and his followers undertook to advance the faith by force rather than by argument. The wars which followed were marked by scenes of fearful cruelty. On one occasion some eight hundred Jews were led out in companies of five or six, and butchered in cold blood in Mohammed's presence. He conquered Mecca in 630, and destroyed all the idols in the Kaaba. Two years later he died at Medina, but his followers obeyed his injunctions, and fought for the faith of Islam. Ten thousand Christian churches are said to have been either destroyed or converted into Mohammedan mosques. Jerusalem was captured in 636, and Alexandria in 640. Less than one hundred years after Mohammed's death, Spain was subjugated, remaining under Moslem power for over seven hundred years. In the East conquests were made in Persia and beyond, while the Caliphs, or successors of Mohammed, reigned at Bagdad. After some centuries the Turks appear on the scene, coming as a warlike tribe from Northern Asia. They overthrew the Arabs, but they accepted their religion, and became the most vigorous supporters of Islam.

They conquered Constantinople, and for a time it seemed as if they were about to conquer all Europe. It is not quite two hundred years since they were finally beaten back at Vienna. The Sultan of the Turks claims to be the successor of Mohammed, and to have authority over the whole Moslem world, even in India and China. But the Persians and some others deny this, and say that their caliph must be of the same Arab family as their prophet.

WHAT ISLAM TEACHES.

There is a single sentence which contains the creed of the Moslem: "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet." This is repeated over and over as the one great article of faith. Its belief in one God and its utter rejection of all idols, have given Mohammedanism its great power. No images or pictures are seen in its mosques.

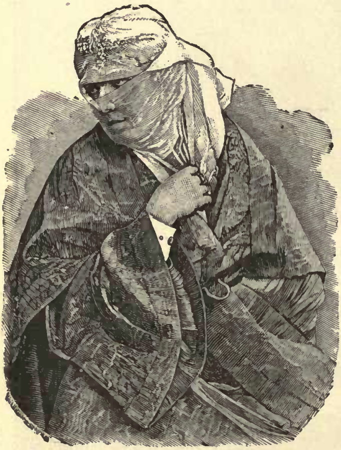
Islam teaches that Moses and Jesus were prophets of God, but not of such rank as was Mohammed. No one who has any clear idea of what Jesus and Mohammed taught can for a moment suppose that they can both be prophets of the same God. Their teachings are directly opposite. Jesus preached the gospel of love to all men, even to enemies. Mohammed commanded his followers to pursue and to kill all who would not follow him. Some of the utterances of Mohammed, however, seem to authorize the sparing of the lives of Christians and of Jews, inasmuch as they have a "book religion;" that is, a religion founded on a revelation contained in a book. But then he requires that even "the people of a book" shall be "fought against and brought very low."



MOSLEMS BEFORE THE MOSQUE.

Islam is a religion of forms. There are certain ceremonies to be observed, and in a very precise way. The rules regarding religious exercises are very exact. Prayer is to be offered five times each day, and if it is not offered according to rule, it loses all power. Unless one has first bathed, and unless the bathing was done after a prescribed form, the prayer is nought. According to the law of Islam, if a man washes his left hand before his right, or his nose before his teeth, he cannot pray acceptably. So, too, if the order of his prostrations is not exact, and if his face is not turned towards Mecca, his prayer is vain. We remember seeing some Mohammedan pilgrims try to pray in the midst of a storm on the Mediterranean Sea. The vessel was tossing about, and the poor bewildered people knew not in which direction Mecca was. And so they could not pray! It would be of no use unless they could face their sacred city. Such reverence do Mohammedans show to Mecca that they bury their dead with their sightless eyes turned towards the birthplace of their prophet.

It is very impressive to a traveler in the East to hear the call for prayer from the minarets of the mosques. The muezzin ascends to a balcony of the minaret, as represented in the picture opposite, and in a clear musical voice repeats the creed, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet," and calls to prayer. The devout Moslem, wherever he may be, and whatever he may be doing, instantly prostrates himself and goes through his forms with apparent devotion. One seeing this can hardly fail to regard the Moslems as a very religious people, but the favorable impression will soon vanish if he watches these formalists, for he will find them cursing and cheating and lying without any conscience whatever. Lying is their special vice. They seem to have almost lost the power to appreciate the truth or to speak it.



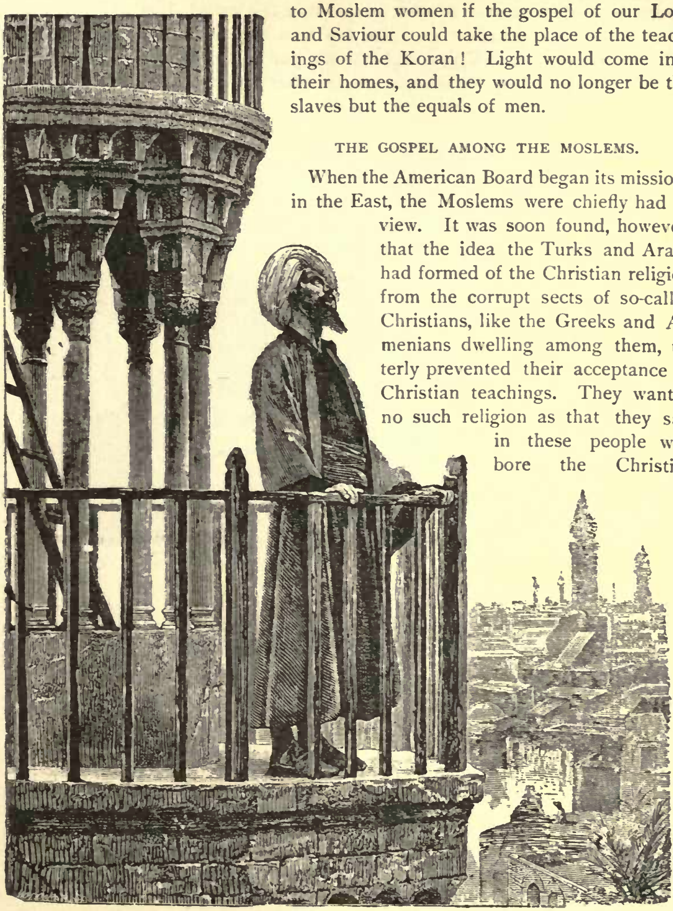
A TURKISH LADY

MOSLEM WOMEN.

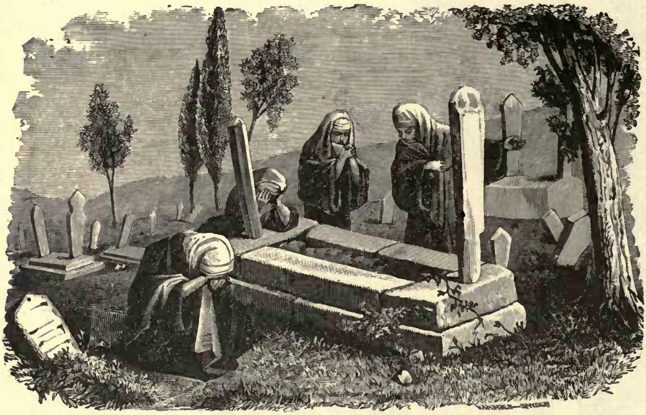
The religion of Mohammed makes woman the slave of man. The home is destroyed by permitting more than one wife in the family. A man is allowed to put away his wife whenever he pleases without giving any reason. He may beat her as he would a beast, and the right of the husband to do this is not only defended but frequently exercised. Women, though not absolutely excluded from mosques, are seldom seen there. Few of them can read, and they are not expected to know anything. They are never to be mentioned in conversation, and are never to appear in public without a veil. They are required to live in seclusion, and to allow no man to see their faces There has been latterly some falling away from the old rigid requirement of a thick covering for the face, and in Constantinople and some other places, Turkish women now appear with a comparatively thin veil. But they are still kept apart, distrusted and degraded. In the street cars of Constantinople there is a partitioned place for the women. They are not esteemed worthy to ride with men. Girls are not wanted in any family, and a Moslem, if asked how many children he has, never thinks of counting his daughters, or even mentioning them. They are considered as not worth speaking of. How different from the place given to women by the religion of Jesus Christ! What an infinite blesssing it would be to Moslem women if the gospel of our Lord and Saviour could take the place of the teachings of the Koran! Light would come into their homes, and they would no longer be the slaves but the equals of men.

THE GOSPEL AMONG THE MOSLEMS.

When the American Board began its missions in the East, the Moslems were chiefly had in view. It was soon found, however, that the idea the Turks and Arabs had formed of the Christian religion from the corrupt sects of so-called Christians, like the Greeks and Armenians dwelling among them, utterly prevented their acceptance of Christian teachings. They wanted no such religion as that they saw in these people who bore the Christian name. Before any impression, therefore, could be made on the Moslems, it was necessary to show them a purer Christian Church than they had hitherto known. And so our missionaries began their labors among the Armenians and Greeks, and by the side of these old churches from which faith and good morals had


MUEZZIN CALLING TO PRAYER.

died out, new and pure churches have been built up. Already the Moslems are seeing that they had not known what Christianity was, and that in its new form as taught and exemplified by our missionaries, its fruits are excellent. But the Mohammedans are very bigoted and fanatical, and they hold the rod of persecution so fiercely over all their people that few would dare to leave their old faith even if they wished to. The few who have embraced the Christian religion have been driven into exile, if not put to death. There have been some remarkable cases of firmness on the part of several. The *Missionary Herald* several years since contained the account of the arrest and imprisonment at Marash, of Mustapha, who, when questioned, boldly told the governor of the province, "I am a Christian." "Take him to prison," said the governor. Within an hour the son of Mustapha was thrust into the same prison, and at midnight officers entered, and after tying the hands of father and son, and also a rope about the father's neck, dragged them off, compelling them to walk one hundred and thirty miles, threatening and insulting them all the way, but ready to free them the moment they would say they were not Christians. For some years now the father has wandered homeless for Christ's sake, and has been obliged to hide from his relentless persecutors. But he still held fast to his faith. Only five years ago Ahmed Tewfik, a high Turkish official at Constantinople, was condemed to death for assisting a missionary in translating the Bible and other Christian books. He did not profess to be a Christian, but he had to do with the Christians, and so he was condemned. He, however, escaped after a year's imprisonment, and reached England. We trust a better day is soon to come for the deluded followers of the False Prophet, when they will be able without fear of man to confess their faith in the one God and in his Son Jesus Christ.

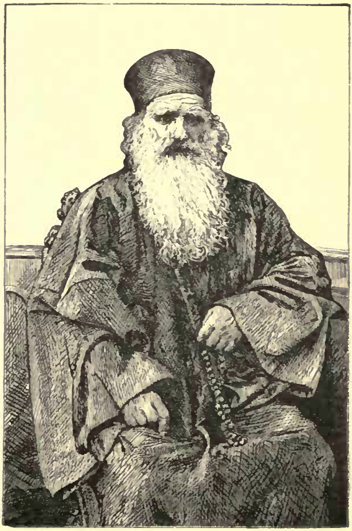


A MOSLEM CEMETERY.

THE ARMENIANS.

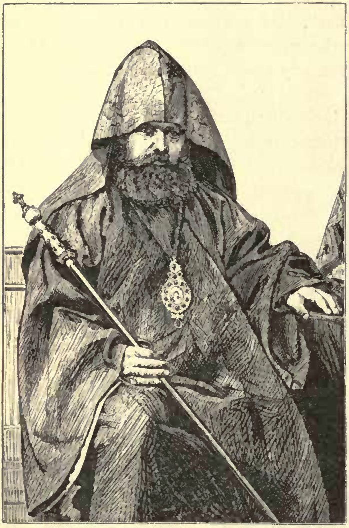
WHAT is known in history as Armenia is a region somewhat larger than New England and New York combined, and yet the scholars in our schools cannot find so much as the name of Armenia in some of the best books of geography which they study. The reason for this is that Armenia, though very important historically, is no longer a nation by itself. At present it is only a part of Turkey, and it has come so fully under the authority of the Turkish Sultan at Constantinople that it is difficult to give any exact bounds which mark it off from the rest of Turkey.

Armenia lies in the eastern part of Asia Minor, south and southeast of the Black Sea. From Constantinople you must travel some six hundred miles towards the sun-rising to reach its western border, and then you must go on four hundred and thirty miles before you come to its eastern border. It is a fine mountainous country, with several large rivers, among them the Euphrates and the sources of the Tigris. Near the center of this region is the famous Mt. Ararat, where the ark rested, and many suppose that the Garden of Eden was somewhere within the boundaries of Armenia. On this account the region is sometimes called the cradle of our race.


ARMENIAN PRIEST.

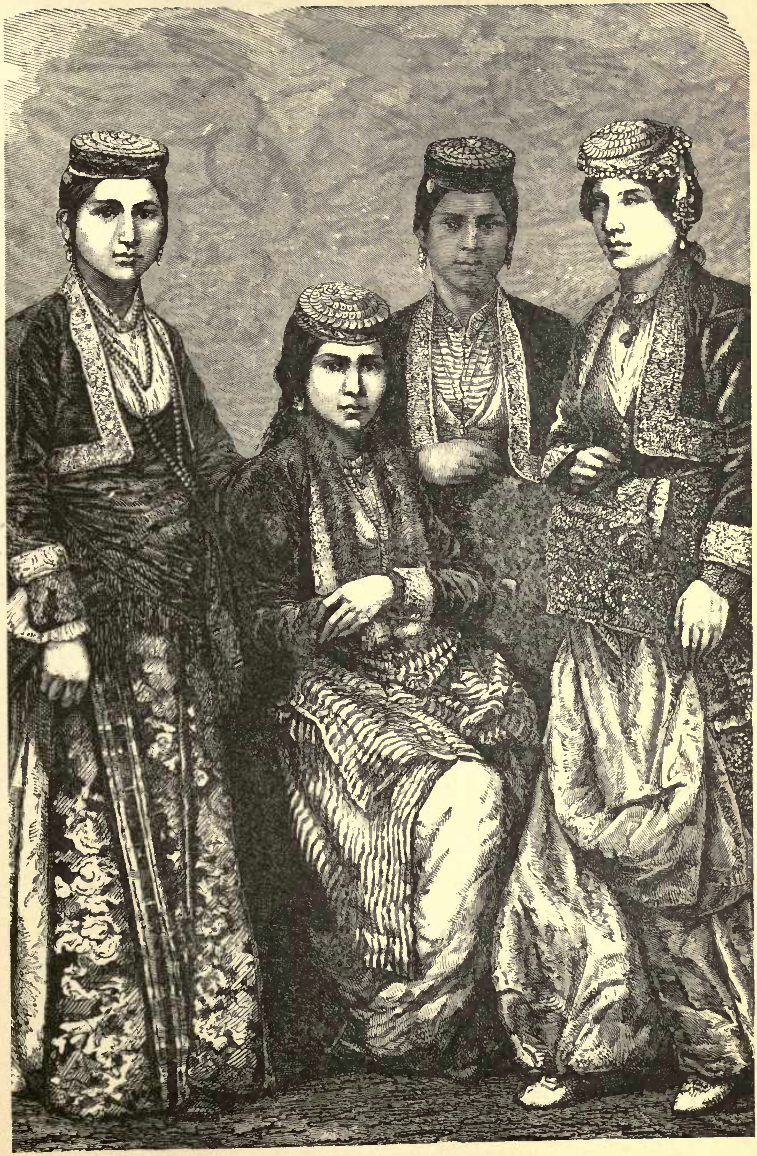
THE HISTORY OF THE ARMENIANS.

The people themselves claim that their race sprung from a great-grandson of Noah, named Haig, and hence they call themselves Haiks. The race is certainly a very ancient one, and it was well known long before the time of Christ. Some of the Armenians say that the gospel was brought to their ancestors by the Apostle Thaddeus only a few years after Christ died. But whether this is true or not, it is certain that Christianity became the religion of the state in the beginning of the fourth century. This was accomplished through the influence of Gregory, called the "Illuminator," who was a remarkable man, and is still held in highest esteem by Armenians, as a saint and a teacher. The Bible was translated into the Armenian language as early as A. D. 411, and the people still possess copies of it in their churches, holding it in great reverence. But since that early day the language has passed through such changes that the old Armenian is not understood by the people, and the Bible, though they have it in their hands, is practically in an unknown tongue. Oftentimes the priests themselves do not understand the words they use; they only repeat the sounds which they have heard. The Armenians were conquered by the Mohammedans in the year 837 A. D., and ever since have suffered, oftentimes in terrible ways, from the oppression of their masters. The whole race is now estimated at about four million souls, but they are widely scattered; probably not over a quarter part of the four millions live within the bounds of Armenia. The rest of them are to be found in Russia, Persia, and India, as well as in Constantinople and other parts of Europe.


A BISHOP

THE ARMENIAN FAITH.

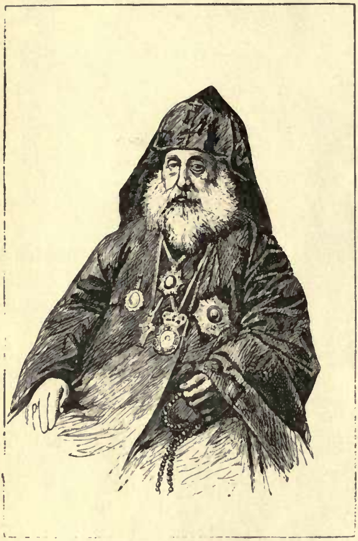
Though the Armenians claim the name of Christian, they know little or nothing of the gospel as Jesus taught it. In some respects they are like the Roman Catholics, and one section of them acknowledges the authority of the Roman Church. But the orthodox Armenians are followers of Gregory. and so are often termed Gregorians, and the head of their church, called the Catholicos, lives at Echmiadzin, not very far from Kars, in Russian Armenia. They reverence the Bible, though, as may be judged from the fact that they have it only in their ancient language, which they do not understand, they are but little influenced by its teachings. They believe in the worship of saints and of pictures and of the cross. They confess to their priests and practice penance, but they reject in theory the doctrine of purgatory, though many of the common people seem to believe in such a state. They celebrate the mass, and hold that the bread used in the sacrament is literally changed into the body of Christ. But forms of service do not make men holy, and the Armenian church has been very corrupt. What good could be expected to come from a religion which consists in worshiping in a church where the priest stands with his back to the people, and mumbles over words which the audience cannot comprehend, and of which, possibly, he himself does not know the meaning? As a body they are as ignorant of Christian truth as they would be if they had never heard the name of Christ. It is sad to think of so many who have the Bible in their hands, but who do not know the power of the gospel.



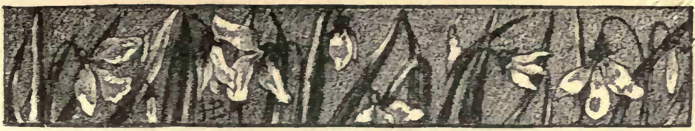
ARMENIAN WOMEN, NEAR KARS.

ARMENIAN ECCLESIASTICS.

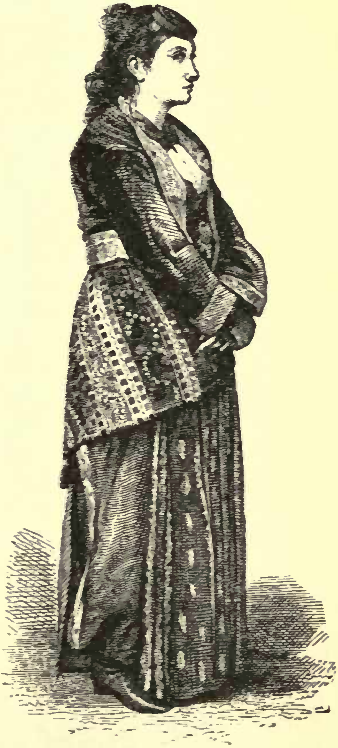
There are said to be *nine* grades of ecclesiastics among the Armenians, but we give pictures in this number of only three of them. The priest, on the first page, has on his street dress, a loose robe made with flowing sleeves. He wears a bell-shaped cap, and carries a string of beads in his hand. These priests, unlike the Romanists, are not only allowed to marry, but are obliged to marry. Every village has its priest, and in the cities they abound. They never preach or teach, but merely keep up the formal services in the churches, baptizing and marrying the people, and burying the dead. The *vartabeds*. a name often met with in letters from our missionaries, are like the Romish monks, not living among the people, as the priests do, but usually gathered by themselves in monasteries. The *bishop* is represented in the picture with his staff, or mace, which is the symbol of his authority over the priests. He ordains them and rules them as he pleases. But over him is the *catholicos*, whose chief business seems to be to ordain the bishops and to prepare the *meiron* or *holy oil*, which the inferior clergy must buy of him. This oil is supposed to have wonderful power, since in its preparation the reputed arm of St. Gregory, who died some 1400 years ago, is plunged into the vessel containing the ingredients, and when this is done, the whole mass is said to begin at once to boil. This oil is sold at a great price, and the revenue from this source supports the catholicos. The *patriarch*, represented above, is an official residing at Constantinople, through whom the Turkish authorities govern the Armenian Church.


PATRIARCH AT CONSTANTINOPLE

In 1831 the American Board began its missions among the Armenians. The first church was formed in 1846, but already there are 7,000 church members. The Armenian ecclesiastics at the outset were bitterly hostile to our missionaries, but latterly many of them have shown a better spirit. To say nothing of the changes effected outside of the Armenian church, the reformation within is very marked. Now the priests are compelled in many places to preach, for since the Protestants came the people demand instruction. The Scriptures in the modern language are read more and more, and Christian schools are rapidly multiplying. Great as have been the results already achieved, we confidently look for yet greater things among the Armenians within a few years.



LETTER FROM EASTERN TURKEY.

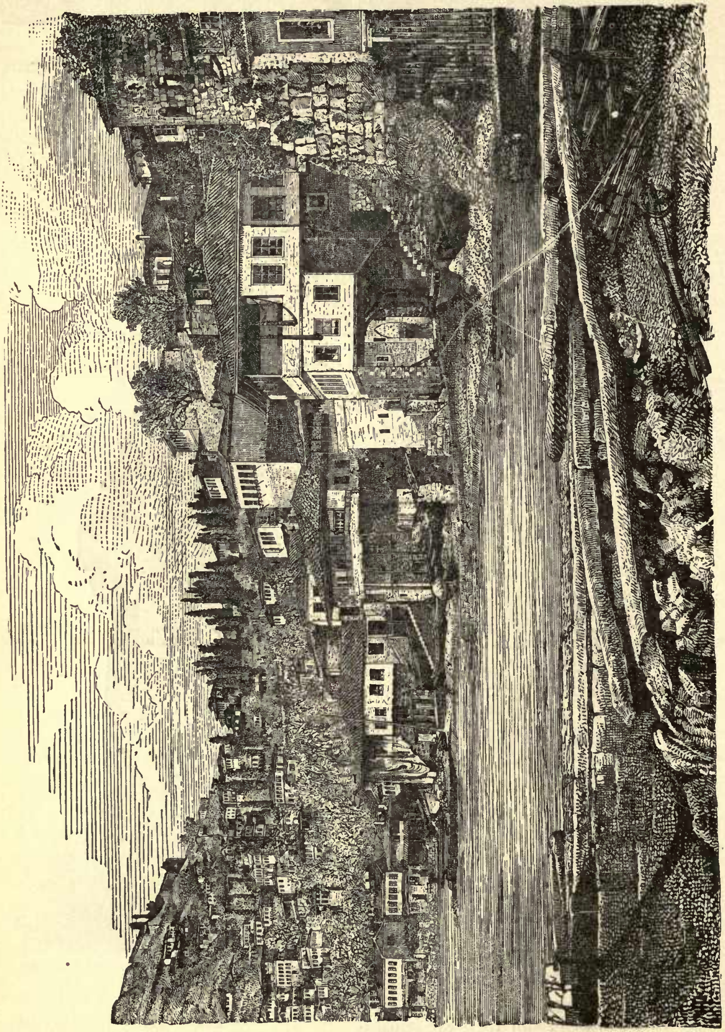


A GREEK LADY.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:— I am sure you will be happy to go with me while I show you some interesting things in a foreign land. We will suppose that we have crossed the Atlantic, have gone through Europe, have seen the sights of Constantinople, have ascended the beautiful Bosphorus, and are now on the dark waters of the Black Sea on our way to Trebizond. The shores along which we sail are green and beautiful. Bold promontories extend far out into the sea; deep and charming gorges push back into the mountains; houses, surrounded by fields of corn or olive orchards, dot the mountain side.

We stop at several cities by the way, and after three days' sailing find ourselves approaching Trebizond. It is a very beautiful sight that presents itself as we move past the town, and gaze at the pretty white houses, the mosques, with their tall minarets, the dark green of the pleasant gardens, and the background of mountain and craggy rock.

Our steamer drops anchor about a quarter of a mile from the shore, and the picture on the next page gives a part of the view that may be seen from the deck. In the foreground is the pier where we shall land; beyond appear a little of the bay, and the boats drawn up on the beach, and then the houses and the foliage of the city. There is a graveyard, too, for the tall sombre cypresses you see are never planted except in Turkish cemeteries. To the extreme left on the hill-side is a monastery of the Greek church, and if our picture were to go further to the left, it would show us a high precipitous rock, the

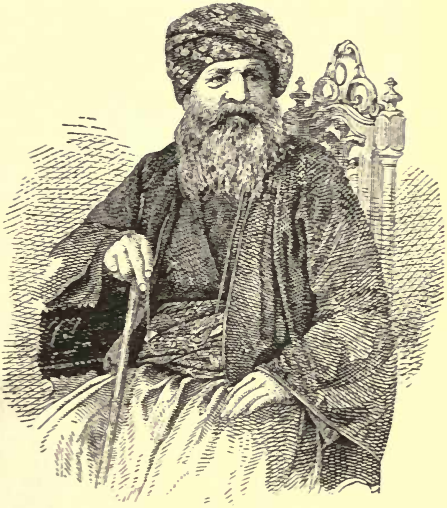


TREBIZOND

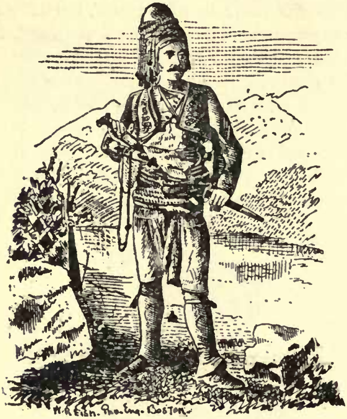
top of which is flat like a table. From this, it is supposed, the town derived its name, which in the Greek language means "table."

A swarm of little boats comes out from the shore to take us off, but they are not permitted to come near until our health papers have reached the land, and been examined at the quarantine office, the building which partly appears at the extreme right of our picture. If it is found that we have no contagious disease on board ship, a small red flag is raised over the quarantine office, and the boatmen rush on board the steamer, shouting, elbowing each other, and sometimes getting into sharp quarrels. We will wait until the noise quiets down, then engage our boat, give our baggage to the boatman, and go down the stairs at the side of the steamer to disembark. If the waves are high it will not be easy to reach the boat while it is bounding like an egg-shell on the crests of the waves. But with the help of the brave and skillful oarsmen this difficulty will be overcome, and we shall be quickly pulled to the shore. Our baggage is examined at the custom-house, and loaded on the backs of porters, who are here called "hamals," and we start up the steep ascent to the city. Thousands of boxes and bales and barrels block our way, and hundreds of horses and camels and wagons stand ready to be loaded for the interior and for distant Persia.

As we move along, half-naked and importunate beggars run after us or cry out from the roadside in the hope that gratitude for a prosperous voyage will incline us to give them something. We see people in every sort of costume. Some are dressed like ourselves, only wearing the red Turkish cap, or "fez." Some of the Greeks whom we meet wear hats, and their ladies have the latest Paris fashions, though most of the women you see on the streets are covered from head to foot with a checked white and blue cloth. Here are men, too, who display the costumes of Persia, of Russia, and of all the different races and provinces of Turkey. Our picture shows a fine Armenian gentleman, who still wears the dress of his fathers, an elegant turban on his head, a long gown with graceful flowing sleeves, a rich and costly girdle, and the curious baggy trousers called "shalwars." As we pass the better houses we catch through some open gates glimpses of green shrubbery, of lovely flowers, and of the bright blossoms of the orange and the pomegranate. And we can also see the women knitting or

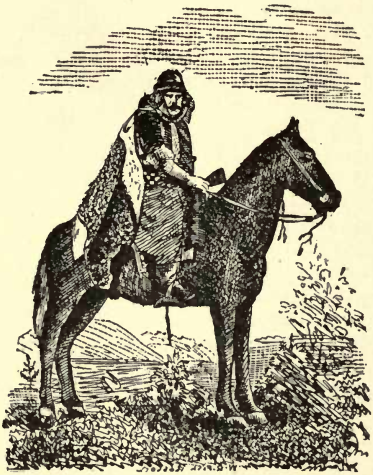

AN ARMENIAN GENTLEMAN.

weaving or preparing their food. On the first page of this letter is a picture of one of our Greek women in her in-door dress. The little cap on her head is covered with gold coins; a string of pieces of money hangs from her neck, which no one, not even her husband, can take from her. Her girdle is woven of silver threads, from which hangs an elegant Persian shawl, and her neat open skirt and her large drawers are of costly and brilliant material. She evidently belongs to a family of wealth.



A ZEIBEK.

Here we have rough sketches of two striking characters often seen in Turkey. The first is a savage-looking mountaineer called a *Zeibek*, with his tall round-topped cap, dangling with tassels, short breeches and leggins, and his broad girdle glistening with sword and pistols. And here is the "Tartar," or postman who takes charge of the mail between Trebizond and Erzroom. Once a week, when the Turkish steamer arrives from Constantinople, the mail-bags for Erzroom are lashed to the pack-saddles of as many horses as are needed, the horses are hitched to each other, and a man riding another horse leads them. A soldier generally goes as guard, and the party of five or six horses gallop off in order to deliver the letters and papers to the dear friends in Erzroom as soon as possible. The horses are changed every fifteen or twenty miles, and the whole distance of 171 miles is made in about sixty hours. You see the Tartar's head is so tied up that neither the burning rays of the sun by day, nor the chilling frosts at night can harm him, his feet set firmly in the large iron stirrups, and the cloak which hangs from his shoulders protects him from the beating storm as he rides, and is his bed and covering while he sleeps.



A TARTAR.

His life is a hard one, but he is accustomed to danger and hardship, and is most happy when in the saddle and on the road.

It is among a people like these, my dear friends, that your missionary work is done in Turkey. And if you were to go with me to any of our school-houses, you would see the children studying their books as diligently as in any school in America; or if on Sunday we were to go to the chapel we would find a goodly congregation reverently listening to gospel truth; in the Sabbath-school we would see the classes arranged with teachers, and all with question-book and Bible in hand, searching God's Word diligently to learn the way of life. In more than three hundred places scattered throughout Turkey, not less than twenty-five thousand people come together every week to worship God. Will you not pray and labor that the number of truth-seekers in Turkey may rapidly increase?

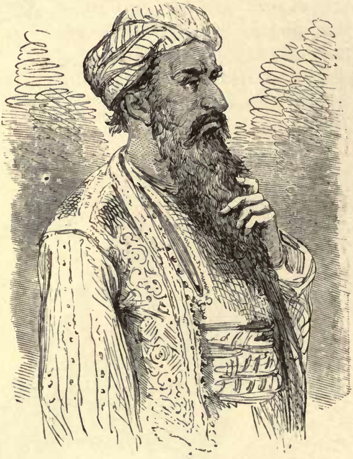
Your missionary friend,

M. P. PARMELEE.

ERZROOM, EASTERN TURKEY.

THE FOLLOWERS OF THE FALSE PROPHET.

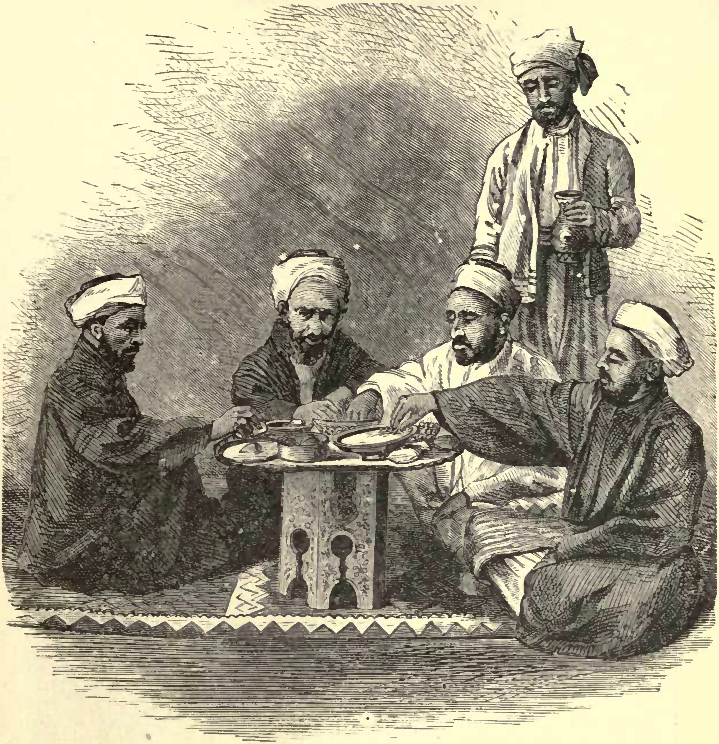
It is said that not far from one hundred and eighty million human beings are followers of Mohammed, the prophet of Islam. They are to be found in many portions of the Eastern hemisphere besides those ruled by the Turkish Sultan. In Arabia, Persia, and the kingdoms of Central Asia, the principal religion is Mohammedanism, and millions who accept this faith are found living by the side of Hindoos and Parsees in India. Wherever the Arabs go they carry this religion, and hence in Africa along the Mediterranean Sea, on the East and West coasts, as well as far in the interior of the continent, the followers of Islam abound. The Koran is their sacred book, which they greatly reverence but do not obey. Are they very different in this from many who reverence the Bible as a holy book, but do not follow its commands? Yet these people seem very devout oftentimes, especially in their prayers, for wherever they may happen to be at the hours of prayer, which come several times a day, even if it be in the open street, they will immediately turn their faces towards Mecca, their sacred city, and begin their forms of prayer. The Mohammedans are said to be bitterly opposed to idolatry, and it is true that they never allow any images or pictures to be placed in their mosques or temples, but the following story recently forwarded from Eastern Turkey by Dr. Barnum, of Harpoot, shows that they are hardly a step removed from idolaters. This is his story: —



MOHAMMEDAN MUFTI.

REVERENCE PAID TO A SHOE.

"Last Sunday, being in the village of Hoghi, I heard a noise in the street like the passing of a triumphal procession. Inquiring the cause, I was told that they were carrying a 'Sacred Handkerchief' to the house of the Turkish Agha, or chief man of the village. It seems that in the imperial treasury at Constantinople, there was a shoe which was said to have been worn by Mohammed, the Prophet of Islam. Some six or eight years ago the mate to it was said to have been found at Mosul or Bagdad, and as the Turkish Government wished to possess this also, it was carried to Constantinople with great pomp. It was escorted from place to place by both citizens and soldiers. It remained a few days at Harpoot, and was visited by great crowds. Almost everything that was suitable for turbans was appropriated, a sum of money was paid for the privilege of touching the turban cloth to the shoe, and it was then bound around the head. A large number of handkerchiefs had been brought to the shoe at different places and wrapped around it. This contact with the shoe gave to them, in the minds of the people, a part of its own sacred character. One of these handkerchiefs had become the property of the Agha of Hoghi. He had a nice box prepared for it, and assigned it a special room in his house. As he became intemperate, it was not considered proper for it to remain in his house, and so it was taken to the mosque, which is the place of worship.

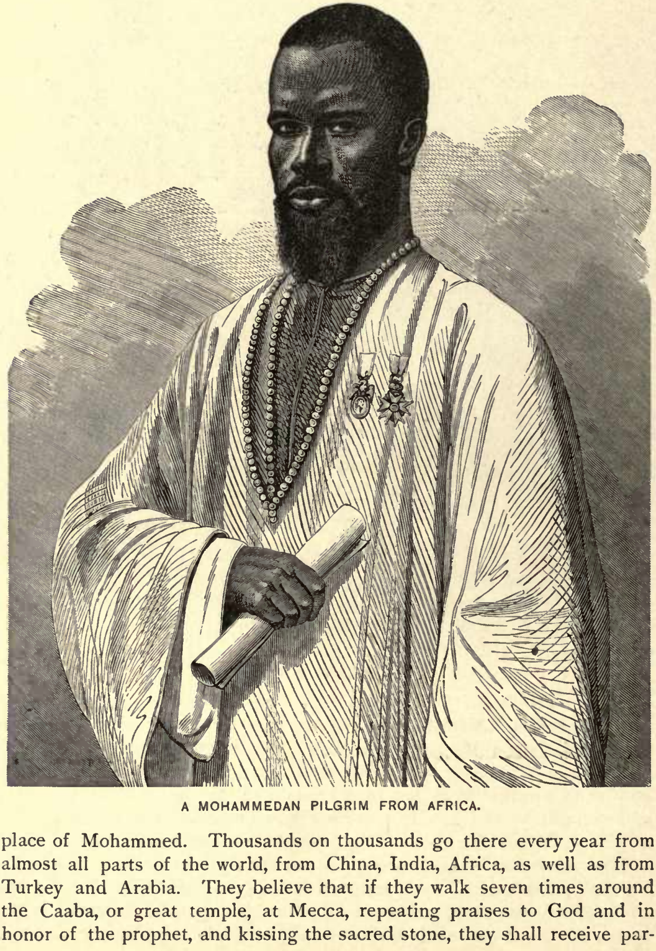


MOSLEMS AT SUPPER.

This man professes to have reformed recently. He had fitted up a room nicely for the sacred handkerchief, and was permitted to have the care of it again, so on Sunday he took the casket on his head, and bore it home amidst the songs and shouts of the crowd."

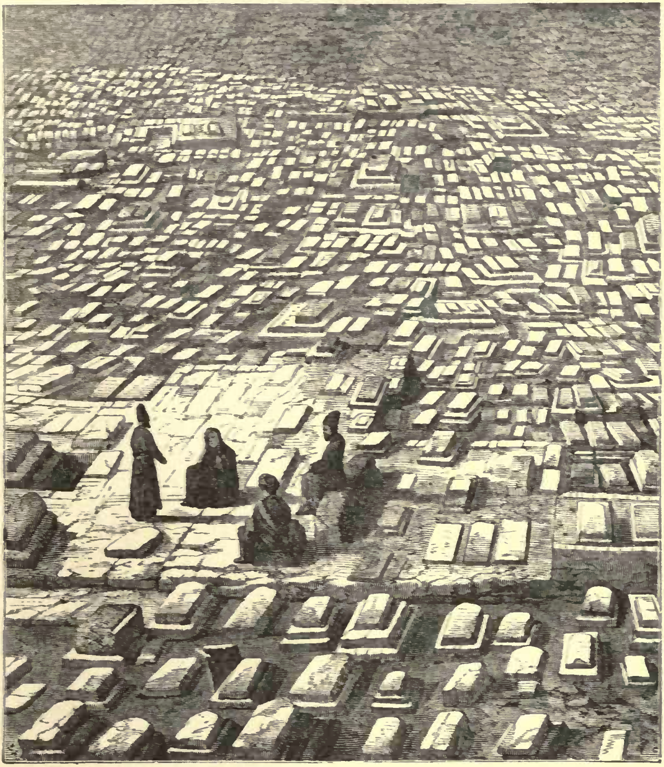
MOHAMMEDAN PILGRIMAGES.

The one act which a Moslem thinks more meritorious than any other, is the "Hadji," or pilgrimage to Mecca. Mecca is their most sacred city, the birthplace of Mohammed. Thousands on thousands go there every year from almost all parts of the world, from China, India, Africa, as well as from Turkey and Arabia. They believe that if they walk seven times around the Caaba, or great temple, at Mecca, repeating praises to God and in honor of the prophet, and kissing the sacred stone, they shall receive par-



A MOHAMMEDAN PILGRIM FROM AFRICA.

don for all their sins, and so be sure of paradise. Hence they go in crowds, and some of them, burdened with their sins, are quite willing to die if they can only reach a shrine, the touch of which, as they suppose, will make their salvation certain. And multitudes of these poor pilgrims do die at Mecca, and a vast cemetery, of which only a little section is given in the accompanying picture, contains the graves of hundreds of thousands of deluded men who have hoped to enter heaven as a reward for kissing a stone. When will the millions of Islam learn of the true prophet of God? They acknowledge now that Jesus was a prophet, but think him inferior to Mohammed. It is the belief of the missionaries that the religious as well as the political power of Mohammedanism is waning, and though as yet few of its adherents have been converted, a great and speedy turning on their part may be looked for with hope. May they soon learn that the name of Jesus is above every name.

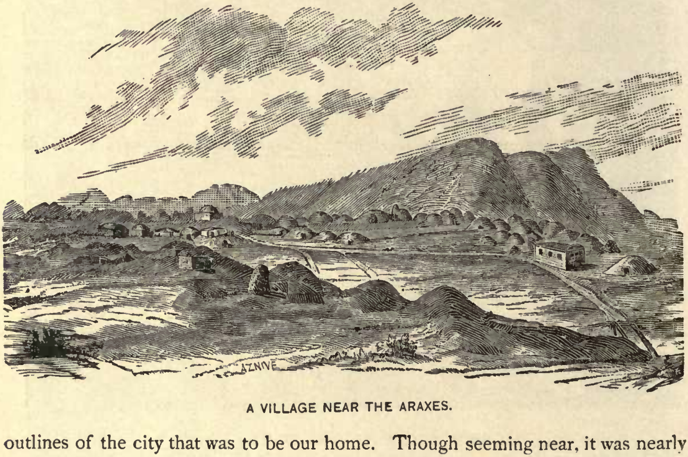


CEMETERY OF PILGRIMS AT MECCA.

ERZROOM AND ITS VILLAGES.

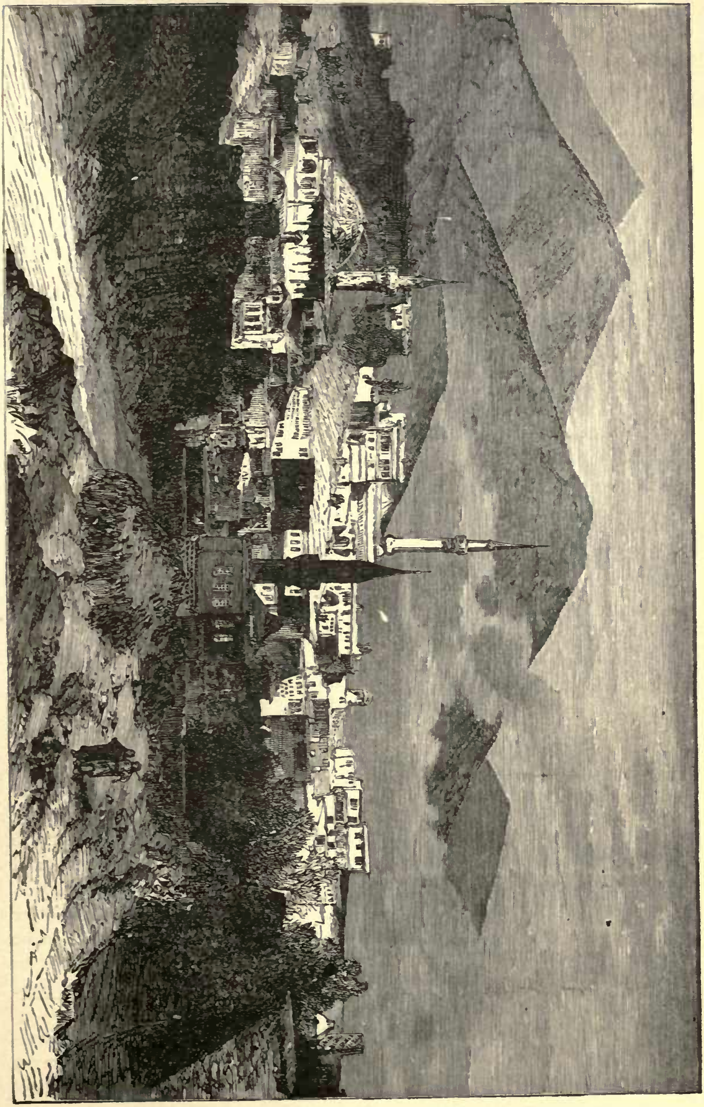
BY REV. M. P. PARMELEE, M.D., OF TREBIZOND.

My Dear Young Friends, — The city of Erzroom, in Turkey in Asia, is situated near the headwaters of the river Euphrates, and is more than six thousand feet above the level of the sea. I wish you could see the broad and beautiful plain on which it is built as I first saw it in the summer of 1863. For more than a week we had been wending our weary way on horseback across high mountains, sleeping at night in bare and cheerless khans, and it was a great joy to see from a mountain top, in the dim distance across the Erzroom plain, the outlines of the city that was to be our home. Though seeming near, it was nearly two days before we reached our journey's end. The hearty, almost triumphant, reception then given us by our missionary and native friends caused us to forget the weariness of the long journey, and made us feel at home at once.



A VILLAGE NEAR THE ARAXES.

And yet how new and strange it all seemed. The flat roofs of the houses, the queer and varied costumes of the people. the unknown tongues around us, the squeaking of the clumsy ox-carts, all testified that we had reached a remote corner of the earth. The cackling of the hens and the barking of the dogs were almost the only familiar sounds that fell on our ears. And though so new to us, everything appeared really very old. The old city walls were in ruins, many of the



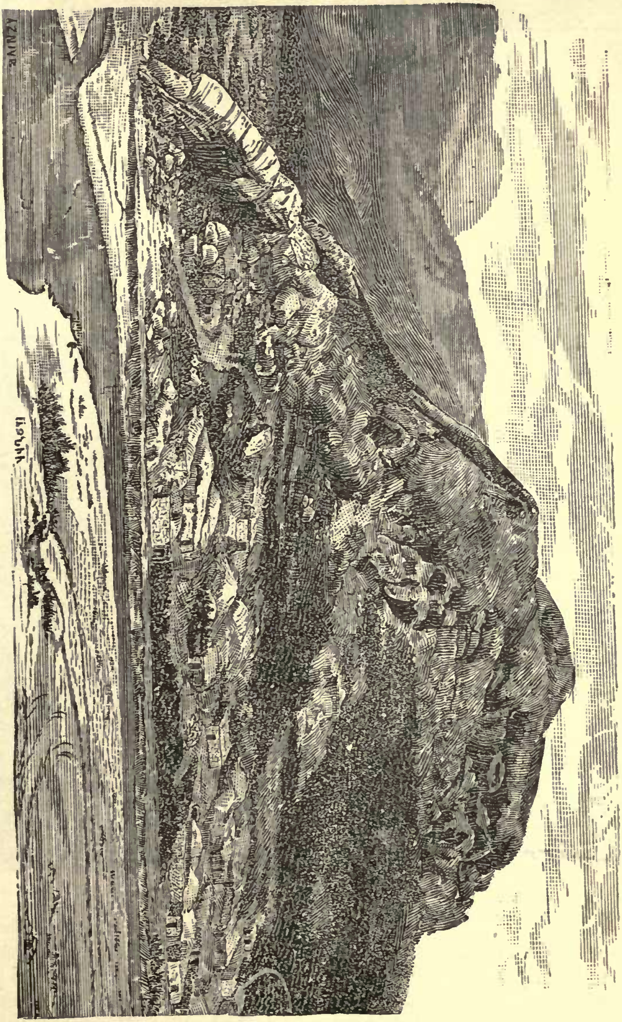
ERZROOM, EASTERN TURKEY.

houses were in a tumble-down condition, and the graveyards formed a wide band entirely encircling the city. And surely these mountains have a right to seem old, for they are the mountains of Ararat, where the ark of Noah rested; and for four thousand years these fields have been tilled, and for nearly half that period men have lived and died in this city. The city of the living contains only about sixty thousand souls, but at least two and a half millions are buried in the city of the dead.

But little by little these strange sights grew familiar, and we were able to speak to the people of the love of Jesus. Then we began to make long tours among the villages, such as are shown in two of the pictures here given. When stopping over night in one of these places, we and our horses enter the same outer door, and are led through a long dark passage into the stable. Though it were freezing cold outside, in this underground stable the air is well heated by the breath and bodies of scores of animals — cows, oxen, sheep, buffaloes, and horses. Our horses are tied, and we are shown into the *odah*, which is only a corner of the stable, raised a step or two above the level of the floor, and surrounded by a low railing. On one side of the odah is a fireplace, in which dried manure is burned. A small hole in the roof gives the only light of the place. Here we are invited to sit down on felt carpets, our backs being supported by cushions stuffed with straw. A tiny cup of black muddy coffee is served to us, and in a little while a round low table is brought in and set before us. On this are spread long thin loaves of bread which seem like sheets of coarse wrapping-paper. Then a dish of fried eggs is placed in the centre of the table, and we are invited to eat. After we have asked God's blessing on the food and our hospitable entertainers, we begin by tearing off a bit of the bread, and folding it into the shape of a spoon. With this (called the *sop* when Jesus was eating with his disciples) we dip up some of the egg and eat it, *spoon and all.* After the egg is finished, a dish of curdled milk, called *mädzoon*, is brought, with perhaps a plate of cheese, curiously made into strings. Though eating in this rude manner, and in such an unsavory place, our horseback ride in the stimulating winter air has given us such an appetite that we eat with a right good relish, and are well satisfied.

At a suitable moment we open our Testaments and read and talk of the way of salvation, occasionally singing a hymn. This usually calls a throng into the odah and stable, who come to see and hear these things that are so new and strange to them. After a pleasant but very wearisome evening spent in this way, and ended with prayer, we begin to arrange for the night. We could not sleep on these carpets, as the people do, for there are too many fleas, and perhaps other living things, so we have a light folding bedstead, or a hammock which can be suspended from the posts that support the roof. Sometimes we are obliged to swing out over the animals of the stable, so that we are soothed to sleep by the puffing and chewing sounds of our animal friends.

Under the influence of this preaching many villages have greatly changed during this score of years. Many schools have been established, and the people are reading and studying the Bible for themselves, and trusting in Christ for their salvation. Many hundred villages and cities still remain in their old darkness



VILLAGE ON THE FUPHRATES, NEAR ERZROOM.

and we want to carry the light of the gospel to them also. Will you not have a share in this good work?

MARTYRED TURKS OF THYATIRA.

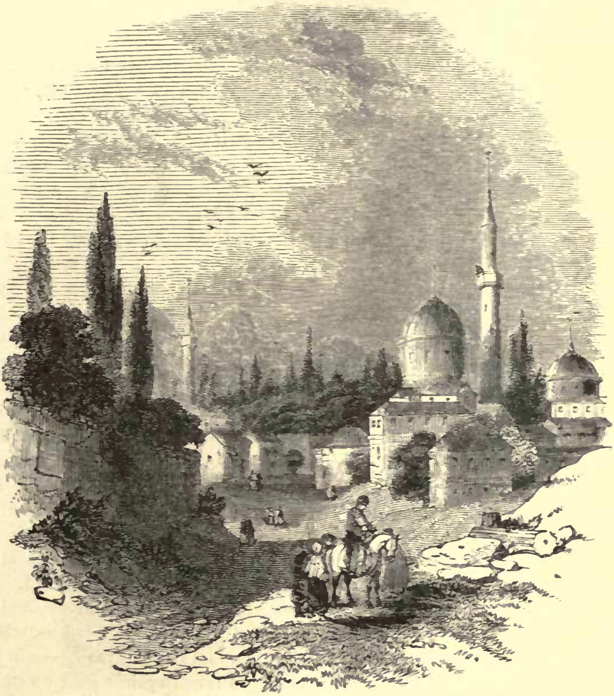
[The following narrative is translated from an old volume in French, containing some account of the Jesuit missions in Constantinople and the Levant during the seventeenth century. The translation, which had come into the hands of Rev. Marcellus Bowen, formerly missionary at Smyrna, has been kindly furnished by him.]

A NOTORIOUS martyrdom of twenty-three Turks occurred in the town of Thyatira, famous in old times, of which St. John made mention in the Revelation. It was on this wise.

AN ORIENTAL ENCAMPMENT.

There was in that town a sheik, or doctor in the law of Mohammed, who was in high repute among his people. He had been intrusted with the teaching of one hundred and fifty young men from twenty-five to thirty years of age, in order to prepare them to fill the offices of judges and cadis. He was a thorough master of the Alcoran, and had read in it that the prophet did not condemn the teachings of the New Testament, but, on the contrary, had spoken well of Jesus Christ and of Moses. He had, therefore, curiosity to see what was written in the Holy Gospel, and by a special direction of Divine Providence met with a New Testament translated into Arabic.

He was not long in possession of that Divine Book without receiving light from heaven and accepting the Christian truths. They had so powerful an influence on his mind that he was constrained to condemn all that was contrary to the teachings of the New Testament, and to act according to what was contained in it.



AK HISSAR, THE ANCIENT THYATIRA.*

He could not, however, stop there, neither could he hide the light he had received from heaven. He succeeded so far, by the assistance of the Holy Spirit, that many of his young scholars were convinced that there was no salvation but by Jesus Christ.

These young men kept this as a secret for a long time, but used often to meet together with their master to confer on the great subject of their salvation. As it is, however, difficult to keep a burning fire in a dark place, without its being discovered, these young men could not always effectually conceal the faith that filled their hearts, in their intercourse with their companions, and even with their relatives, who perceived such a notable change in their children, and tried to ascertain the cause. The whole case soon came to the knowledge of the judicial authorities, who are very strict on this subject, and who, in order to quench this fire in its beginning, laid hands upon the sheik. They tried at first to win the old man by gentle means, not wishing to ruin one enjoying so great repute. They represented to him the great esteem in which they held him, and promised to raise him to the highest dignities if he would consent to undeceive those whom he had misled. He well knew, also, how important a religious matter of this kind was, and what vigorous punishment their faith ordered upon those who were in fault.

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* The modern Ak Hissar is an out-station of the Western Turkey Mission of the American Board, and is situated about sixty miles northeast of Smyrna. Its present population is not far from 8,000, made up of Turks, Greeks, and Armenians.

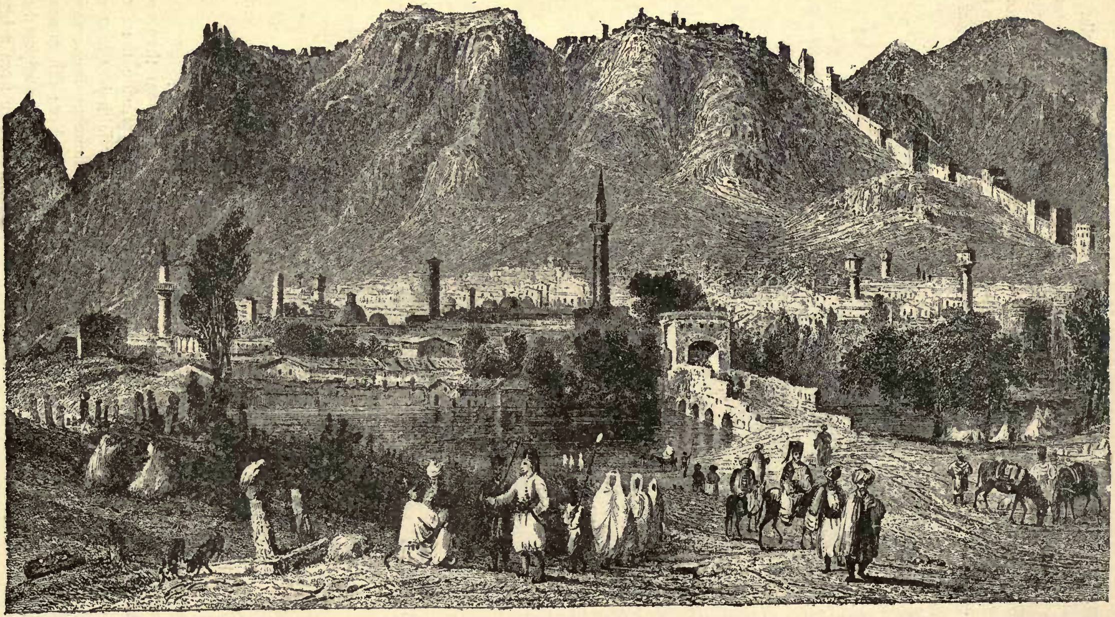
Those in authority thought this would be enough to bring the old man back to his duty, and oblige him to disown his convictions. But they were astonished to hear him answer that he was no longer of an age to disavow his conscientious convictions in a matter in which nothing less than his own salvation was at stake, and that all he had taught concerning the truth of the faith in Jesus Christ was too positive to allow him to disown his teaching.

The cadi, greatly surprised at this answer, and hoping to frighten him by the prospect of torture, told him with much anger that he must choose one of the two following courses: either to retract his teaching, or to undergo a most cruel death. The venerable old man, prompted by a holy zeal to bear witness before all men of his faith given from heaven, answered the cadi: "How! do you think that the stake, the gallows, or the flames frighten me, and that I am afraid to die for the glory of God, and for the truth in Jesus Christ? Know, then, that I am ready to die a thousand times, if possible, for the love of him who died once for me, and that it will be a great honor to seal with my blood the truth I have taught. I am not deceived in the doctrine I have accepted, and happy are they who abandon Mohammed to live in Jesus Christ."

Hearing these words, the judges forbade him to speak, beating him at the same time with sticks so severely that he could no longer utter a word. But, though he could not speak, his countenance showed perfect calmness, and the constancy and quietness with which he suffered astonished his judges. Being afraid, however, that if they continued to torment him publicly the common people, who had great respect for the old man, might revolt against such treatment, they resolved, after much consultation, lest his example should engage others to imitate him, to have him strangled in prison. This was done, and his immortal soul went to receive the crown from Him whom he had so firmly confessed.

After this, the authorities tried to seize the disciples of the old man, and ascertain how far they held and persevered in the faith of their master. Some of them had fled from the town, or had concealed themselves. Others went in different directions, and taught publicly the truths they had learned from their master. Finally, twenty-two of these young men were seized, and the authorities decided to force them to deny their faith in Jesus Christ, or, if they would not, to punish them in such a way that none of them would afterwards be bold enough to speak of that doctrine or profess it longer. What decided the judges to pursue this course was the great excitement caused by the cruel death of the old sheik. It was talked over by all the common people and, for the most part, in the old man's favor. The cadi summoned the young men, and told them they must renounce the doctrine they had learned, or forfeit their lives; that they should entertain no hope of being treated as the old sheik had been, but must undergo the most atrocious tortures. Oh, how powerful is the grace of God! On hearing of tortures the young men showed more readiness to submit to them than the judge to inflict them. The cadi, after trying a long time to persuade them to retract, seeing that they were all as decided to maintain their faith in Christ as the old sheik had been, handed them over to the executioners. Some were pierced with arrows; some were impaled; some were burnt alive; others were thrown upon a cruel and horrid implement of torture called *garich*, composed of numerous iron crampoons upon which the tortured person is thrown from a high place, and there remains suspended, pining away for a long time before dying. Thus ended their glorious career, triumphing over death and their tyrants.

A TURKISH MERCHANT WITH HIS CAMEL.

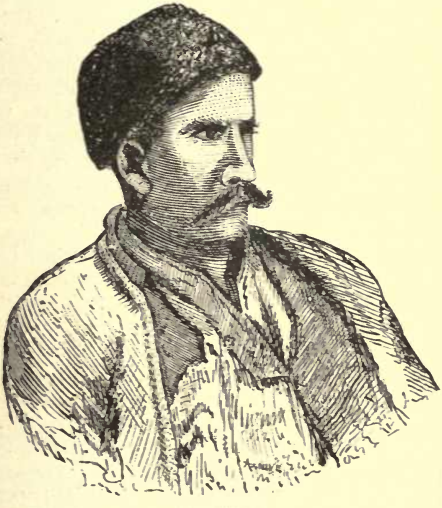


ANTIOCH.

VILLAGE LIFE IN BULGARIA.

BY REV. J. H. HOUSE, SAMOKOV.

THE Bulgarians are largely an agricultural people. The country people do not live in farm-houses scattered about upon the farms, but are gathered together for mutual protection in towns and villages. The villagers are a sturdy race, finely developed physically, many of them being not only strong and muscular, but also tall and well proportioned. They are rather slow of intellect, and, from want of educational privileges, ignorant and superstitious. They have, to a remarkable degree, however, been awakened to a sense of the value of education, and have a strong desire to provide educational privileges for their children. They are characterized by a strong love of political independence and self-government, and exhibit this characteristic in the management of village affairs. In this respect the Bulgarians seem to me to bear a strong resemblance to the Anglo-Saxon race. These people are by no means found only in the province of Bulgaria. They are scattered all through European Turkey and Eastern Roumelia, living side by side with the Turks. Between the two races, however, there is much enmity, the difference in their religion making the breach very wide. The Bulgarians are nominally Christians, and are connected with the Greek Church, but their priests even are sadly ignorant, knowing very little of the meaning of the prayers they read in their public services.



- BULGARIAN

The picture on the next page, for which we are indebted to the *Illustrated Missionary News*, represents a number of Bulgarian villagers. Two of them, as you see, have scythes. You will notice that the snaths of the scythes are straight, and have only one handle. They will appear very awkward to an American farmer, but they are not as awkward as they seem; and if one learns the knack of handling them, as I can testify from experience, he can use them with considerable ease. All their agricultural implements are very simple and rude. Their plow is very like that used in Palestine in Bible times. It has but one handle, which the plowman holds with one hand, while he carries the ox-goad in the other. It is little more than a crooked stick, hewn so that the smaller bent end will serve as a handle, while the larger end, with a rude facing of iron, shaped something like an arrow-head, forms the plowshare. When this has been firmly fastened to a long pole so as to form an acute angle with it, you have the plow. They usually plow with oxen or buffaloes, which are joined together with long yokes which keep them very far apart.

The harrow is oftentimes still more rude. I have seen them made of great bundles of brush-wood tied together. The hoes are clumsy and heavy, resembling somewhat the plantation hoes of the South, but are sometimes very much heavier. Bulgaria has many very fertile plains, and an American farmer would be much surprised at the good crops raised with such rude implements.

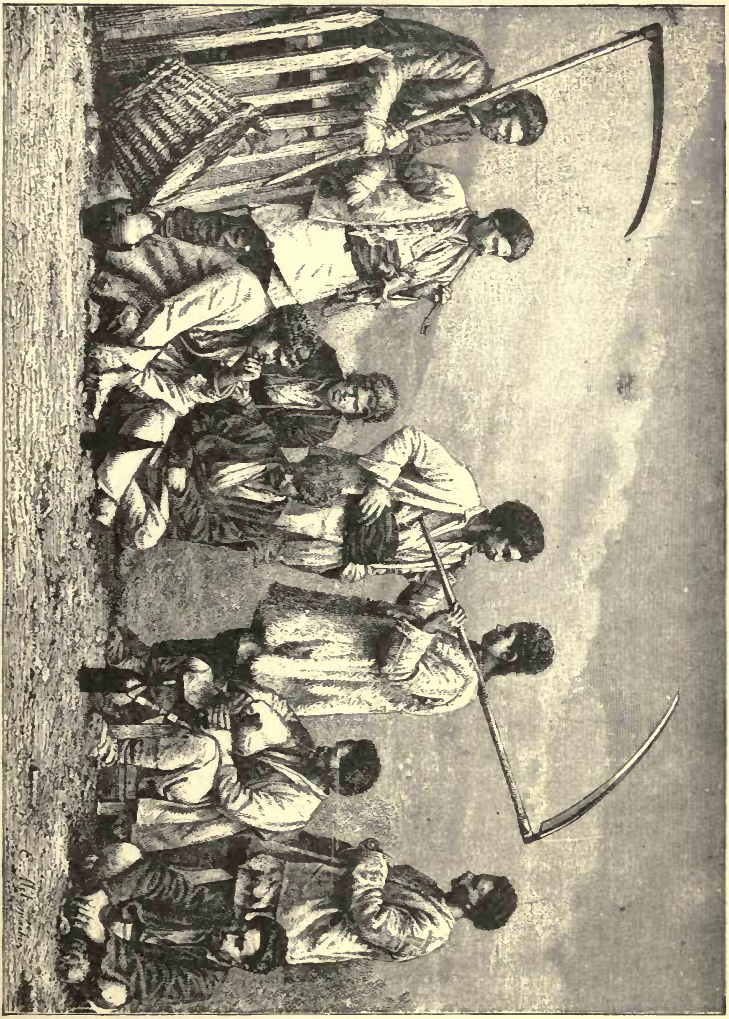
A villager's house is a very simple affair. It usually consists of one story, and is built of basket work, or a wooden frame, filled up with rough upright sticks or scantling. Over these upright pieces laths are nailed crosswise, and the walls are plastered on both sides with two coats of mud made from a clayey earth mixed with fine cut straw. If the villager is able he will whiten these walls, inside and out, with lime or white earth. The floors are also usually made of mud, which, when it is dry and hard, is quite smooth, and not as objectionable as many would suppose. The roof is covered with tiles, resembling somewhat our drainage tiles, only they are less curved. If the man is poor, he may use thatching for a roof.

Each house usually consists of two or three rooms. The main room is the kitchen where the fire-place is, and the cooking is done. And oftentimes the same room serves also for the sleeping apartment. They do not sleep upon bedsteads, but spread their mats and rugs upon the earthen floor. The whole family, including any guests who may be with them, often sleep in the one room. In the morning the bed-clothing is neatly folded, and put in closets at the side of the room, or, in unfinished houses, piled up in a corner.

The table from which the family eats is two or three feet in diameter and six or eight inches high. They sit upon the floor as they gather around it, and all eat from one central dish, with wooden spoons. Bread is placed before each person, and eaten without butter, along with the cooked food which serves as a relish. They sometimes have two or three courses, especially if they have guests. Their food is quite commonly cooked in earthen ware, which is made into various convenient shapes, and is very cheap in Bulgaria. Some of the decorated drinking jugs in this ware are quite curious, and would doubtless be sought after in this country as curious and antique pottery.

One of the villagers in the picture is playing upon the bagpipe, which with the Bulgarians, as with the Scotch Highlanders, is the favorite musical instrument.

The music of the bagpipe forms the accompaniment for the village dance in the open air, or "choro" (pronounced horo), as they call it.

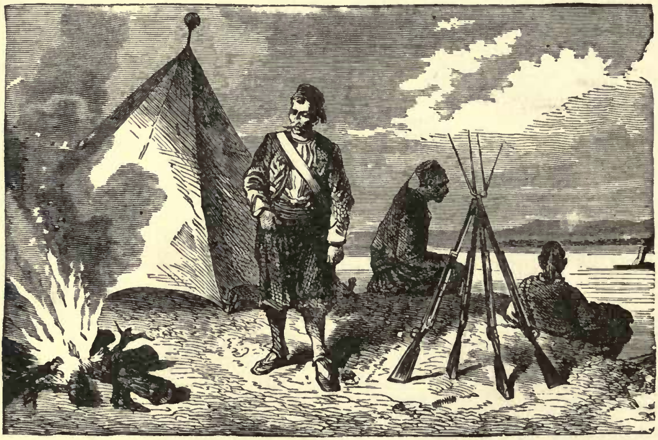


BULGARIAN VILLAGERS

In some of the villages where the ancient customs still prevail, hospitality is considered a great virtue. I have been the recipient of the most open-handed hospitality from Bulgarian villagers. In one village, in which I was particularly impressed with the kindness of those with whom we dined, I was told that some used to court the favor of serving every stranger who passed through their village with at least a portion of bread.

The village women are especially industrious, spinning and weaving clothing for themselves and all their households, and assisting their husbands in the field work. The dress of the village women is oftentimes very picturesque, and the women of each village have their distinguishing costume.

The Bulgarian people are not without courage in war, although they have been a subject race for something like five hundred years. Some of their national songs, of which there are a great many, celebrate the prowess of their early heroes. In the late war between Turkey and Russia, the Bulgarian legion particularly distinguished itself in the defense of the celebrated Shipka Pass. The most desperate conflict raged around this Shipka Pass, which, after it had fallen into the hands of the Russians, was assailed with the greatest fury by the Turkish forces under Suleiman Pasha, after the terrible destruction of Eski Zaghra. The pass was defended in the most gallant manner by the Bulgarian legion, and, although almost entirely surrounded by the Turks at one time, they held out until reënforcements could arrive. Water had to be carried to the brave defenders of the pass, over a field which was swept by the enemy's rifles. Bulgarian lads, it is said, were engaged in the hazardous enterprise of carrying water to the soldiers. A story is told of one of them, that when his water-jug was shivered by a rifle-ball, instead of rejoicing at his narrow escape, he wept at the spilling of the water which was so much needed by the brave soldiers.



TURKISH OUTPOST ON THE DANUBE

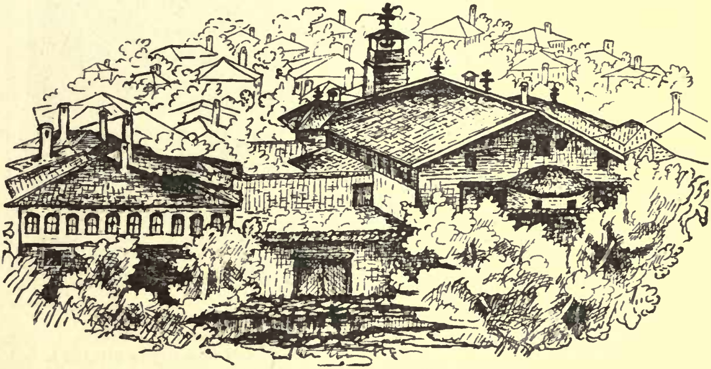
It is among this interesting people, characterized by so many good qualities, that we are laboring to introduce the pure gospel. The success of the preaching of the word has been most conspicuous among the sturdy villagers whose life I have been describing to you.

EASTER IN BULGARIA.

BY REV. WILLIAM H. BELDEN.

SAMOKOV, BULGARIA, EUROPE, March 23, 1881.

It is midnight; but the busy street in front of my house suggests to me, as I watch by a sick child, to write to the beloved home-land of the occupations of my neighbors. Regiment after regiment of soldiers are beating the air with their tramp; now a lighted carriage jolts along over the rude pavement, bearing some dignitary, Bulgarian or Russian, and again I hear the shrill cry, amid a throng heard, not seen, in the dark, walled street, of a little infant strapped to its mother's back, all hastening — whither, at this dead hour of the midnight? The watchman's call, repeated from gate to gate, has already warned my neighbors, and now a confused jangling from a distant campanile is telling me. It is religion that is summoning the people from their beds, and the alacrity with which they are obeying is a measure of their piety. For here, a week later than in your calendar, this day ushers in the "Great Day" (Vaylig Den) which you call Easter. Will you walk out with me and learn something of their religion?



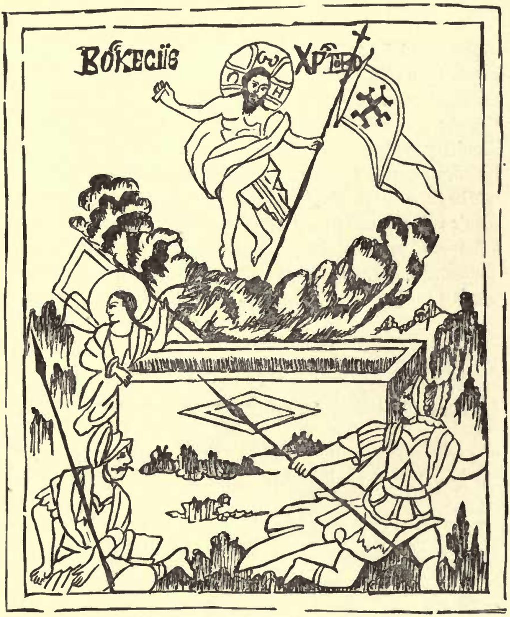
BULGARIAN CATHEDRAL, SAMOKOV.

You see in the foreground of the sketch (part of a bird's-eye view) the priests' house and the outer gate of the cathedral court. In Turkish times the Bulgarians were hardly allowed their sanctuaries, and gladly humbled this one so that its roof should scarcely peep above the street-wall. But inside the rude edifice there are beautiful walnut carvings, and parts of the *eikons* (sacred pictures) are overlaid with pure silver. Listen to that clangor from the bell-tower at the other end of the court! A bar of steel suffices for a bell, as through all the Bulgarias, save where poverty or oppression has substituted a clattering plank.

Within the church, dark, damp, and chilling us to the bone, are huddled on the stone floor an indiscriminate throng of men, women, and children, gathered from before nightfall, and still increasing. In the centre of the nave stands a rude, low scaffolding, upon which is painted, almost imaged, after the common fashion of the Greek Church, a portrayal of the crucifixion. It is an act of merit, inuring towards the salvation of the soul, to honor this thing. See yonder woman crawling on hands and knees under it, dragging along the moist stones a child not yet old enough to walk! Here is an old woman, who has shivered, fireless, through almost seventy winters. She has lain on this cold, damp pavement underneath that object of reverence, already for hours together, this bitter night.

"O, Gospozhista!" now earnestly pleads a nun with one of our party: "do kiss the picture! You do not need to cross yourself if you do not want to, but O, it will be a great blessing upon you if you will but kiss the eikon!"

Another nun is more polemic. "Why do you Protestants not reverence the Saviour as we do? You have sweet music in your church [they have found the worth of our new organ already], but you cannot be saved, for you do not do any such works of merit as these."



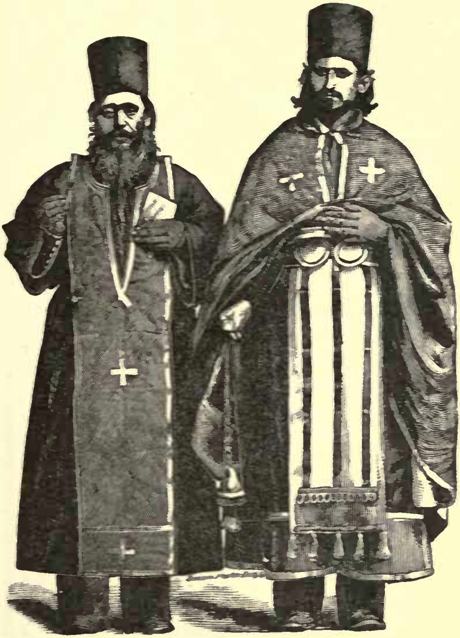
AN EIKON (FROM ONE IN USE).

The season of devotion continues through the whole night. Some of our company went last night to the ceremonies intended to celebrate the night after the crucifixion, and they began at ten P. M., and were not through at four A. M. It is difficult to describe the ceremonies; the Scripture-readings, hurriedly dispatched, are in the old Slavic tongue, which is to the Bulgarians what Latin is to us — a mother tongue, but unintelligible. There is a great deal of incensing, and there are certain processions of the bishop and the popes,* with various emblems

* A priest is a "pope" here. I bought some winter groceries of a "pope" at the instance of an esteemed neighbor, who added, as an inducement: "He is a very good pope, too!" Would that all were so!

suited to the stage, of the passion of our Lord, accompanied, on the part of the people, with almost constant crossings, buying and lighting of tapers, and kissing of the eikons. The dramatic representation does not seem as intelligible as those of the Roman Church, and there is certainly less of Christ in it.

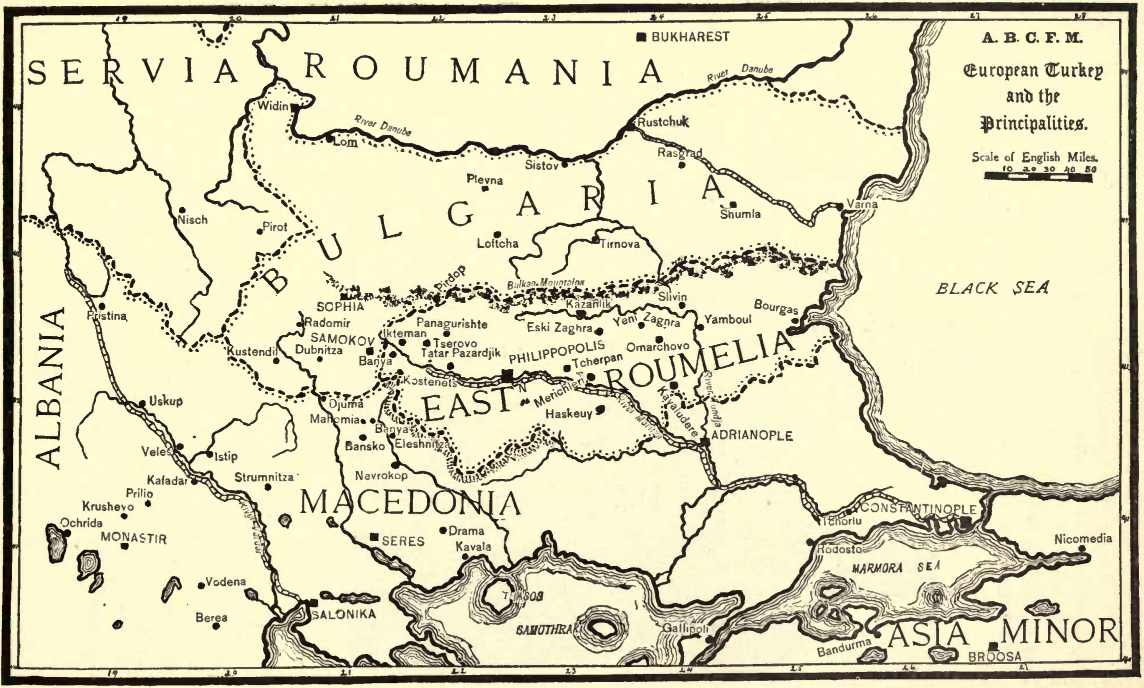
This religion does not educate the moral sense of its followers. The practical effects of it in every-day life remind one continually of Paul's expressive term, twice repeated to the churches of his care, "eye-service." It has a noble, manly race — these Bulgarians — to teach, but it cannot do them justice. What vitality can there be in a conscience which learns only such a notion of prayer as this: "I will give you a piastre, pope, and you shall say one prayer for me and my family"?



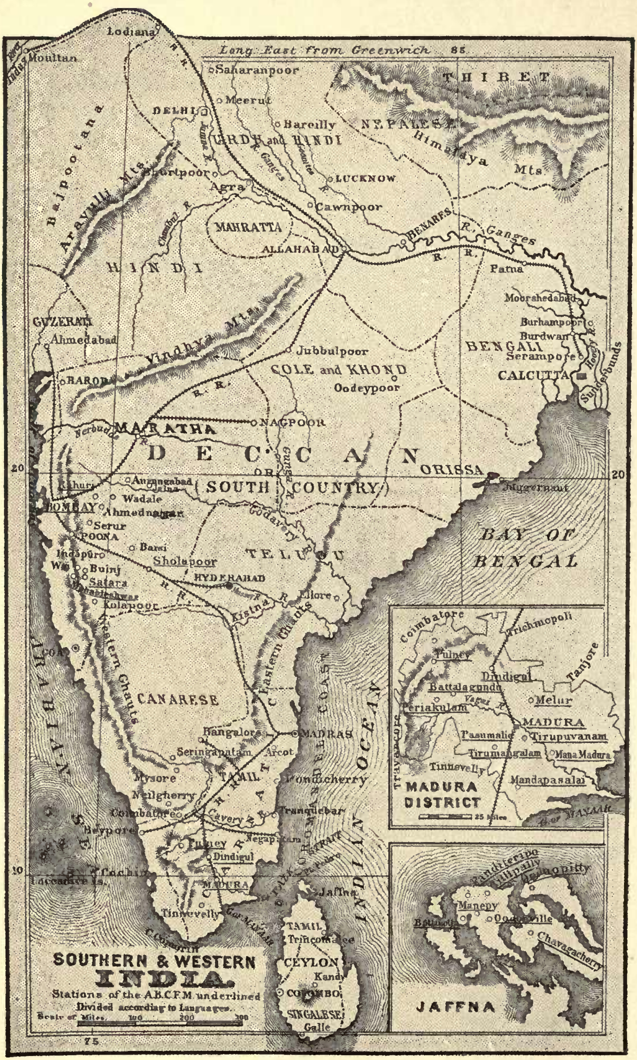
BULGARIAN "POPES," SAMOKOV.

It does not go hand in hand with the Bible, but the Bible recedes behind its forms. I wanted to see the old Slavic Bible recently, and requested a copy, through a friend, of the Bishop of Samokov; but none could be found after careful search, in the whole city!

By the grace of God, your missionaries shall plant over again here the blessed seed of the tree of life; not in the dead soil of a mysterious ritual, but in living hearts; preaching, not dramatizing, the doctrine of Christ; teaching, not an outward conformity, but a new birth, and a consecrated life. Then, when on Easter morning, and for thirty following days, the "Orthodox" Christian shall utter the beautiful greeting of the Slavic peoples: "*Christus vuskrusny!*" "Christ is risen!" the Protestant Christian shall repeat, with a new significance, from his rejoicing heart, the familiar reply: "*Vuskrusny naeesteena!*" "He is risen, indeed!"


A. B. C. F. M.
European Turkey and the Principalities.
Scale of English Miles.
10 20 30 40 50
SERVIA
ROUMANIA
BUKHAREST
River Danube
BULGARIA
ALBANIA
EAST ROUMELIA
MACEDONIA
ASIA MINOR
BLACK SEA
MARMORA SEA
Widin
Lom
Sistov
Plevna
Rustchuk
Rasgrad
Shumla
Varna
Nisch
Pirot
Loftcha
Tirnova
Pirdop
Balkan Mountains
Slivin
Kazanlik
Bourgas
Yamboul
Yeni Zagnra
Eski Zaghra
SOPHIA
Radomir
SAMOKOV
Dubnitza
Kustendil
Ikteman
Panagurishte
Tserovo
Tatar Pazardjik
Banya
PHILIPPOPOLIS
Tcherpan
Omarchovo
Kostenets
Merichleri
River Maritza
River Tundja
Kavaludere
Haskeuy
ADRIANOPLE
Pristina
Uskup
Veles
Istip
Ojuma
Mahomia
Bansko
Eleshnitza
Nevrokop
Kafadar
Strumnitza
Prilip
Krushevo
Ochrida
MONASTIR
River Vardar
Vodena
Berea
SALONIKA
SERES
Drama
Kavala
THASOS
SAMOTHRAKI
Gallipoli
CONSTANTINOPLE
Tchorlu
Rodosto
Nicomedia
Bandurma
BROOSA
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27
28

INDIA.



SOUTHERN & WESTERN INDIA.

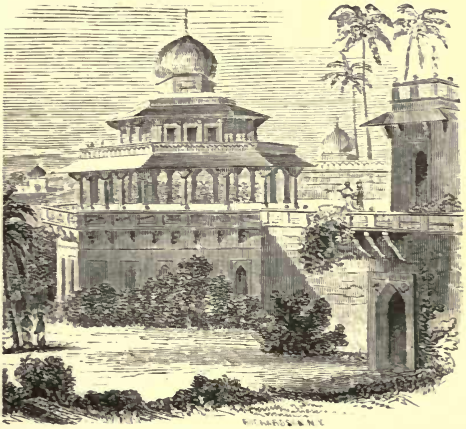
Stations of the A.B.C.F.M. underlined

Divided according to Languages.

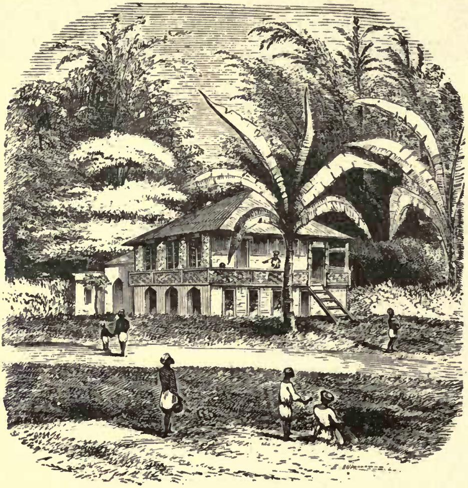
Scale of Miles. 100 200 300
Long. East from Greenwich 85
75
20
10
Lodiana
Moultan
Indus
Saharanpoor
Meerut
DELHI
Bareilly
NEPALESE
THIBET
Himalaya Mts.
URDU and HINDI
Ganges
LUCKNOW
Bhurtpoor
Agra
Cawnpoor
Rajpootana
Aravulli Mts.
Chumbul R.
MAHRATTA
ALLAHABAD
BENARES
R. Ganges
R. R.
Patna
Moorshedabad
Burhampoor
Burdwan
BENGALI
Serampore
Hoogly R.
Sunderbunds
CALCUTTA
HINDI
GUZERATI
Ahmedabad
Vindhya Mts.
Jubbulpoor
COLE and KHOND
Oodeypoor
BARODA
Nerbudda
MARATHA
NAGPOOR
DECCAN
(SOUTH COUNTRY)
OR
ORISSA
Juggernaut
Rahuri
Aurungabad
Jalna
Wadale
BOMBAY
Ahmednagar
Serur
POONA
Barsi
Godavery
BAY OF BENGAL
Indapur
Wai
Buinj
Satara
Mahabaleshwar
Kolapoor
Sholapoor
TELUGU
HYDERABAD
Kistna
Ellore
GOA
Western Ghauts
Eastern Ghauts
ARABIAN SEA
CANARESE
Bangalore
MADRAS
Seringapatam
Arcot
Mysore
TAMIL
Pondicherry
Neilgherry
Coimbatore
Cavery R.
Tranquebar
Beypore
Pulney
Negapatam
Dindigul
Cochin
Laccadive Is.
MADURA
Tinnevelly
C. Comorin
G. of Manaar
Palk Strait
Pt. Pedro
Jaffna
TAMIL
Trincomalee
CEYLON
Kandy
COLOMBO
SINGALESE
Galle
CORAMANDEL COAST
INDIAN OCEAN
Coimbatore
Trichinopoli
Pulney
Tanjore
Dindigul
Battalagundu
Vaigai R.
Periakulam
Melur
MADURA
Travancore
Pasumalie
Tirupuvanam
Tirumangalam
Mana Madura
Tinnevelly
Mandapasalai
MADURA DISTRICT
25 Miles
G. of MANAAR
Panditeripo
Tellipally
Oodooopitty
Manepy
Batticotta
Oodooville
Chavagachery
JAFFNA

INDIA.

India was the first land to which the American Board sent missionaries, over seventy years ago. They found the Hindu people worshiping many idols, and in many foolish and cruel ways. We have all heard of Buddha and Brahma, Juggernaut and Vishnu, and of the worship of the sacred river Ganges, and we know something about the old Hindu customs of burning widows and drowning little children. Great changes have come about in recent years. The English government has done much to civilize the people, but no outside changes could make them good men and women. Various Christian missions have been established, and they have brought many souls to the knowledge and love of the true God. Our own Board of Missions has now two missions in India, the Maratha and Madura Missions, and another on the island of Ceylon. The Maratha Mission is in Western India, and has 23 churches with 1,458 members, 15 native pastors, and many other helpers. There are 90 schools connected with it. In the Madura Mission, in Southern India, there are 35 churches and 199 Christian congregations containing about 11,000 individuals. And in Ceylon there are now 1,130 church-members, 4 boarding-schools, and 120 common-schools, with over 9,000 pupils. These figures do not tell the whole glad story, of course; for many happy spirits are praising God before the heavenly throne, who have gone up, through all these years, from the plains of India.


A HINDU TEMPLE.

And we may hope, also, that since the beginnings have been made, and there are now so many native Christians, the progress will be much more rapid in the years to come. In 1878 a great revival began in Southern India, and has hardly ceased yet. Already thousands have been added to the various missionary churches. But there is still a great work to be done to lead the Hindus to forsake the three hundred and thirty-three million gods in whom they now believe. Pray that they may learn of, and be led to serve, the only living and true God.



A SCHOOL-HOUSE IN INDIA.

THE PARSEES OF INDIA.

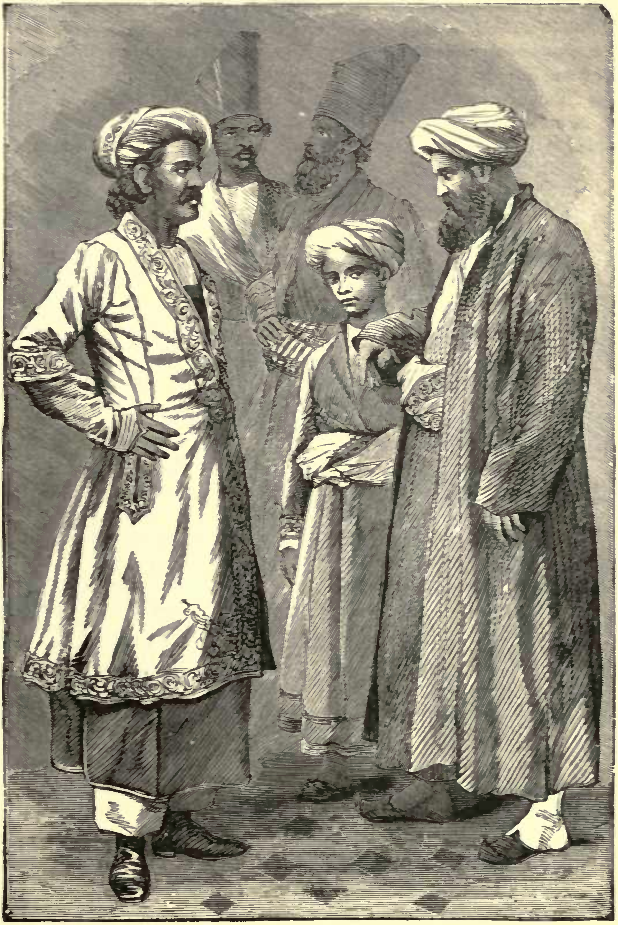
There are people of many different religions in India. The Hindus are the original race, whose forefathers had always lived in the land. The Mohammedans of India descended from the Arabs, and the Parsees from the ancient Persians. Parsee is the Greek name for Persian. The Persians were conquered by Mohammedan Arabs in the seventh century, and those who would not become Mohammedans fled to India. In 1851 there were 110,000 Parsees in the city of Bombay alone. There are six Parsee temples in India, two of them in Bombay, where their sacred fire is never allowed to go out day or night, year after year.

The Parsees have many noted merchants, whose wealth is princely. The picture on the opposite page represents a group in which those wearing turbans are Mohammedans; while in the background are some Parsees. Zoroaster, who was the founder of the Parsees' religion, two thousand years ago, taught them to pay honors to the sun as an emblem of God's power. So they fell into the sin of worshiping the sun as their god, and now they worship fire and water too; and the moon and stars.

PARSEE SUPERSTITIONS.

A Parsee thinks it is a great misfortune to put out fire, and is often afraid even to snuff a candle, lest it should go out. If his house is on fire, he may not help to quench the flames, and sometimes will not let others do so. Each Parsee family keeps up a perpetual sacred fire in the house.

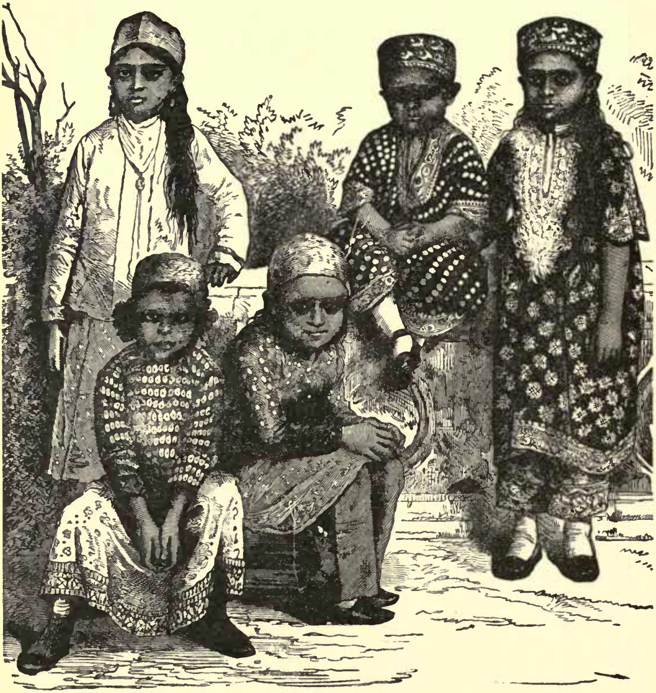
Sunrise and sunset are the principal hours of worship, and it pains a Christian, as he takes an evening walk outside a city in India, to see the Parsees adoring the sun, as it sets in the western sky. Some of them have, however, been converted, by the efforts of missionaries, to the worship of the living God. How much better it is to worship him who made the sun than it is to bow down to the sun itself!



MERCHANTS OF BOMBAY.

CHILDREN IN INDIA.

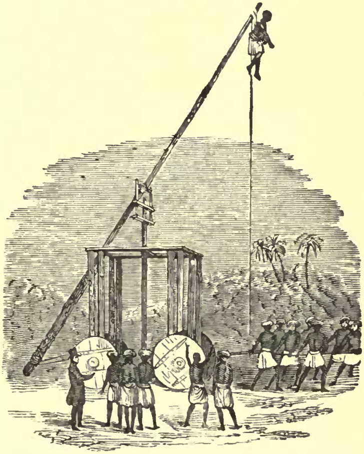
We can see fun and mischief and good-nature in these bright eyes, as plainly as in those of our own dear children of America. One of the first scholars in a Scotch Mission School, which was begun in Bombay in 1835, was a Parsee boy of twelve. His name was Dhanjibhai Nauroji. He was bright and diligent, and gained many prizes. He began to learn, too, that he was a sinner, and how he might be saved by Jesus Christ. Dhanjibhai became a true Christian. This made a terrible disturbance among his own people. His mother threatened to dash her brains out at his feet. But by the grace of God he stood firm, and was baptized on May 1, 1839. After his education was finished, in 1846, he was ordained to preach the gospel among his heathen kindred. And ever after, for over thirty years, he continued a faithful laborer for Christ in India. In January, 1879, he wrote to Scotland that the Parsees, who have kept away from the Mission School ever since his baptism, are now returning to it in large numbers. He adds: "A more interesting set of youths there is not."



PARSEE CHILDREN.

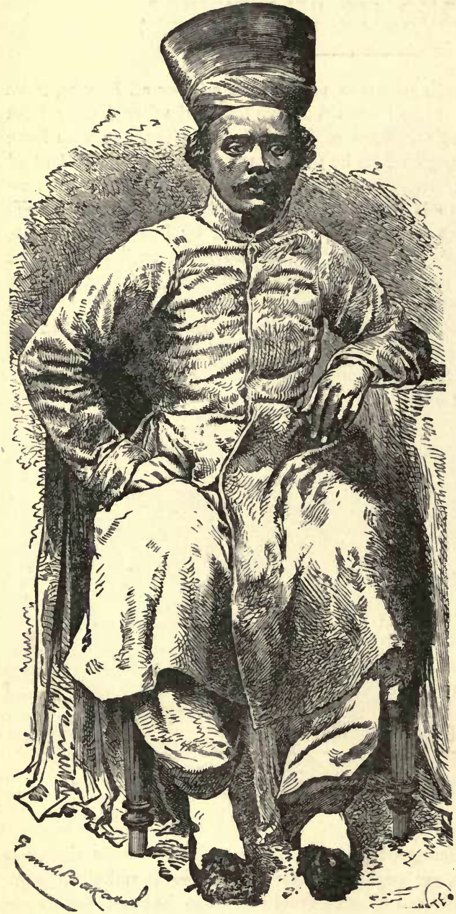
INDIA AND ITS WILD TRIBES.

On a map of the world India covers as much space as does all Europe, if we except Russia and Turkey. Cape Comorin is five hundred miles farther from the northernmost point of India than the mouth of the Rio Grande is from Lake Superior. Our last census surprises us by making the population of the United States over fifty millions, but India has nearly five times as many people as we can boast. This vast region is now under British rule, a settlement having been made there by English traders in 1625. Little by little the English, though living so far away, gained power in various provinces, until in 1858 the sovereignty of the British Crown over India was acknowledged. Recently the Queen of England has added to her titles that of Empress of India.



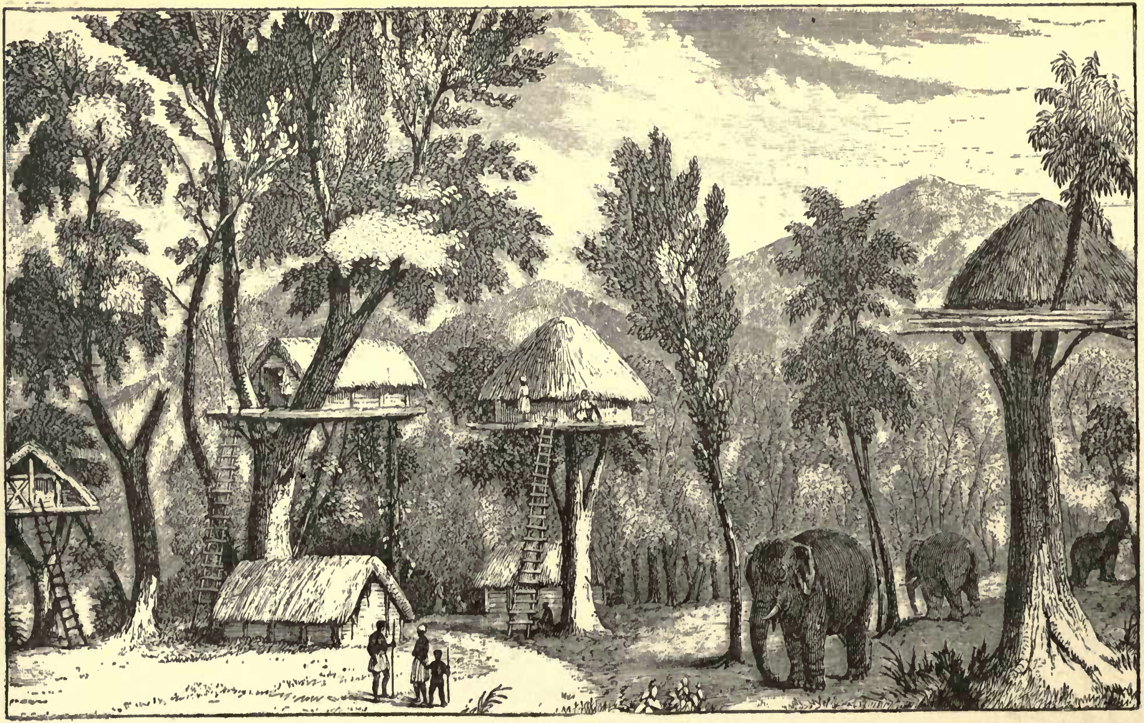
HOOK-SWINGING IN INDIA.

It was not until long after the English power had begun to be felt in the East that any efforts were made to Christianize the natives. The Hindus were devotedly attached to their own religions, and repelled all attempts to teach them the gospel. The British authorities, too, opposed all missionary schemes, as it was thought that any endeavor to meddle with religious ideas would irritate the natives against their rulers. Moreover, the Hindus were fearfully corrupt, and even Henry Martyn was so impressed with the difficulty of bringing one of this race to a better life that after many labors among them he said that if ever he saw a Hindu converted to Christ it would be like seeing a dead man rise from his grave. Had Henry Martyn lived seventy years later, he could have seen not far from five hundred thousand such converts. The changes that have been wrought in India since the first missionaries went there, are wonderful. Hook-swinging is unknown now. The idea that the gods are pleased by such cruel sufferings has not been altogether outrooted from the Hindu mind, but such exhibitions are no longer tolerated. Just fifty years ago a society was formed in Calcutta, composed of the most influential gentlemen of the region, and what do you suppose was its object? Nothing else than to defend the Hindu practice of burning alive widows on the funeral piles of their deceased husbands! And this society established a paper to advocate the continuance of this horrible custom. But the society and its paper have died. No widows are now burned. The sick and the aged and little children are no longer pushed into the Ganges that they may die in its sacred waters. Aside from the large number of Hindus who have embraced Christianity, there are multitudes who have felt in some degree its power.



A PARSEE OF BOMBAY.

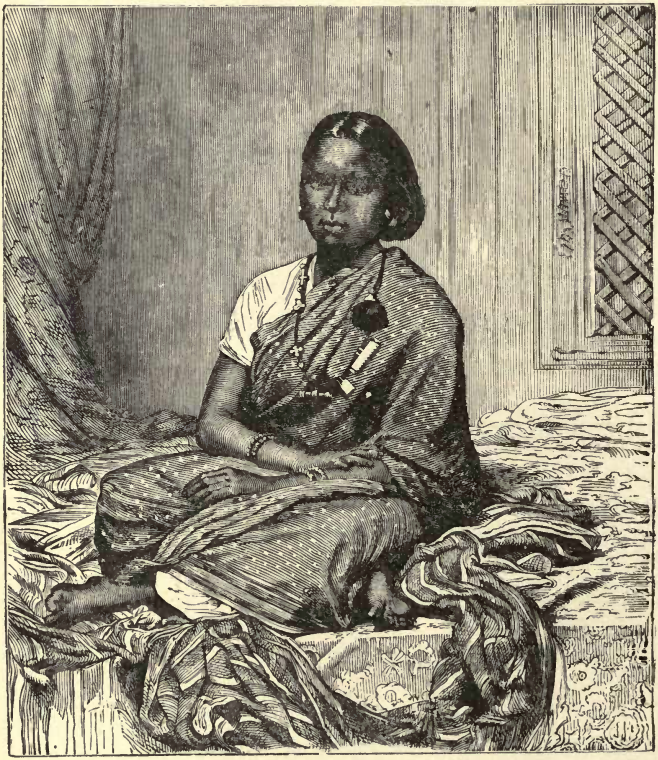
Among the most interesting people living in India, and perhaps one of the most hopeful classes to labor for, are the hill and jungle tribes, such as the Santhals, the Gonds, and the Khonds. These are the aborigines of India, corresponding to our Indian tribes in the West, and to the Ainos of Japan. They are rude people, having different languages, but none of them written. These tribes probably were compelled to take refuge in the hills during some of the early invasions of India, and there they remain, finding it safer to contend with the numberless wild beasts infesting these regions than with their fellow-men on the plains. The picture on the opposite page shows how some villages of the hill tribes are built. Dwellings on the ground are not safe from the attacks of elephants and tigers, and hence many houses are constructed in the trees, out of the way of wild beasts. These houses are said to be quite comfortable, though it is doubtful if any of us would like to live in one of them.



A VILLAGE IN SOUTH INDIA.

There are about two hundred of these wild tribes, all quite distinct from the ordinary Hindus. They are very ignorant and superstitious, and have been supposed to be very savage, but missionary efforts among them have been quite successful, and when under the influence of the gospel they seem a simple-hearted and kindly people. They have no caste, like the Hindus.

An English Church missionary who had labored among one of these tribes, writes of a time when the cholera broke out among the people. Many of them died in cheerful hope in Christ. One young man, dying just as the sun rose, said as his last words, "I shall soon be where there is no night." A heathen blacksmith, seized by the dreaded disease, first tried to bribe the idol goddess, and the next moment cursed her for sending the cholera. His Christian neighbor, suffering in the same way, prayed, "O Christ, wash me; forgive my hard heart and receive my soul: I am thine." Is it not a blessed privilege to be permitted to give the gospel to those who would otherwise die in darkness?



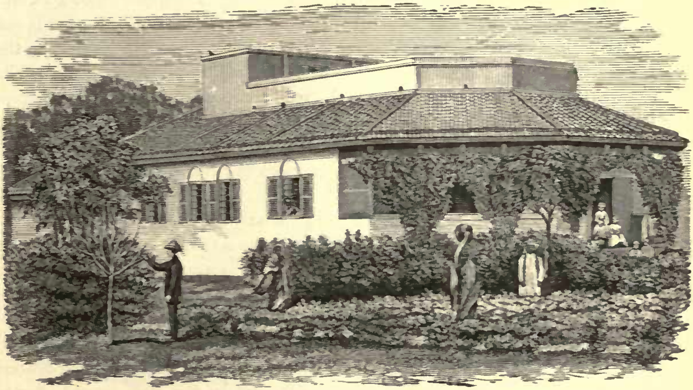
A HINDU WOMAN

FIRST BRAHMAN CONVERTS AT AHMEDNAGAR, INDIA.

BY REV. RAMKRISHNAPUNT V. MODAK.

[Mr. Modak is connected with the Theological Seminary of the American Board at Ahmednagar, and the following account of the conversion of Haripunt and Narayan is taken from a paper read by him at the Semi-Centennial anniversary of the commencement of the Ahmednagar Mission.]

HARI RAMCHANDRA KHISTI and his brother, Narayan Ramchandra Khisti, after having long tried to observe the Christian religion secretly, at last firmly resolved, in 1839, to receive public baptism. They were the first Brahmans to become Christians in the Ahmednagar Mission. Previous to their conversion they had been employed as teachers in the mission schools. The younger brother, Haripunt, first left his home and came to the mission compound to stay, in order that he might be baptized. Then his relatives gathered a great crowd of thousands of Brahmans, Kunabis, Weavers, and other high-caste men, in the mission compound, that they might carry him off by force, before he should defile himself by receiving baptism. Haripunt was then, for safety, brought into the missionary's bungalow, and the doors were fastened. A message was also sent to the police to come and disperse the mob, but as the crowd had now increased to two or three thousand people, they would not listen to the police.



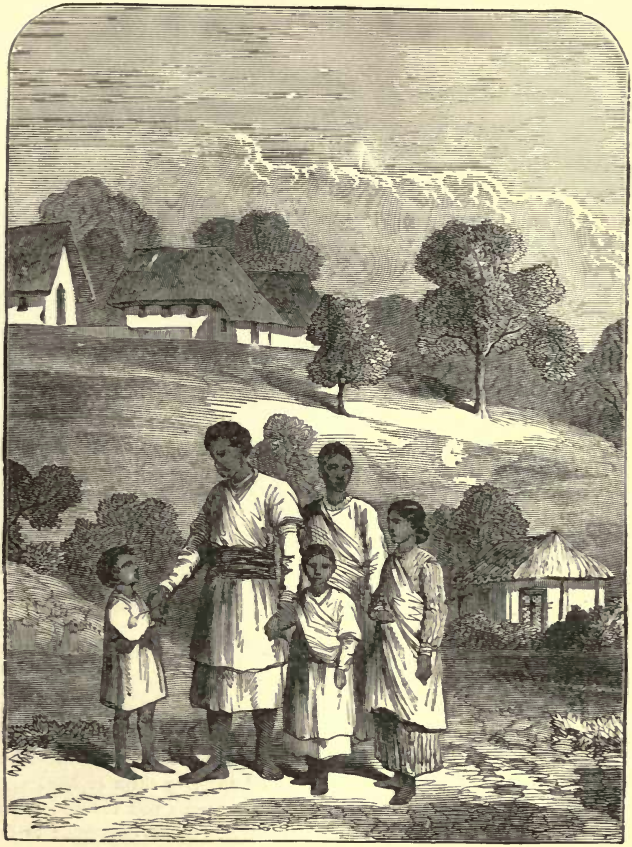
MISSION BUNGALOW AT AHMEDNAGAR.

The European magistrate, having examined the case, declared, "that Haripunt, being of age, was at liberty to change his religion. It was not true, as his friends tried to prove, that he, being immature, had been deceived, or that any one was detaining him by force. He was of full age and mature understanding, and was becoming a Christian of his own free will. Therefore the Government was unable to deliver him into the possession of his friends." After giving this decision, he commanded the people to go to their homes. But the people would not consent, and began to show a violent spirit which the police could not restrain. At last the magistrate sent for a company of soldiers, and when they were seen entering the compound gate, the rioters were alarmed and ran away. There was still some time before Haripunt's baptism, and during this time his mother prepared his food and sent it to him to the bungalow, (that he might not be defiled by eating Christian food,) and his relatives and friends often came to him, and by argument and persuasion they made great efforts to turn him back to the Hindu religion.

In the meantime Haripunt's elder brother Narayan, who was himself about to become a Christian, went off secretly to Satara, to bring Haripunt's wife from her mother's house, before her mother should hear anything of the disturbance at Ahmednagar. Taking a cross-road he brought her to Ahmednagar, and at once secretly delivered her to her husband in the mission bungalow. When Haripunt's friends heard of this they made a second petition to the magistrate, in the name of Haripunt's mother, saying, "These padres have now got Haripunt's wife also, and are confining her in the bungalow, and are going to use force to make her break her caste. Bring her therefore from the house to your office and investigate the matter." On the other hand, Haripunt had informed the magistrate that if she was carried to the court-room there was danger that a mob would come upon them in the street and carry her away, and he therefore requested that the investigation might be in the mission compound. The magistrate, remembering the previous disturbance, consented, and came to the mission compound, bringing the complainants with him.

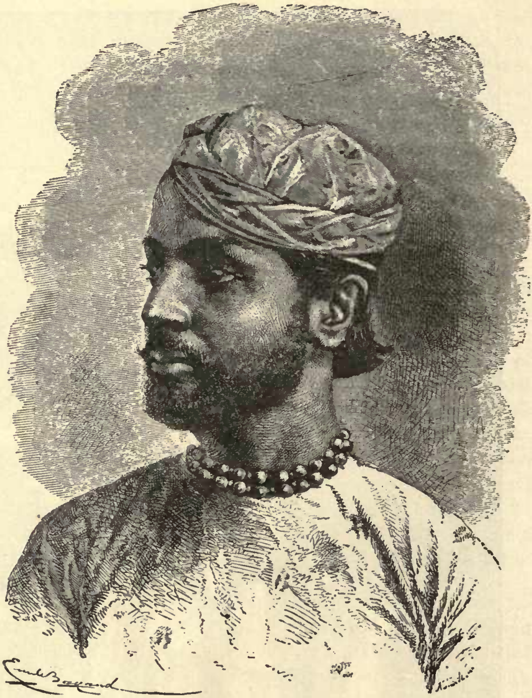
Up to this time Haripunt's wife, Radhabai, who was of full age, had been instructed to say to the magistrate that she desired to remain with her husband and did not wish to go to her mother-in-law. After her arrival a separate place had been given her to live in that she might observe her own customs in accordance with her own wishes. She cooked for herself and husband, but kept her husband's food apart from her own. She thus lived with her husband in the observance of the rites of her own religious faith, and she was convinced that no one would forcibly make her break her caste, unless she, of her own accord, should become a Christian. Still, even under these circumstances, Radhabai would not consent to say to the magistrate that she wished to live with her husband, but she declared that she wished to go to her mother-in-law. The Christians were all praying most earnestly to God that He would incline her mind to give a proper answer to the magistrate, but to the last she declared that she would go to her mother-in-law and her caste-people.

The magistrate asked her in the presence of the complainants, whether she would leave her husband and go to her Hindu mother-in-law? Then Radhabai replied, "I do not wish to leave my husband and go away." Hearing this the magistrate said, "You have liberty to remain with your husband according to your wish. Abide in peace." He then ordered the complainants to go to their homes, and not to come to the mission compound to make any more trouble. The mother-in-law of Radhabai immediately fell into a passion and said to her, "Why did you give such an unreasonable answer?" Radhabai replied, "I intended to say that I wished to go to my mother-in-law and live, but how the contrary answer came out of my mouth I do not know. I am sorry for it. What shall I do?" Then the mother-in-law and friends went running to the magistrate



CHRISTIAN NATIVES IN INDIA.

and said, "Saheb, Radhabai is even now sorry for the answer she gave you; come back again and ask her once more." The magistrate replied, "The matter is decided. There is no reason for making any change in the decision." Then, disappointed and hopeless, the whole company of complainants went to their homes. In a few days Radhabai began to feel that it was far better that she had remained with her husband. She began to learn to read, and as the result of instruction she was very soon convinced that the Christian religion was divine, and that there was no salvation without faith in Christ. She therefore herself received baptism and united with the church in 1841.

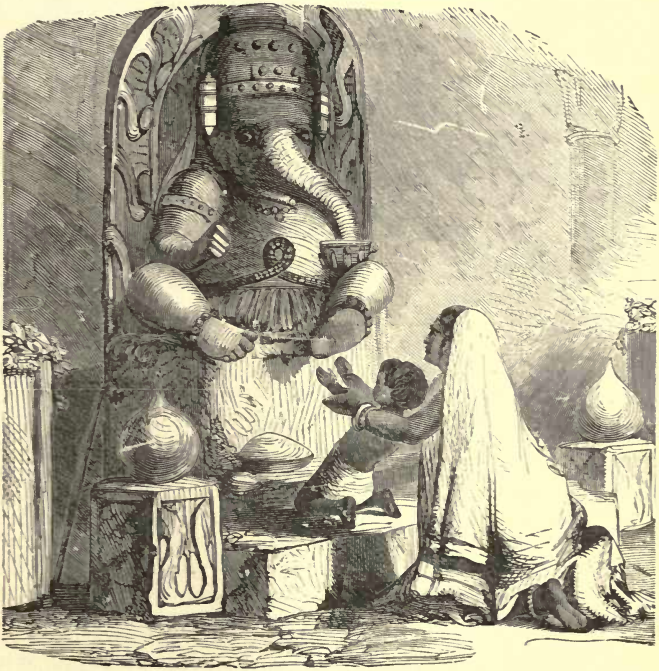


A RAJAH OF INDIA.

Shortly after Radhabai had decided to live with her husband, Haripunt's elder brother Narayon, according to his previous plan, was openly baptized and received into the church. At that time no one made any disturbance whatever. But he lost his own wife and children. There was no one of his relatives of like mind to bring them to him. Afterwards Haripunt became a preacher, and for eight years was the honored and useful pastor of the First Church in Ahmednagar, but has now gone to dwell with his Lord and Saviour. His wife Radhabai is still living, and for many years has been doing Bible woman's work in Bombay.

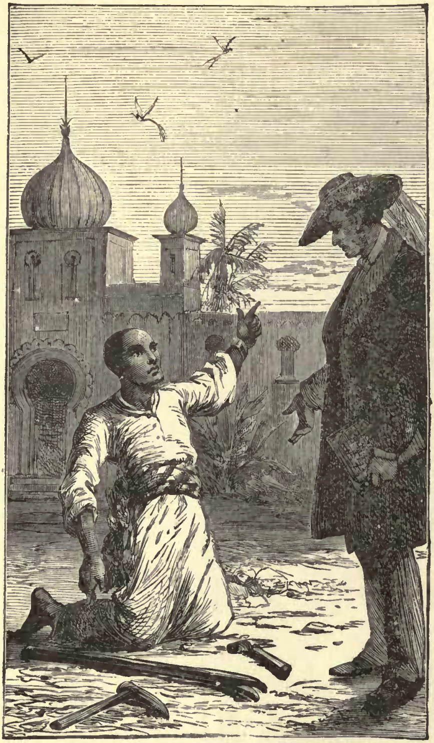
IDOLATRY IN INDIA.

INDIA is said by good authorities to have a population of at least two hundred and fifty millions, the larger portion of whom accept Brahminism as their religion. According to this religious system there are several principal gods, and under them no less than three hundred and thirty-three million inferior deities. Images of these gods are found everywhere, and as if there were not enough of these to worship, the Hindus bow down before monkeys, and serpents, and stones. In the picture above there is rep-



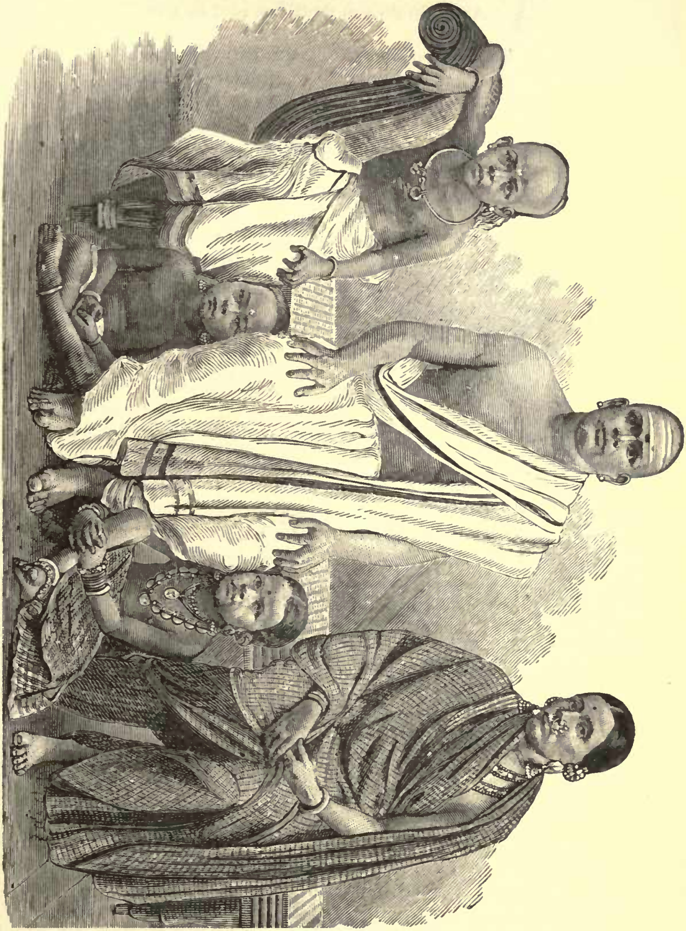
A CHILD BEFORE GANESHA.

resented a little child taking his first lesson in idolatry. His mother has brought him to an image of Ganesha, and holds up his hands towards the hideous idol while the lad draws back in terror. Is it strange that he is frightened? Some of the converts from heathenism have told of the agony of fear they had in their childhood when first brought into the presence of a monster idol. They were never told of a God who was gentle and loving. He was only hateful and ugly, like his image, and the only reason for worshipping was to escape his wrath. In the picture here given of Ganesha, he is represented with a better form than commonly. He is said to be the son of Siva, one of the principal gods, and to be master of all evil and mischievous imps. As these imps are supposed to do all the harm they can, whoever wishes success in his plans must invoke the aid of Ganesha. If one is to take a journey, or make a trade, he must pray to Ganesha or he will be hindered. One of our missionaries says that carpenters, when they have finished a day's work, will take a handful of mud and shape it rudely into an image of this god, setting it on guard over night lest some imp destroy the work. Ganesha is always represented as a bloated dwarf, with four arms and an elephant's head and trunk. The story about him, which is believed by the Hindus, is that when a child he angered one of the principal gods who cut off his head, but the murderer being sorry for what he had done, sought to replace the lost head by giving Ganesha the first one he met with. This happened to be an elephant's, and he placed it upon the shoulders of the boy. Better than the worship of such hateful beings is the homage a Hindu sometimes pays to natural objects. These objects, at least, are sinless. The picture here given



HINDU WORSHIPING THE SUN AND HIS TOOLS.

of a Hindu worshipping the sun and his own working tools was drawn from a real incident. A missionary, at Madras, once met a road-mender kneeling at sunrise before his pick and crowbar. When told that this worship was folly the man replied, "Without these tools I could not do my work, and without the sun I could not see to do it. Since, therefore, I get my bread by them, it is only right that I should worship them." But many of the Hindus are learning of the true God, and a better service than that of idols. The verses on the next page tell a pleasant story of a lad who does not now bow in terror before Ganesha, but looks in love to Jesus Christ.



A BRAHMIN FAMILY IN SOUTHERN INDIA.

THE FOUR RUPEES.

A GIFT has come to us over seas,
A gift of beautiful bright rupees;
And who do you think has sent us these?

Was it one of the rajahs, rich and grand,
Who live in that wonderful, far-off land —
The land of simoon, and sun, and sand?

Or was it some Brahmin, who has thrown
Forever away his gods of stone,
And worships the Christian's God alone?

Or was it the Viceroy, who controls
The destiny of those million souls
From Khyber to where the Hooghly rolls?

Nay, none of them all; nay, none of these
Has sent us this royalty of rupees,
From that strange sun-land over seas.

Who was it then? Listen, and I will tell;
For surely 'tis something to ponder well,
Till the truth of it makes our bosoms swell.

'Twas an eight-year old, brown-faced Hindu lad
Made gift of the four rupees he had,
To help us at home: for he was sad,

Because he had heard his teacher's fear,
That the Work of the Children, over here,
Might wane with the waning of the year.

And therefore he brought his four rupees,
And eagerly whispered, "Sahib, please
Send *this* for the work beyond the seas!"

Sweet, innocent faith, that did not doubt
That his four rupees would help us out
Of the troubles that compass our Work about!

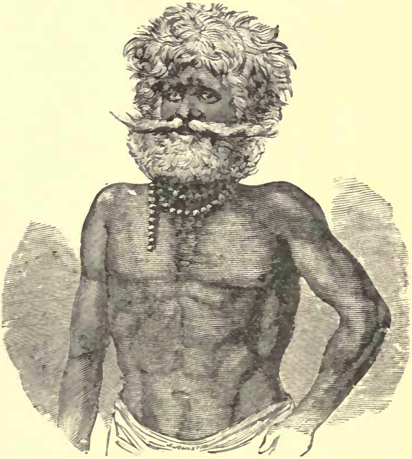
Ah, think of it, Christian children! Can
You let this heathen of Hindustan
Do more than *you* for his fellow man?

Christ save this orphan, who of his store
Gave all to aid us; and may his four
Rupees increase to a thousand more!

MARGARET J. PRESTON, in *Children's Work for Children.*

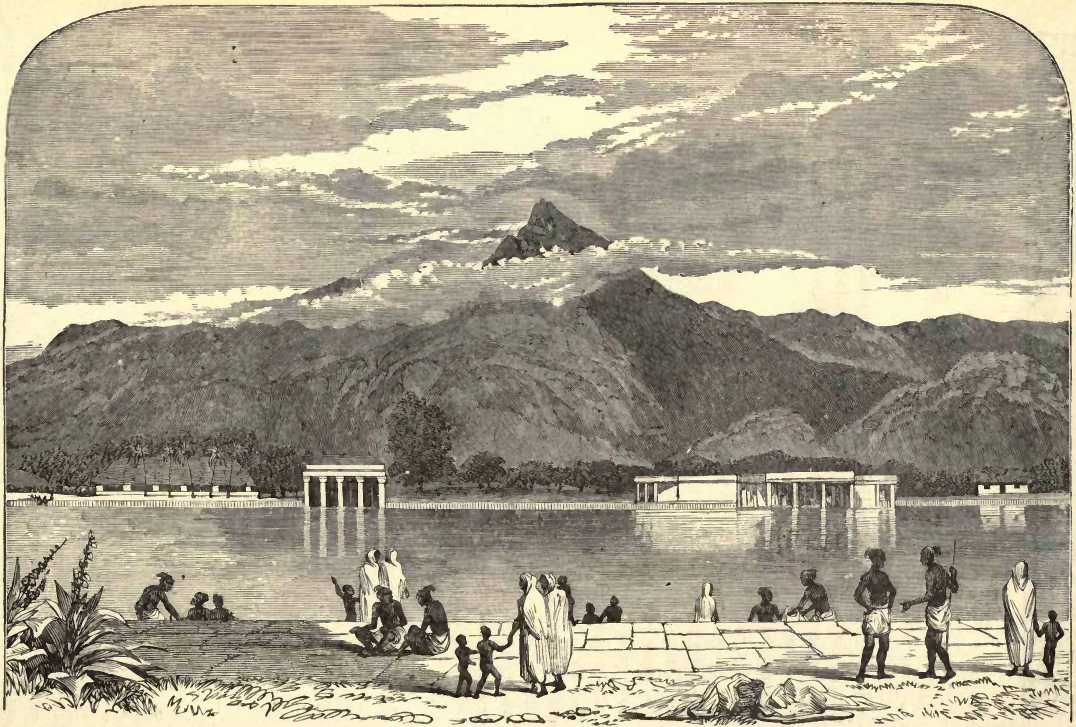
HINDU WASHINGS FOR SIN.

The heathen know well that sin needs to be washed away, but as to how this can be done they have very strange ideas. Some will walk through fire, as if that would burn away all impurities ; some will cover their bodies with filth, as if that would cleanse the soul ; others still fancy that the water of certain streams has power to remove all taint of sin. The Hindus believe that there is wonderful cleansing power in the water of the Ganges, so that whoever can bathe in that river is freed from guilt. From all parts of India pilgrims go to the Ganges, and they believe that whoever dies in that stream is sure of future bliss. But India is a vast country, and comparatively few of the poor people who live in the southern portion can travel the thousand miles or more to reach the Ganges. Hence they have their own sacred streams and fountains which, though not regarded as so sacred as the Ganges, are yet supposed to have power to cleanse from sin.



A FAKIR OF INDIA.

Several years ago, in a village near Madura, a Brahman named Sokappen, read in one of the sacred Hindu books that near the temple of his village there was a spring far under ground, and that if one would dig deep enough water would flow through that spring from the Ganges, though the river itself was more than eleven hundred miles away. The Brahman thought that would be a glorious work to do, so to open in that region a fountain that could purify from sin all who would come to it. Was he not right? Certainly, if his belief as to the virtue of that water was correct, no better deed could be done than to give to the people the boon of a fountain able to cleanse from sin. And so this Brahman worked for years, spending all his own money and begging from others, until he had finished a great tank and walled it with hewn stone, with stone steps leading down to the sacred water. It was only after he had finished the



THE GREAT TANK, OR SACRED BATHING PLACE AT STRIVILLIPUTTER.

tank at such great cost that Sokappen learned that his fountain did not cleanse from sin, but that there was another that could. He heard of Christ and of the forgiveness he offered, and since then he has often preached that only the blood of Christ can take away sin. Why should not every one who knows of the fountain that can surely cleanse the sinner be as eager to tell of it as Sokappen was to dig for that spring of so-called sacred water?

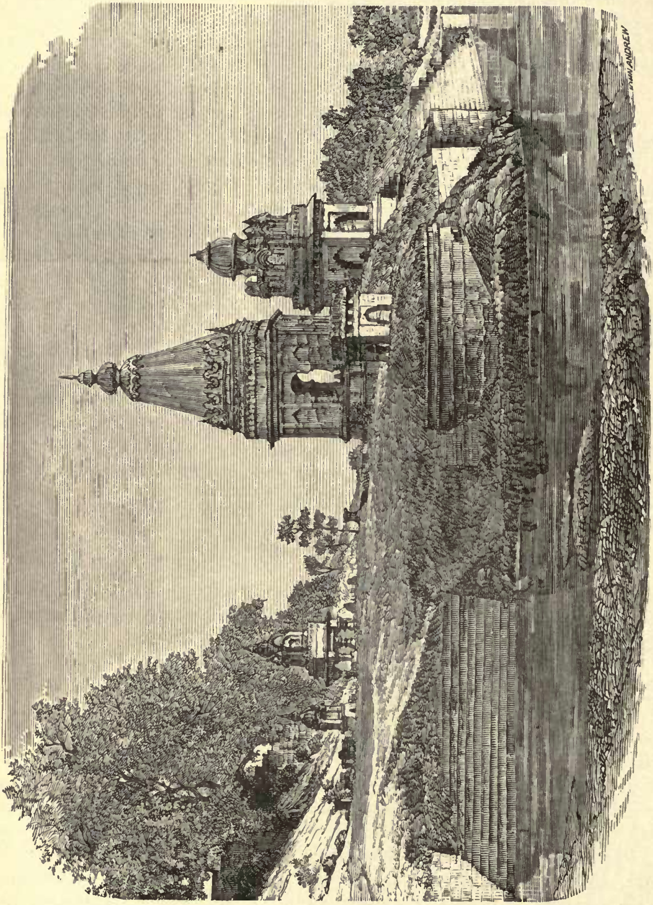
Though many people of India have now heard the gospel, there are yet millions who have faith in their sacred bathing places. Those who live too far from the Ganges find some other river, if they can. On the next page is a picture of Mowli, where two rivers, the Yenna and the Krishna, meet, and where multitudes bathe. The dead also are taken there, some to be buried, as was the "saint" whom Mr. Bruce describes, and others to be burned, that their ashes may be mingled with the sacred waters. Opposite is a picture of a famous artificial tank in the district of Tinnevelly, South India. It is sometimes called the "Sea of Sacred Milk." Granite steps lead down to the waters' edge, and in the early morning hundreds of men and women gather to bathe and to worship the sun. The water is stagnant and dirty, though it is esteemed as specially holy. Here the people wash not only themselves but also their clothes. Even the Brahmans, who regard the touch of a person of low caste as pollution, bathe in the same tank, though they have a special section set apart for their use, which you may see on the right of the picture. The cost of building these bathing places is immense, yet the people build them in many parts of India because they think that, at any cost, provision should be made for the removal of sin. They know of no better way than by bathing in these filthy places. Ought they not to be told of the fountain Christ has opened for sin and all uncleanness?

A HINDU "SAINT."

Mr. Bruce, our missionary at Satara, a city only three miles from Mowli, writes of an event which occurred in January, 1880, and which has caused great excitement. This is his story: —

"Three or four years ago when we went into Satara, we used to see, sitting in the verandah of his house, an old man covered with rags, and surrounded with rags. Sometimes we used to see him in the street, with rags innumerable upon his person. In America we should have called him a crazy man; but ideas differ in different lands. Here he was a '*saint*,' in whom one of the gods dwelt. When his saintship came to be known by the people, he was honored and worshiped everywhere. Men who ought to have known better would, on seeing him approach, leave their work, and run and prostrate themselves at his feet. His rags were removed, and he was clothed with a robe of purple. No expense was spared to supply all his wants, and he was attended by two servants, furnished by the Prince of Ound. Well! This rag-man, crazy-man, saint, died. He had said previously, 'Wherever I die, there let my tomb be built.' He died in the city, and there the people wished to bury him and erect a tomb which should ever after be an object of worship. But the municipal officers interfered and ordered the body to be removed from the city.

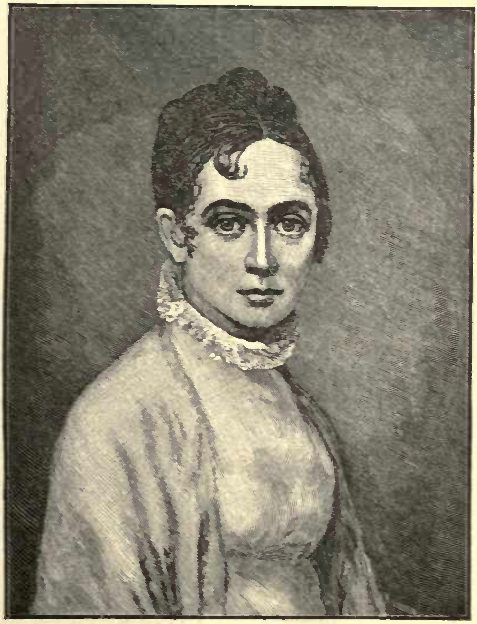
The Prince of Ound was summoned from his capital twenty-five miles away, and he came as quickly as his horses could bring him. He owns a large place here, and he offered a corner of his compound for the burial place. But the officers of the law were inflexible. The Prince telegraphed to the Governor in Bombay, but permission was refused. So the body of the rag-man-saint was carried in great honor to Mowli to be buried. And now a new temple will, doubtless, be added to the large number already existing at Mowli, and one more god will be added to the 330,000,000 in India."



MOWLI, WESTERN INDIA.

HARRIET NEWELL.

All young American Christians in the early part of this century knew the name of Harriet Newell. A feeling of tender admiration and awe gathered about the memory of the girl who went out of a happy New England home into the almost unknown darkness of heathendom and laid down her life for the Lord Jesus when only nineteen years old. She was born at Haverhill, Massachusetts, in 1793, sailed for India among our first missionaries in 1812, and died at the Isle of France the same year. A story soon told and yet a story without an end! That clear young voice rings on in the ears of this generation and its echoes will not cease.



HARRIET NEWELL.

> "Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
> And grow forever and forever."

The Christians of Harriet Newell's day were roused by her example to give, to pray, and some of them to live and die, for the missionary work. Mothers named their little daughters for her, in the hope that they would walk in her steps, and, this very year, at least one "Harriet Newell" tells of the love of Christ on missionary ground.

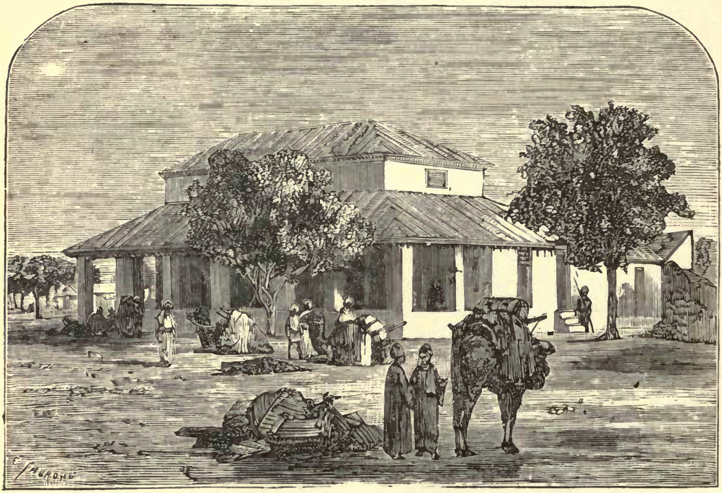
It was in the year 1806 that Harriet Atwood (for this was her maiden name) began to think of living for Christ's service. She was then a gay girl of thirteen and a pupil at Bradford Academy, Massachusetts. After a three months' struggle with the love of the world and of self she gave her soul to the Saviour of sinners. She said: "My gay associates were renounced and the friends of Jesus became *my* dear friends. I have enjoyed greater happiness than tongue can describe. I have indeed been joyful in the house of prayer. Oh, the real bliss I have enjoyed! Such love to God, such a desire to glorify him, I never possessed before."

She did not immediately enter the church and begin Christian work. As a consequence, she lost her joy and drifted back into worldliness. It was not till 1809 that she was again aroused. Confessing that she had had no real happiness in the pursuit of worldly pleasure, she gave herself at the age of sixteen finally and publicly to the Lord, being received to the church in Haverhill. Two years after she was asked to go to India as the wife of Rev. Samuel Newell. It was a far more difficult question than it would be now. No American had ever gone on a mission to the heathen. The idea was considered absurd by most. Little was then known about the Hindus, except their degrading and cruel superstitions. The climate was unfavorable. No one could say that life would be safe. The voyage was long and letters must be infrequent. Harriet was a loving daughter, and she wrote at this time: "Never before did my dear mamma and brothers and sisters appear so dear to me. But God commands me. How can I ever pray for the promotion of the gospel among the heathen if I am unwilling to offer my little aid when such an opportunity is given? Willingly will I let go my eager grasp of the things of time and sense and flee to Jesus. Have I anything but an unfaithful and depraved heart to discourage me in this great undertaking? Here the Almighty God, the Maker of all worlds, the infinite Disposer of all events, has pledged his word for the safety of his believing children. The cause is good; the foundation is sure. Oh, could I be the instrument of bringing *one* degraded female to Jesus, how should I be repaid for every tear and every pain!"

Look at the pure face of this young Christian and then at the kind of people to whom she went. Should not mere philanthropy, to say nothing of religion, move a true heart to go to their rescue? Harriet Atwood was married to Mr. Newell, and they set sail from Salem, February 19, 1813, amid the prayers and blessings of multitudes. At that time she wrote to her mother: "I am tranquil and happy. The undertaking appears more noble than ever. Do not indulge one anxious thought relative to me. If you love your Harriet, mamma, commend her to God and the word of his grace, and then leave her." In the following June she wrote: "Rejoice with us, my dear, dear mother, in the goodness of our covenant God. After seeing nothing but sky and water for 114 days, we this morning heard the joyful exclamation of 'Land! land!'" The day before reaching Calcutta, she added: "I wish my own dear mother could be a partaker of our pleasures. . . . This is the most delightful *trial* I ever had." "Whenever you think of me, think I am happy and contented; that I do not regret coming here. I think I see you surrounded by your dear family, taking comfort in their society, and blessing God for one child to consecrate to the work of a mission."

WOMEN OF MADURA, INDIA.

The missionaries received a joyful welcome from Dr. Carey and the other English Baptists already at work in Calcutta. But their entrance was violently opposed by the British East India Company, which governed the country. The captain with whom they had come from America was even refused a clearance from the port of Calcutta unless the missionaries would engage to leave India with him. They remained six weeks, receiving every kindness in the hospitable home of Dr. Carey, enjoying the climate and the beautiful scenery, and continuing in perfect health. Mrs. Newell wrote: "Much as I long for the society of my dear absent mother and dear brothers and sisters, I am not willing to return to them. Yes, I am positively unwilling to go to America unless I am confident that God has no work for me to do here. My heart gladdens at the thought of commencing, with my ever dear companion, the missionary work." Finding that the East India Company would allow them to go to the Isle of France, it was decided that the Newells should begin a mission there. They heard that the English governor would favor it, and that there were "18,000 inhabitants ignorant of Jesus."



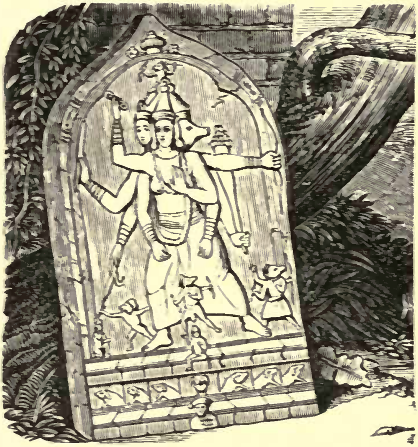
TRAVELER'S BUNGALOW, INDIA.

August 4, Mr. and Mrs. Newell sailed from Calcutta, and, after a long, stormy, and dangerous voyage, reached the Isle of France, early in November. The fatigue and exposure had, however, broken Mrs. Newell's health and she died of quick consumption three weeks after landing. She met her end with joy, talking through the whole of her sickness with great delight of death and the glory that was to follow. The doctor told her these were gloomy thoughts and she had better get rid of them. "On the contrary," said she, "they are cheering and joyful beyond what I can express." "Death is glorious, truly welcome. I have never regretted leaving my native land. . . . God has called me away . . . but I have had it in my heart to do what I can for the heathen." Thus was her victory won. "Comfort our dear mother," wrote her beloved husband to a brother in America. "Tell that dear woman that Harriet's bones have taken possession of the promised land, and rest in glorious hope of the final and universal triumph of Jesus over the gods of this world."

THE CHOLERA MOTHER.

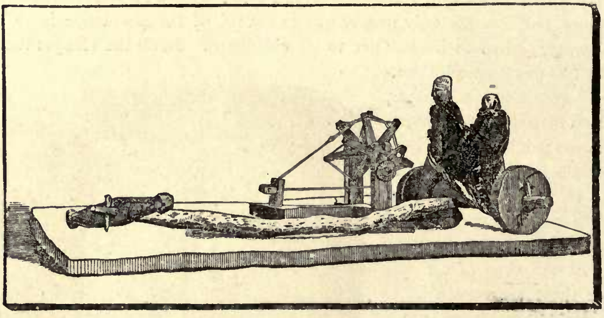
BY REV. R. A. HUME, AHMEDNAGAR, INDIA.

THE common people in Western India think that cholera is a punishment sent on men by an evil goddess. As they suppose that it would offend her to call her a bad name, she is called "Murree Ai," that is, Cholera Mother. They also think that giving and taking medicine for the disease only excites the mother still more, and that the only proper way to get rid of the pestilence is to honor the mother, and so to induce her to go elsewhere. In all the villages there are one or two small temples dedicated to the Cholera Mother, in which there are a few shapeless stones painted red. These temples are built near the extreme limits of the town, so that the goddess may stay far from the houses of the people. At the time of an epidemic these are repaired.


A HINDU GODDESS.

In most towns there are a few men and women of the lowest castes who are devotees of this goddess, and when cholera is prevalent they get much attention and much profit. Even intelligent men come and ask these ignorant devotees, "What is the mother's pleasure? How long does she intend to favor the town with her presence, and what can we do for her?" Then the devotee pretends to go into a kind of trance, and, after a shaking fit, replies that the mother says that she intends to remain for so many days and would like such and such attentions. These attentions the people gladly show. Green is thought to be the favorite color of the Cholera Mother. So a new green cloth is given to the devotee, also offerings of money and other articles. Lemons are cut over the head of the devotee and thrown in all directions in order to scatter the disease; also, rice and curds. Goats, eggs, sweetmeats, dates, etc., are offered at the temple, all of which the devotee gets. Sometimes the whole town is required to go out of the town and spend a day near the mother's temple. The devotee paints his or her teeth black, and the face red, in order to look as hideous as possible, and then Brahmans, shopkeepers, who have closed their shops, and all the Hindus, follow this ignorant low-caste person out of the town.

A small cart is made, the axle of which is about a foot and a half long and the pole about three feet long, and on the axle are fastened two small wooden figures of the mother, about nine inches high. Bracelets are put on their arms, green cloths and paint on their bodies; rice is sprinkled on the cloths, and then this cart is put on the head of the devotee, and, accompanied with music, the town escorts it to the temple. This is meant as a polite intimation to the mother that, having received so much honor, she should stay in her temple and not return to the town. The picture below is that of a cart which was lately taken to the mother, and which I afterward secured. The picture also shows a small spinning-wheel, which is often offered to the mother, who, like the Fates of the Greeks and Romans, spins men's destinies.

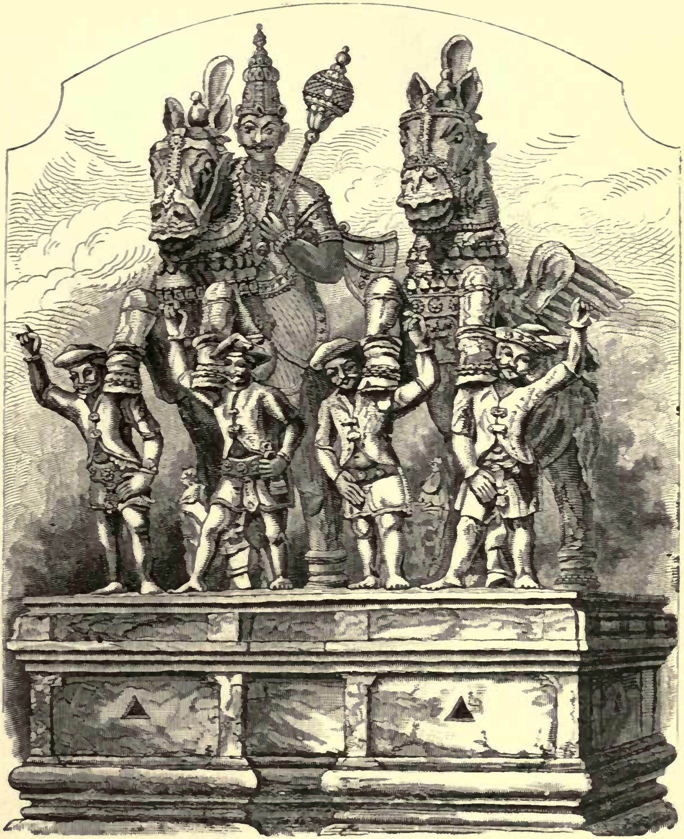


THE CART OF THE CHOLERA MOTHER.

One strange idea in connection with this Cholera Mother is that the people think she is glad to get a ride in a cart when she can. Hence, in small towns, during a cholera epidemic, the town gates are sometimes shut so as to prevent carts from coming in, lest the mother should jump on to the cart and come in with it. All the chief deities of the Hindus have their special vehicles, usually some kind of animal. A mouse is the carrier of Ganpati, and an eagle of Vishnu.

When the time specified for the visit of the mother has expired, or when no other way of getting rid of her seems feasible, the people put such a cart, as has been described above, upon the head of a devotee of the mother, carry it with music and honor to the limits of the town and place it just across the boundary line in the next town. When the people of that town hear of this arrival of the mother within their limits, they come with music, take up the cart and its images, carry them to the proper temple, give offerings as narrated above, and then carry it to the limits and put it into the next town. So the cart is passed from place to place. While thus escorting the goddess, the people often call out, "Victory to the mother!"

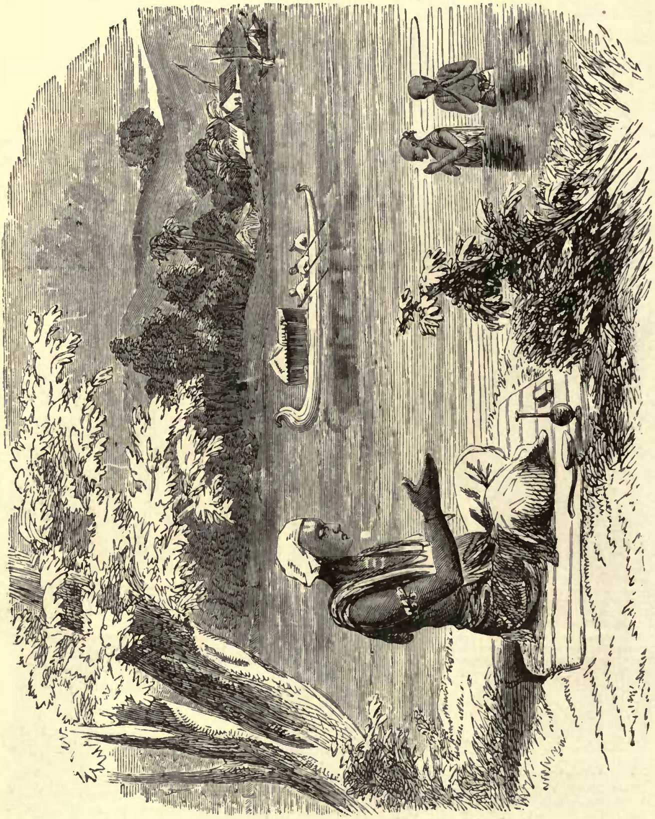
In one town, not long ago, the very day that the people had made large offerings to the mother and had gone out to spend the day at her temple, following her devotee, this devotee was taken with cholera and died the same night. Such things confound the people. In another town, after killing lots of goats, when it was found that the disease was not arrested, it was said that the mother was surfeited and that she forbade the killing of any more goats in the town. In order to show his disbelief in such superstition, a prominent Mussulman asked other Mussulmans and some Christians to take shares in a goat, and



SCULPTURED GUARDS BEFORE A HINDU TEMPLE.

he had it killed for food. But the same day a valuable buffalo of this Mussulman died, and this enabled the Hindus to say that the mother had punished him for showing disrespect to her.

But, in the main, when all the efforts of the Hindus have failed, the people fall back on fate as accounting for everything. In some places, seeing how the Christians have been preserved and restored by the use of proper remedies, and seeing their greater sense of security, even Hindus have been led to join the Christians in prayer to God, and sometimes they have been glad to take such medicines as the Christians gave. Gradually such superstitions are growing weaker in the cities and largest towns, and some day they will all cease.



BRAHMANS AT PRAYER.

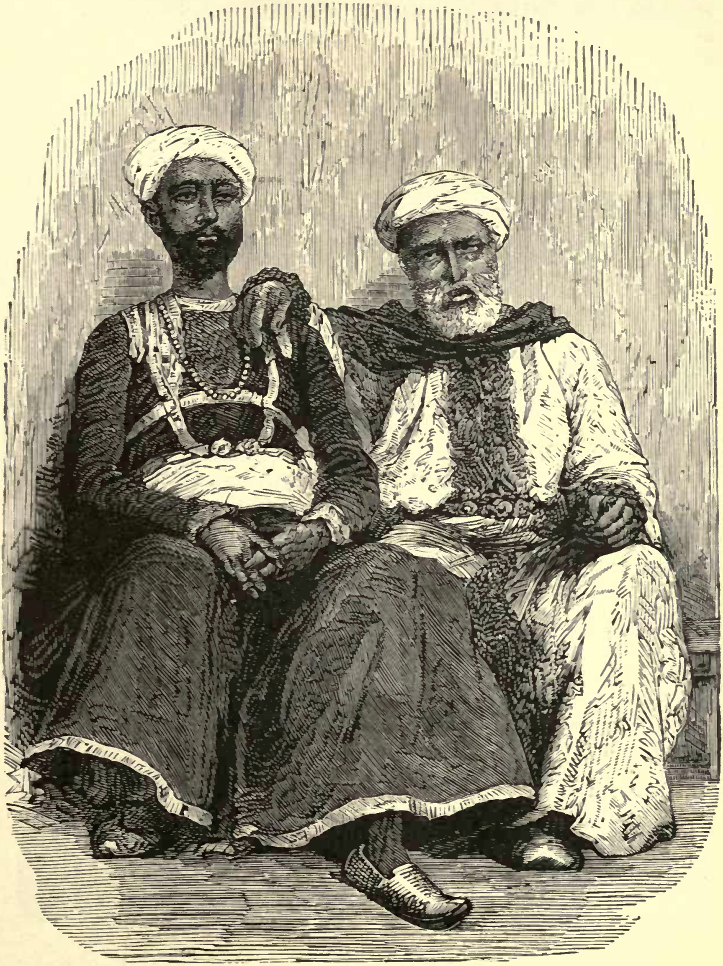
TURNING FROM MOHAMMED TO CHRIST.

THE youth of Christendom may be helped to appreciate the blessings of their birth-right by looking at the case of one who attained the knowledge — to which they *are born* — through long and painful struggles.

He who is now the Rev. Imad-ud-din, D.D., a clergyman of the Church of England, at Amritsar, Northern India, was descended from an ancient Mohammedan famliy of religious chiefs. He was brought up as a student, and finally became a learned and eminent *fakir*, or saint. He seems always to have had an earnest spirit, for he says in his autobiography, from which this account is taken: "My only object in learning was to find my Lord. Without troubling myself with any other concerns, I read steadily night and day for eight or ten years; and, as I read under the conviction that all knowledge was a means of acquainting myself with the Lord, I believed that, whatever time was spent in its pursuit, was really given to the worship of God."

But when he had mastered the Koran and the Mohammedan laws and legends, Imad-ud-din was still unsatisfied in heart and uneasy in conscience. "His teachers," as he says, then "tied him by the leg with a rope of deceit, in order to make him sit down and rest contented." They told him he had only touched the outside of truth. If he wished to attain the knowledge of God, he must go to the fakirs and stay with them for many years, for they possessed the secret of religion, which had been handed down by succession from heart to heart among the fakirs, from the time of Mohammed. This secret religion, explains Imad-ud-din, had its origin in the fears and anxieties of unsatisfied Mohammedans. They have collected through the ages all kinds of mystical ideas, in the hope of gaining comfort to their minds. "If they would only have read the Bible," he says, "they would have found out the true knowledge of God; but Mohammed forbade this from the very first, so that, if this holy book is ever seen in the hands of any Mohammedan, they call him accursed." Imad now plunged into the depths of "this subtle science of religion." He spoke little, ate little, lived apart from men, afflicted his body, and kept awake at nights. He went through special penances, sat on the graves of holy men to receive some revelation from the tombs, gazed on the faces of the elders in the assemblies to receive grace from them, and even went to the insane and dreamy fanatics in the hope of thus obtaining union with God. He "performed his prayers" five times a day; also a prayer in the night, in the very early morning, and at dawn, and was always repeating the Mohammedan confession of faith. But nothing became manifest to him after all, except that it was all deceit. While in this state, Imad preached in the royal mosque at Agra for three years. "All the time," he says, "the following verse from the Koran was piercing my heart like a thorn: 'Every mortal necessarily must once go to hell; it is obligatory on God to send all men once to hell; and afterward he may pardon whom he will.'" His only comfort was in more constant acts of worship. He retired to his private chamber, and prayed with many tears for the pardon of his sins. He often spent half the night in silence at a tomb; and finally, he utterly renounced the world and went out into the jungles. Step by step he traveled 2,500 miles "in search only of God."

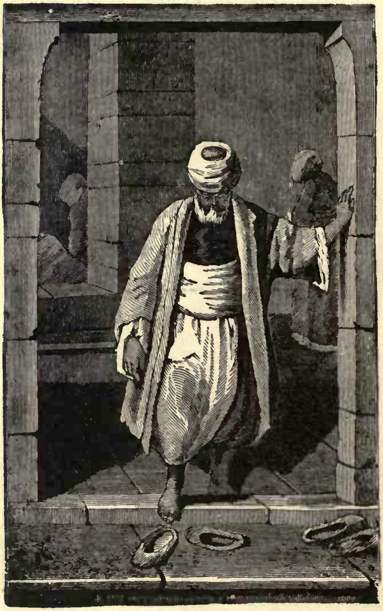
At one time he sat down by a flowing stream to perform the ceremonies enjoined by a mystical book, which he took comfort in clasping to his heart whenever his mind was perplexed. He was to wash in the stream, sit in a particular manner on one knee for twelve days, and repeat aloud the prayer called *Jugopar* thirty times every day. He must eat nothing but unsalted barley bread, made with his own hands, and must fast entirely during the day. He must remain barefooted, and must not touch any man, nor — except at an appointed time — speak to any one. Thus he might meet with God. During those twelve days, Imad-ud-din wrote the name of God on paper 125,000 times, cut out each word separately with scissors, wrapped it in a little ball of flour and fed the fishes of the river with them, in the way the book prescribed. Half of each night he kept awake, and wrote the name of God mentally on his heart and saw him with the eye of thought. All this toil left him weak and wan; he "could not even hold himself up against the wind"; yet, still his soul found no rest; and he says: "I felt daily in my mind a growing abhorrence of the law of Mohammed. When I arrived at my home. the readings of the Koran and my religious performances had become altogether distasteful to me."



MUSSULMANS OF BOMBAY.

During the next ten years, the bad character of the Mohammedan teachers and "holy" men, their deceit and ignorance, combined to convince Imad-ud-din that there was no true religion at all. He concluded that it was better for him to live at ease, act honestly, and be satisfied with believing in the unity of God. He still believed in a certain way that Mohammedanism was true, though he no longer felt bound by its laws. "But," he writes, "at times when I thought of my death and of the judgment-day of the Lord, I found myself standing alone, powerless, helpless, and needy, in the midst of fear and danger. So great agitation used to come over my soul that my face remained always pale; and in my restlessness I often went to my chamber and wept bitterly."

But the hour of deliverance came at last, when the Lord opened the eyes of this blind seeker, and showed to him his marvelous light. Imad-ud-din heard of the conversion to Christianity of a learned Mohammedan. It greatly angered him, and he thought it his duty to dispute with the convert by letter. In order to provide himself with arguments, he procured a Bible; but he had hardly reached the seventh chapter of Matthew, when he became greatly agitated. The strong, pure, healing truth of Christ began to force itself upon his belief. At last he fully accepted it; and the Lord gave him peace and comfort and joy. He says: "The agitation and restlessness of which I have spoken has entirely left me. Even my health is improved, for my mind is never perplexed now. By reading the Word of God, I have found great enjoyment in life. The fear of death and of the grave, that before was a disease, has been much alleviated. I rejoice greatly in my Lord, and my soul is always making progress in his grace."



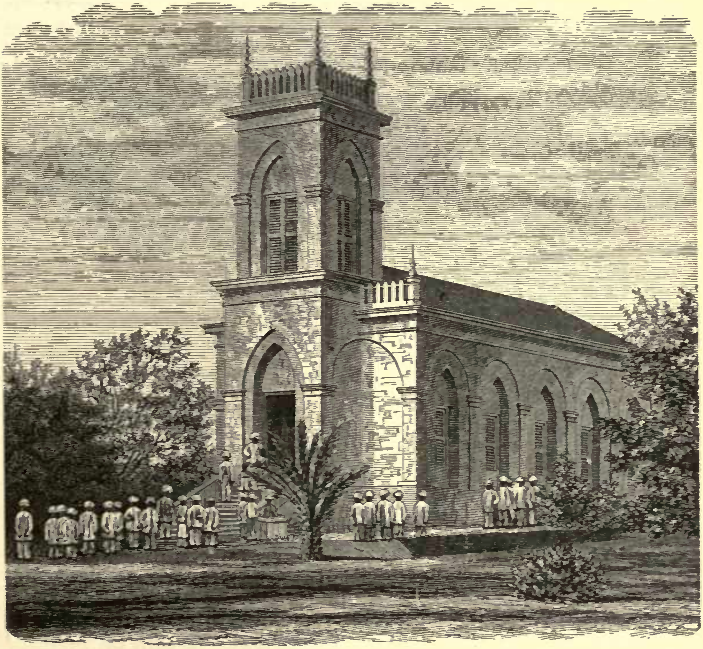
COMING FROM THE MOSQUE.

It was in 1868 that Imad-ud-din was received to the communion of the English Church at Amritsar. He was soon ordained as a clergyman, and still preaches to his countrymen there a free salvation from sin and death through Jesus Christ alone.

OUR MADURA JUBILEE.—FEBRUARY, 1884.

BY REV. WILLIAM S. HOWLAND, MANDAPASALAI, SOUTH INDIA.

FIFTY years ago three or four missionaries came over from Jaffna, Ceylon, and commenced mission work in Madura city. Last week we celebrated the event at Madura, in a three days' jubilee.



CHURCH AT PASUMALAI (THREE MILES FROM MADURA CITY).

Tuesday morning, February 26, at seven o'clock, as the church bell rang, we heard the noise of drums and trumpets and cornets. Soon a procession formed. The Christians from Madura West Gate and Pasumalai came first, and then from Madura East, and then from all the other stations, with one banner for each station with its name, while some stations had six, eight, or even ten banners. A cannon commenced firing, and before noon had counted the fifty years with its loud reports. The procession moved from the mission compound to the large pavilion erected on the ground belonging to the Woman's Board. The platform was soon covered with missionaries, and the building crowded with eager Christians. More than fifteen hundred were seated, while fully five hundred more were standing outside.

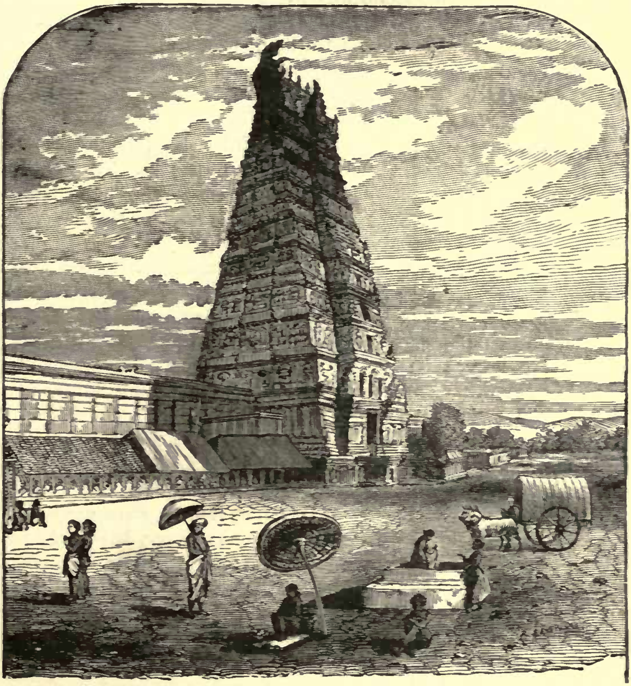
Mr. Chandler, senior, was the chairman for the day. After the opening exercises a sermon was preached by the native pastor of the Pasumalai church, who is also a teacher in the Theological Seminary. The great audience sat perfectly still, as indeed through all the exercises of the three days. I have never in this country seen so quiet an audience; even the children did not cry. The exercises continued till half-past ten o'clock. At two o'clock, P.M., all assembled again to listen to a series of interesting papers.

At half-past four o'clock the people from each station went promptly to their allotted places, to prepare for the grand procession. It was a serious undertaking to march through the streets of this great heathen city, especially in view of the recent riots in other districts. Permission had been obtained of the chief of police, though, being somewhat fearful of the result, he had ordered the police to attend us and keep watch along the way indicated. Two missionaries on horseback directed the movements of the procession.

At five o'clock exactly the Madura division started; then came Dindigul, with its banners; then Tirumangalam; then Tirupuvanam, with its big basedrum and smaller drums and trumpets; then Pasumalai; then Periakulam, with its four banners; then Mandapasalai, with eleven banners and a band; then followed Battalagundu, Melur, Palani, and, when Mana Madura fell in, the head of the procession was far down towards the "Elephant Statue." More than fifteen hundred were in line. The Madura city band, not very great or grand when compared with English bands, but grand for Madura, led the way. Two trumpeters went in front, and every few rods lifted up their "ram's horns" of brass, five feet long, shaped like an S, and blew a deafening blast. One of the missionaries on horseback (Mr. Chandler) passed on rapidly ahead to see that all was right. The other one rode directly in front of the line, controlled its movements, and directed its way through the streets. At the Elephant Statue the missionaries in their carriages and bandies stood waiting to see us. Then, passing through cross streets, they met the procession at two other places. At the "Line" church we halted and cheered. Then, at the West Gate church we were showered with flower petals by the handful and sprinkled with rosewater. From the West Gate to the pavilion the missionaries on horseback rode side by side and led the way. It was a stirring sight, that long procession of fifteen hundred Christians, with banners waving and bands of music and singing, passing through the streets of that great heathen city and under the shadow of temples built before our forefathers ever dreamed of Plymouth Rock. The police had nothing to do but to enjoy it. Not a soul thought of molesting us. Hundreds rushed to their verandas and doors and stared at us in open-mouthed wonder. Madura never before knew or believed that there were so many Christians in the district.

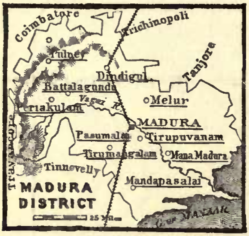
Passing under triumphal arches erected in the street, we returned to the pavilion just at dusk. It took us two hours to go the three miles. Without dispersing, the people sat down and listened until after nine to the concert of praise by the boys and girls from our boarding-schools. For variety we had an overture from the Dindigul band, a duet with the flute and organ, another with cornet and organ, and some Maratha singing by missionaries from Bombay.

Wednesday, with Mr. Noyes as chairman, was devoted to the consideration of education and giving. In the afternoon the contributions from the different stations began to come in. Many of the helpers had given one month's salary. After these contributions were announced, station by station, individual offerings were made. One catechist, who had been twenty-eight years in mission employment, promised to serve hereafter without salary. A missionary held up a silver bracelet, worth perhaps twenty-five cents, which a heathen man had put on his arm, vowing that, if his idol would cure him, he would take it off in a certain temple, involving a long and expensive pilgrimage. He had just become a Christian, and, in proof of his sincerity, allowed the missionary to unclasp the bracelet and take it. It was at once bid for and brought $7.50.



TEMPLE GATE IN MADURA.

The prayer-meeting in the morning had been for children and youth, and upon the subject of consecration. Several stirring speeches had been made, and in response to one nearly the whole audience rose in pledge of more earnest work and devotion in the Master's cause. This meeting showed its effect in the gifts in the afternoon. Many had brought cows, calves, fowls, grain, etc., all of which were sold at auction at the close of the meeting. The members of one small congregation, too poor to own any land, and living on the bounty of the rich farmers, gave nearly a bushel of rice, which they had received from their heathen masters as their hire in the harvest. Two brass pots were tied to posts in the building to receive offerings of money. When I broke the seal and counted the money, I found three dollars and seventy-five cents, and four well-worn silver finger-rings. Some poor women, shrinking from the publicity of going to the platform and having their names announced, had quietly put the rings into the pots. The sum total of all the gifts was over $2,000, and we have good reason to hope that it will be made up to $2,500 before the close of the year.



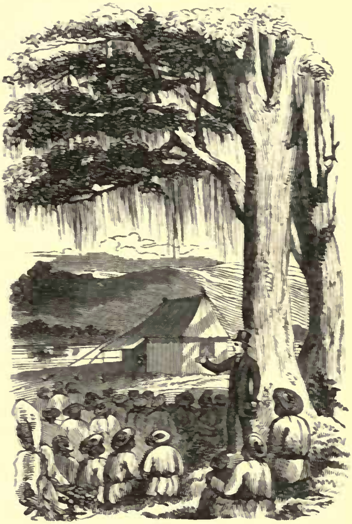
Wednesday evening Dr. Chester exhibited his sciopticon pictures in the pavilion to the Christians, while Mr. Tracy, with the help of others, showed his in the street at the West Gate, and made it a preaching service to the heathen, several hundred listening quietly for two hours.

Thursday morning, for an hour and a half, we had a most stirring English meeting, all the natives who could understand English being present. Dr. Chester presided, and several interesting speeches were made. Mr. Howland, junior, of Jaffna, greeted us as the daughter of the Jaffna mission, and remarked that if it were not for the little splash of water between us we should all belong to the Jaffna mission. Letters were read from former missionaries now in America, some of whom had been in the mission at its very beginning. In the afternoon perhaps more than a thousand sat down and partook of the sacramental emblems. It was a blessed sight — that large company of redeemed heathen sitting clothed and in their right minds, their faces beaming with intelligence and love, and all together remembering Christ at his table.

In the evening there was an exhibition of fireworks, thus finishing a three days' meeting never to be forgotten by those who participated in it.

KIRTTANS OF INDIA.

In the Marathi language this word *Kirttan* is used to denote what we would call a sacred concert, or a praise meeting. Rev. Mr. Wells, who was our missionary located at Panchgani, in Western India, sent an account of a series of these Kirttans held at Wai in 1880, a city of about eleven thousand inhabitants, many of whom are Brahmans. These Brahmans are the men of highest rank, who scorn the people of the lower castes, and hence it is very difficult to reach them with the teachings of the gospel. Wai is situated on the Krishna River, about one hundred miles southeast of Bombay, and twenty miles west of the city of Satara, one of our missionary stations, a picture of which is given on a following page. Mr. Wells, of Panchgani, and Mr. Bruce, of Satara, met at Wai, in September, 1880, to spend a few days in Christian work in that city. Mr. Bruce brought with him a company of trained singers and players, for the purpose of holding a series of Kirttans. We will let Mr. Wells tell the story of their experiences.



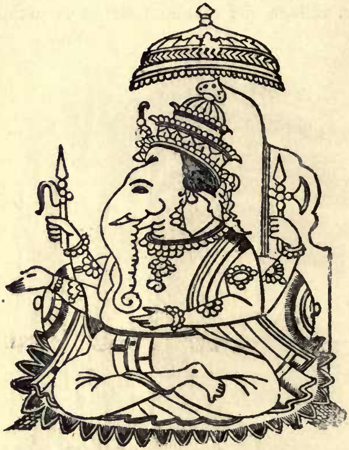
MISSIONARY TOURING.

"The *partel*, or head-man of the village, kindly gave us the use of the government city office. The building is open on two sides. Last night the first Kirttan was held. Rev. Mr. Kassambhai, the leader, took his position near the front, with a small table before him.

"Before telling of the singing, let me say a few words about Mr. Kassambhai. Standing there with his strongly marked Mussulman features, with his long beard and long, flowing white robes, I could but admire him, and was rejoiced that we had a man of his stamp who was not only willing, but who gladly stood up to speak and to sing to his countrymen of Christ as his and their Saviour. Although this man understands Marathi, Hindostani, and English, and can speak fluently in each of these languages, still he is one of the most unassuming persons I have seen. Besides the leader there were three other singers. One had a drum, one an instrument much like a guitar, and one had two small cymbals. The man who plays on the drum is perfectly blind; he is a very good singer, and it is quite interesting to see how he makes the drum ring with his fingers. If any instrument is ever out of tune this blind man must tune it."

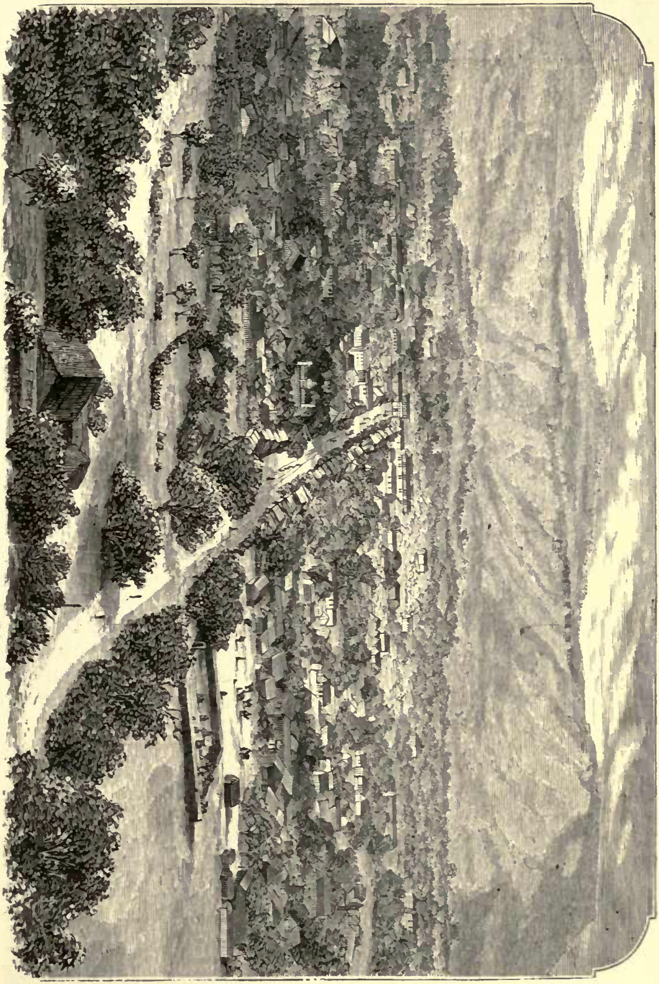
A HEATHEN PROCESSION.

"Just after the commencement of the singing, a large procession of heathen passed by carrying a small palkie, in which was a small image of Ganpatti. This was a festival day to the god Ganpatti, and so all honor was being given to him. Among the first in the procession were some twenty or thirty men, each one holding in his hand a stick about three feet long, to which were attached a number of small cymbals which rattled and rang out as they moved. They kept these sticks constantly moving about in all directions, above their heads, down by the right side, by the left side, down by the feet, and in many other ways, but all the time they kept their motions in perfect unison. It was wonderful to me how they could do this. After these performers followed a number of persons making a great noise on large cymbals and drums. Does it not seem strange they should think that these gymnastics and all this noise should be pleasing to the god? The enthusiasm and devotion manifested were worthy of a better cause. One thing which they did seemed to us specially foolish, and only worthy of being laughed at. They fancied for some reason that on that night they must not on any account see the moon. The moon was then two days old, and in the west towards which they were marching. Some carefully held before their faces a piece of their clothing, looking only downward or away from the moon. Some even carried umbrellas."



GANPATTI, THE GOD OF WISDOM.

Ganpatti, in whose honor this procession which Mr. Wells describes was conducted, is the Hindu god of wisdom, and is especially worshiped by scholars and literary men. He is always represented, as in the accompanying cut, with an elephant's head. The account given of the way he came to have such a head shows what a debased notion the Hindus entertain of their gods. The story is that Ganpatti was the son of Shiva, the Destroyer, one of the three principal Hindu divinities. Shiva was one day so angry with his little boy that he cut off his head. The father seemed to care nothing for this, but the child's mother grieved so much that Shiva promised to replace his head. When they



SATARA, INDIA.

came to look for it, however, it could not be found. What should be done? The boy must have a head, and Shiva declared he would furnish him with one. The head of the first creature he met should be given to him. It happened to be an elephant, and Shiva cut off his head with his sword and placed it upon the boy's shoulders, where it grew. Ganpatti is a very popular god in India, and his image may be found everywhere, sitting with legs coiled under him, with any number of hands, and always with the elephant's trunk. And this is the god especially of the scholars and wise men of India! How truly does the Bible say that "the wisdom of this world knew not God."

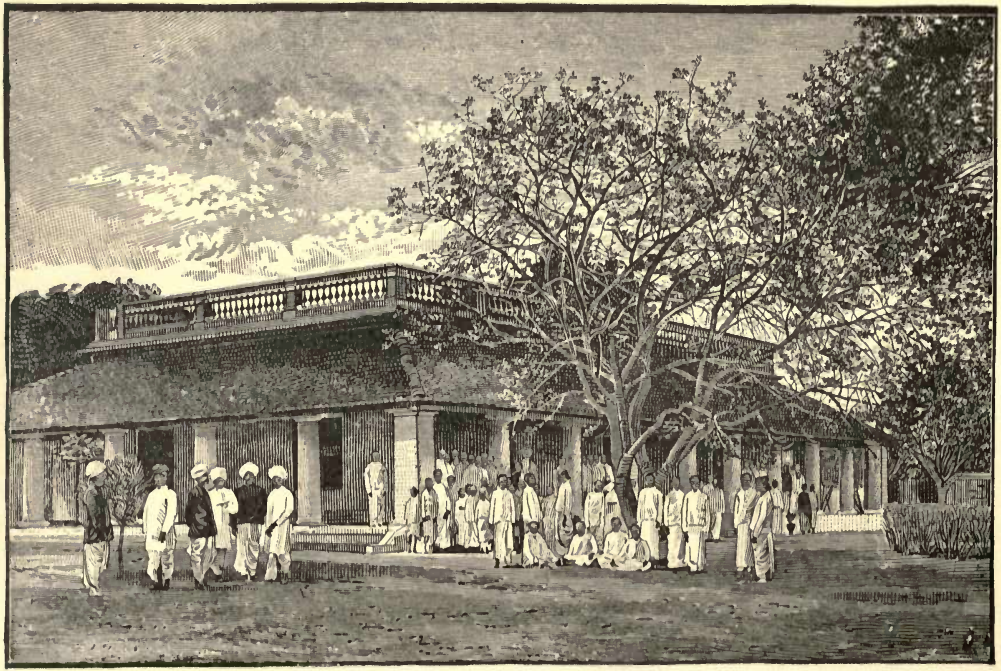
THE SINGING AND PREACHING.

This procession in honor of Ganpatti, with its noise and commotion, interrupted the *Kirttan*, but after it has passed by, the people settled down again, and the service proceeded. Mr. Wells thus describes the exercises: —

"The subject of the *Kirttan* that evening was, 'There is but one God and one Saviour.' The service is conducted as follows: the company would sing for two or three minutes, and then the leader would explain the hymn and illustrate its meaning. Kassambhai has an admirable way of explaining what is sung; he clinches what is said by apt quotations from the Hindu shastras, or sacred books. Against these quotations the Hindus dare not say a word. I will give one of Kassambhai's illustrations. He said: 'Long ago a bitter gourd was given to one who was about to visit the sacred streams of India, with the instruction to wash it in all the holy waters he came to. He returned after making a long pilgrimage. The owner took the gourd, and, on cutting it, found it to be still as bitter as ever. Although it had been carefully washed in holy water it still remained a bitter gourd. So the heart remained sinful and wicked, though the body was bathed in the sacred rivers of India.'

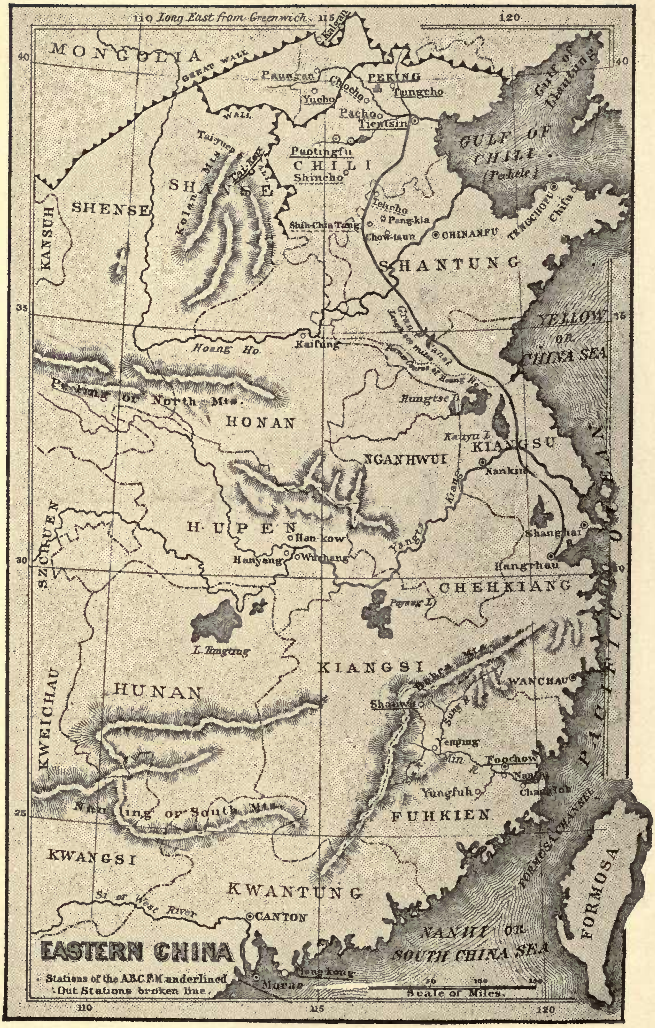
"The subject of the second Kirttan was 'The Prodigal Son.' The chief constable of the region said he thought there were 1,000 persons present, the most of whom stood out of doors and listened. The natives like their own native tunes, and seem never to tire of listening to them. In these Kirttans the tune is constantly changed, so there is no monotony. It was quite touching when they sang, 'Come back, come back, prodigal son, come back to your father's home.' At other times the people were in laughter at what was sung — this was the case when they sang the names of a great number of the Hindu gods; also, when they sang of how many foolish ways people spend their money, as upon tobacco, native liquor, etc.

"Last evening the subject of the Kirttan was, 'Prayer.' You may know that it was interesting when I tell you that many stood in the rain for a whole hour to listen. This morning we all — seven native Christian men, Mr. B., and myself — went into the city to preach. We had a large audience. If any in the audience commenced talking and tried to get up a discussion, the native Christians would start up a song, after which we could go on with the preaching in quiet. During the week we distributed many tracts all over the city, so that in Wai the people have heard more of Christianity than ever before, and we hope good will come from it."



PASUMALAI SEMINARY, NEAR MADURA, SOUTHERN INDIA.

CHINA.


110 Long East from Greenwich
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MONGOLIA
GREAT WALL
WALL
Kalgan
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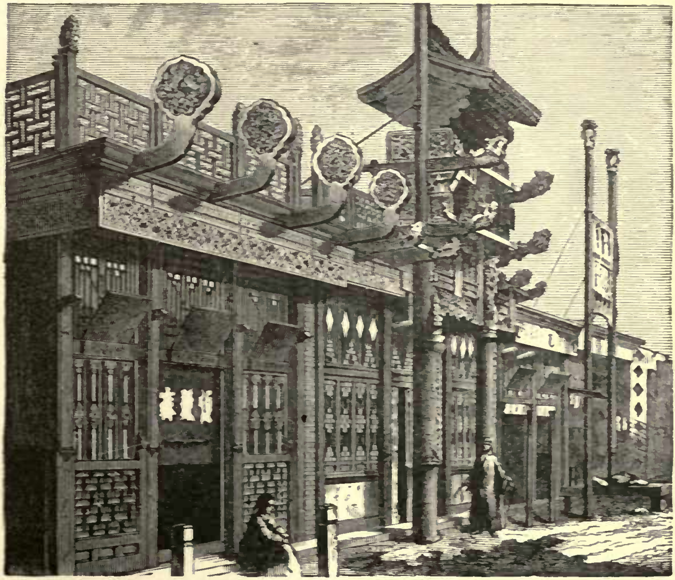
Yucho
PEKING
Tungcho
Pacho
Tientsin
Gulf of Liautung
GULF OF CHILI (Pechele)
Paotingfu
CHILI
Shincho
Taiyuen
Kolan Mts
Tai-Kang
SHANSE
SHENSE
KANSUH
Tehcho
Pang-kia
Shih-Chia-Tang
Chow-tsun
CHINANFU
TENGCHOFU
Chifu
SHANTUNG
Grand Canal
YELLOW OR CHINA SEA
Hoang Ho
Kaifung
Peling or North Mts.
HONAN
Hungtse L.
Kaoyu L.
KIANGSU
NGANHWUI
Nankin
Yangtse Kiang
HUPEN
Han-kow
Hanyang
Wuchang
Shanghai
Hangchau
SZCHUEN
CHEHKIANG
Poyang L.
L. Tungting
KIANGSI
WANCHAU
HUNAN
KWEICHAU
Shaowu
Sung R.
Yenping
Min R.
Foochow
Nantai
Changloh
Yungfuh
PACIFIC OCEAN
FORMOSA CHANNEL
Nanling or South Mts.
FUHKIEN
FORMOSA
KWANGSI
KWANTUNG
Si or West River
CANTON
Hong kong
Macao
NANHI OR SOUTH CHINA SEA
Scale of Miles.
50
100
150
EASTERN CHINA
Stations of the A.B.C.F.M. underlined
Out Stations broken line.

CHINA.

If all the people of all the world can be imagined as standing abreast, in a single line, so that they should just touch one another, that line would be about 500,000 miles long, long enough to reach around the earth twenty times. And if you could pass in front of that line and look on each face, at least one man in every four you would see, would be a Chinaman.



MERCANTILE WAREHOUSE, PEKING.

There are eighteen provinces in China proper, each one being about as large as Great Britain, and yet it is very doubtful whether many of the boys and girls who have finished their geographies, know so much as the name of any one of these provinces. We Americans talk much of our vast country, yet China with its dependencies has 300,000 more square miles than are found in all our States and Territories, including Alaska. On each square mile in the United States there dwell, on an average, ten or eleven persons, while China has at least two hundred and fifty inhabitants for every one of her square miles.

There are from three to four hundred millions of souls in the empire, and though we think a good beginning has been made towards giving them the gospel of Jesus, and many thousands have already learned to love him, there has not yet been sent from all Christian lands so much as one minister for each million of people. What should we think if there were only forty ministers of Christ in all the United States of America? If Christians knew more about China and thought more about it, they would surely make more effort to give to its millions the gospel.

THE CENTRAL FLOWERY KINGDOM.

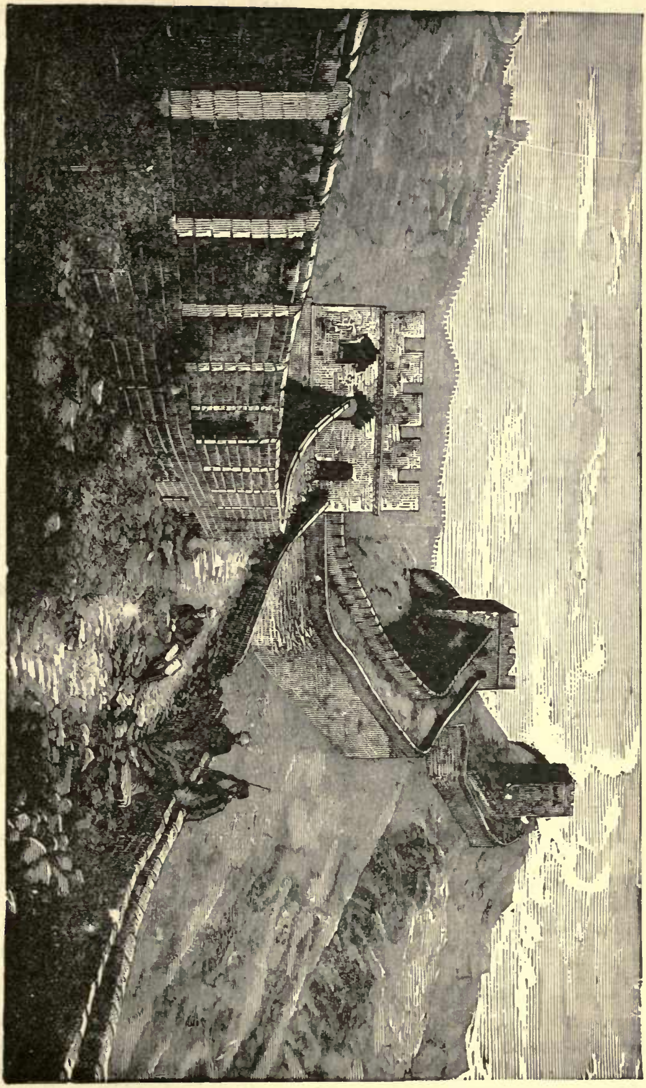
The Chinese have many names for the land they inhabit. It is from their name Tsïn or Chin, that our word China comes. This is very like the name Sinim, by which it is supposed China is referred to in the Bible (Is. xlix. 12). They call it also "The Middle Kingdom," sometimes "The Central Flowery Kingdom," because they suppose it stands in the centre of the earth.

On the opposite page is a picture of the Great Wall built upon the northern boundaries of the empire two hundred years before our Saviour came to earth. It was designed as a defense against the warlike Tartars, but is now quite useless. It runs from the sea along the northern border of the empire for 1,300 miles (some authorities say 1,500), passing through the valleys and over lofty mountain ranges. The wall varies from fifteen to thirty feet in height, and is about as thick as it is high, while at intervals there are large square towers, some of them being fifty feet high. It is said that six horsemen could ride abreast on the top of the wall. What energy and patience the Chinese must have had to build this enormous structure, which has lasted now for over two thousand years!

WORSHIP OF ANCESTORS.

There are said to be three national religions in China. One originated with Confucius, a sage who lived about six hundred years before Christ. All the Chinese reverence him, and yet a large portion of them follow another religion than the one he taught. Some are Taoists, and some Buddhists. But while these three forms of religion are professed, the people care little about any one of them. Once or twice a year each Chinaman bows and worships heaven and earth, but every day of the year and in every house in the land, worship is offered to departed ancestors. The universal religion of China is the worship of ancestors. Each family keeps what are called ancestral tablets. These are boards, usually about twelve inches long by three wide, on which are written the name, rank, titles, birth and death days of each deceased member of the household. Every day, morning and evening, incense is burned and worship offered before these tablets.

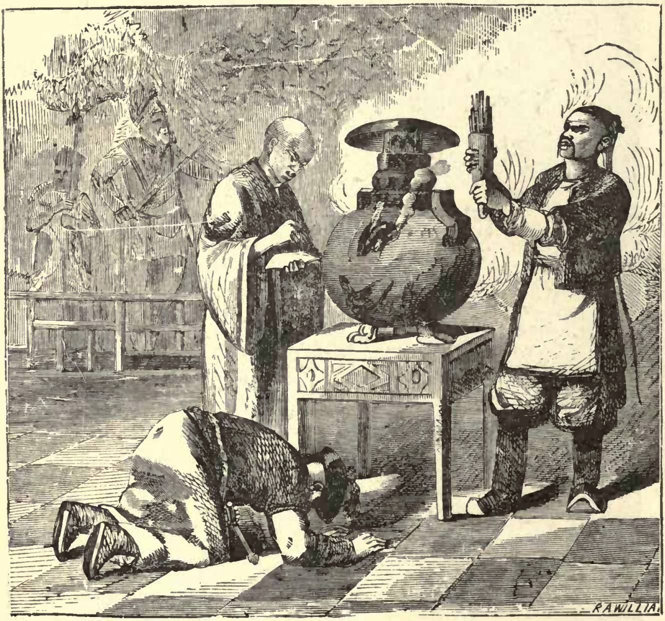
One of the saddest things about the religions of China is that none of them seem to have it for their object to make men better. A priest once said to a missionary: "Your religion does not give what the people want. When they worship they wish to know whether they can grow rich and recover from disease. In the case of believing in Jesus, there are no ben-



THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA

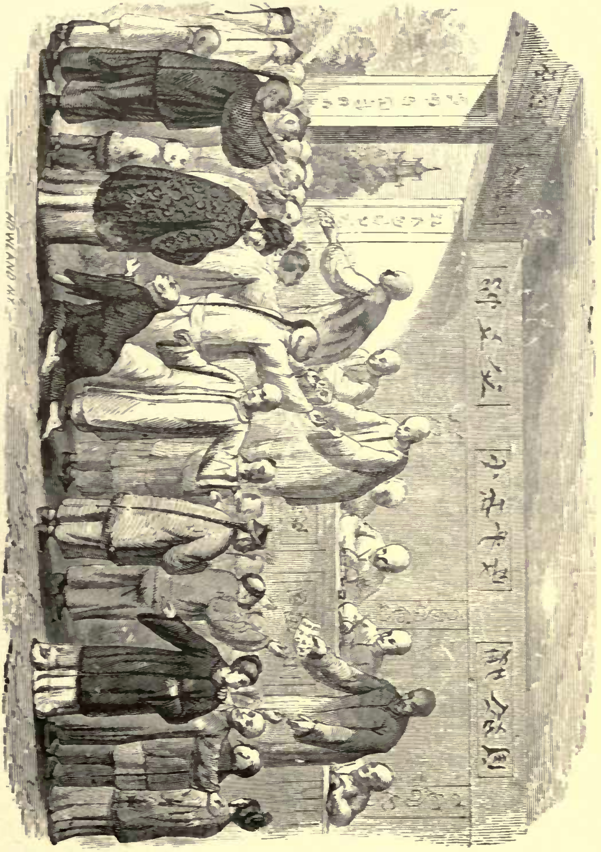
efits of this kind." The people have no idea of a religion whose aim is to free from sin and make men pure.

Though the Chinese are good scholars and have many books, they are as superstitious as the lowest savages. They believe in ghosts and evil spirits, and one of their singular notions is that these evil spirits go in straight lines, and hence they make their streets crooked so as to confuse and keep off the bad spirits. They also believe in an oracle by which they can foretell their fate. The picture above represents a person consulting this oracle before a priest. While incense is burning and crackers are fired off, to keep the god awake and attentive, the inquirer shakes a cup in which are placed strips of wood with some written words upon them, and from the strips that fall upon the ground he learns his fate.



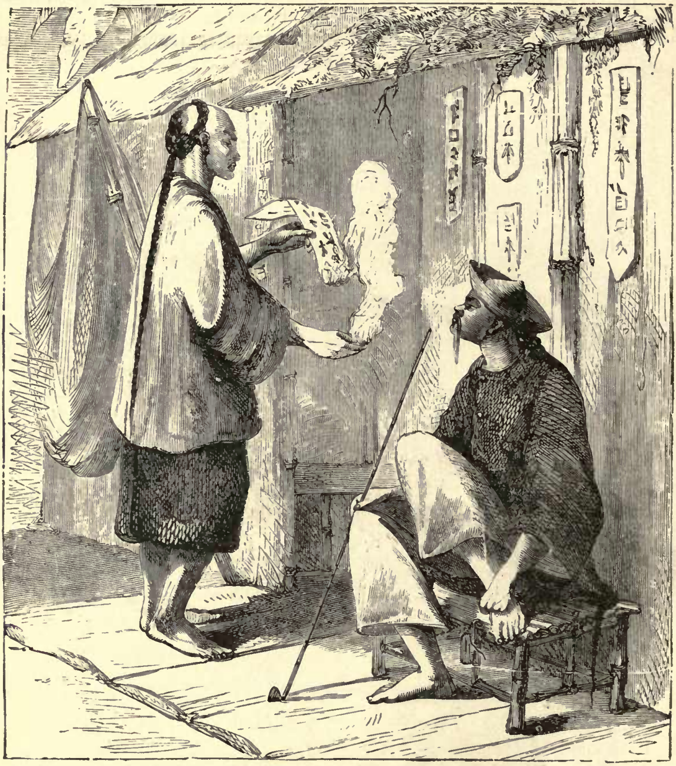
CONSULTING THE ORACLE.

Another singular notion of the Chinese is that they can convey to any spirit, whether human or divine, whatever they may please, by simply burning the article, or an image of it, in the flames. Hence as they think that a friend, after his spirit leaves the body, will need just what he needed here, they burn paper images of these objects, and so fancy that they reach the departed soul. A missionary describes a paper house which he once saw built for a person who had died. "It was about ten feet high and twelve deep. It contained a sleeping room, library, reception room, hall, and treasury. It was furnished with paper chairs and tables. Boxes of paper money were carried in. There was a sedan-chair, with bearers, and also a boat and boatman, for the use of the deceased in the unseen world. A table spread with food was placed in front of the house." This whole paper establishment was suddenly set fire to, and in the midst of a fusillade of crackers it quickly vanished in the flames. What a pitiable notion this is as to what human souls will need in the future!



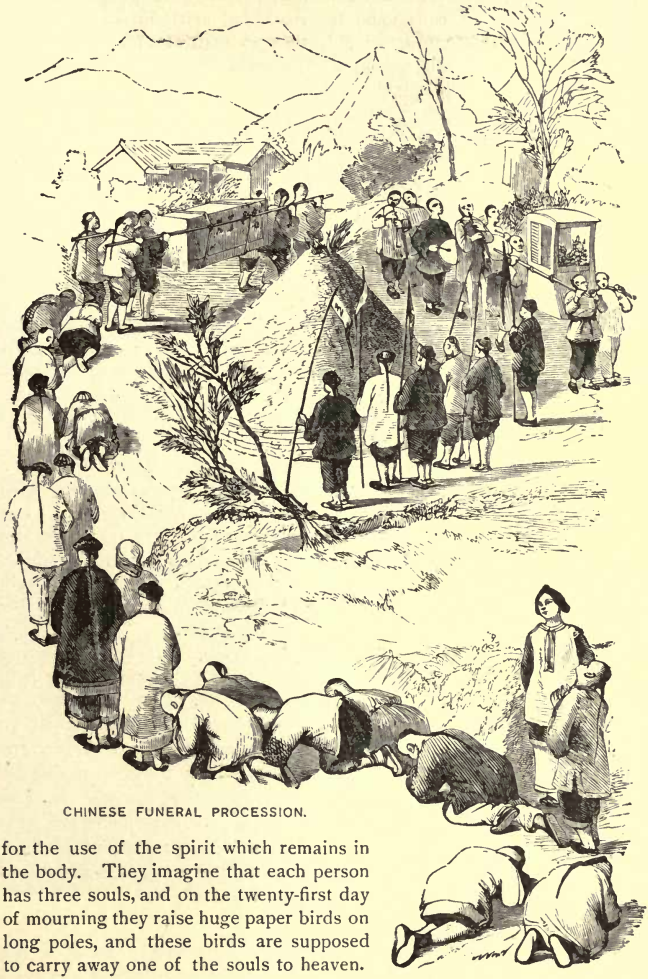
WRITING AND SALE OF PRAYERS.

This idea that whatever is burned in the sacred flame is thus conveyed to unseen spirits, is applied to prayers. The Chinaman always writes his prayers and then burns them. So he fancies they go up to the god or spirit he would address. The practice of writing prayers explains the picture above. The priests behind the bar are filling up blank prayers, according to the wishes of their customers who come with their various wants. People come to buy prayers for themselves and for others, and having had them filled out, they go away to burn them.



BURNING PRAYERS.

Among other singular customs of the Chinese are those connected with the death and burial of people. When any man is supposed to be dying he is taken into the hall of his house and washed and dressed in his best clothes. Of course such treatment often hastens death. When he is fairly dead a priest is called who exhorts the spirit to leave the body. Coins of gold or silver are put in the dead man's mouth. With these, it is supposed, he can pay his way in the other world. The coffin is usually all ready, since most Chinese make this provision for themselves long before they die. It is said that children often present their fathers and mothers with a coffin as a suitable birth-day gift when they have completed their sixty-first year. After the body has been closely sealed in the coffin, it is kept in the house for fifty days of mourning. During each of these days, the family go into the street, and kneeling in front of the house they wail bitterly. All the relatives send offerings of food and money to be placed before the coffin for the use of the spirit which remains in the body. They imagine that each person has three souls, and on the twenty-first day of mourning they raise huge paper birds on long poles, and these birds are supposed to carry away one of the souls to heaven.



CHINESE FUNERAL PROCESSION.

HOW THEY BURY THE DEAD.

The Chinese are like some foolish people in America in imagining that good or bad luck is connected with certain days and places. But the

Chinese carry it so far that they seek a lucky spot for a grave, and a lucky day and hour for the funeral. This often takes a long while, and a burial has been known to be delayed many months till a really lucky time could be pitched upon. When the day comes the people gather at the beating of gongs, and the priest calls upon the remaining spirit to accompany the coffin to the tomb. The procession is then formed, of which we have an engraving on the preceding page, taken from a native picture. The ceremonies are almost endless, quite too many to describe here. Usually a band of musicians, or gong-beaters, goes first, then men with banners on which are inscribed the names and titles of the deceased and his ancestors. In the sedan-chair which follows is placed the man's portrait. Then follow more gong-beaters, and near them a person who scatters on the ground paper money, representing gold and silver coins. This mock-money is supposed to be for the hungry ghosts who are wandering through the air, and will annoy the departed soul unless they receive toll. Then comes the coffin, and after that the relatives all clad in white, the mourning color in China.

On the arrival of the procession at the burial-place, a person who is supposed to be able to drive away evil spirits strikes each corner of the grave with a spear, and the priest calls upon the soul of the dead man to remain with his body in the tomb.

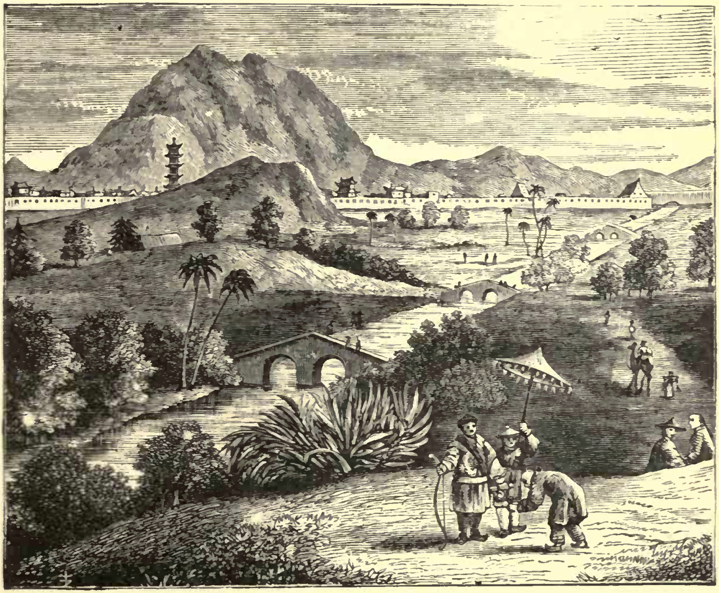
CRUELTIES TO CHILDREN.

Is not all this a sad story of superstition? And the Chinese in some directions are as cruel as they are superstitious. If they are kind to their parents, they are inhuman to their children. The girls suffer most. Their feet are tightly bound to keep them small, in a way to give them constant pain. The wail of the poor feet-bound girls is heard far and wide in China. And in some provinces parents kill their daughters and nothing is thought of it. It is said that in the great city of Foochow, more than half of the families have destroyed one or more of their daughters.

What can save such a people but the gospel of Jesus? It is pleasant to close this sad story of wickedness and superstition by telling how the light is beginning to shine in the midst of the darkness. Forty years ago no Protestant missionary was permitted to live within the bounds of China. Now twenty-six missionary societies are maintaining laborers, and over 300 churches have been organized, having probably over 20,000 persons connected with them, while there are many thousands more who have left their idol-worship, and are hearing the gospel of Jesus. It is said that as many as 600 native Chinamen are now employed as preachers or Christian teachers. Will not some of the young people who have read the story of China ask God to fit them to go to that land with the blessed Word of Life?

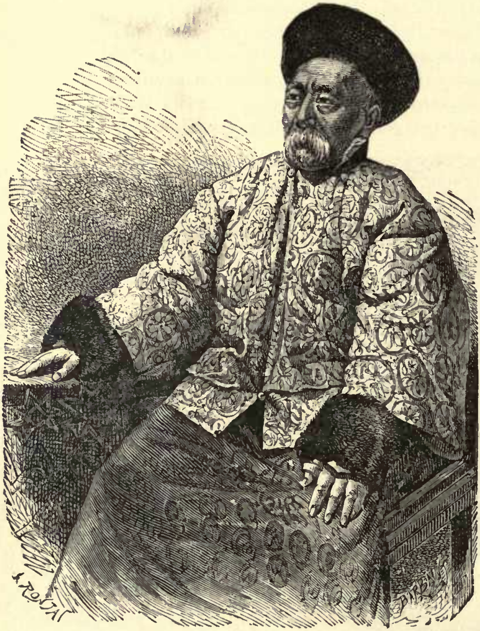
THE CELESTIAL EMPIRE.

So the Chinese call their land, believing that it is the centre of the world and the especial favorite of heaven. It is, indeed, in many respects a beautiful land. The picture here given is said to be a fair representation of the country. Here we have the mountain and the plain, the canal and the bridges. In the foreground we see a man bowing obsequiously before a mandarin, or high official, over whose head a servant holds an umbrella. Canals are so common in some parts of China that bridges are seen in every direction, and they are said to be all of one style of construction, varying only in size and height. There is a singular reason given why many of them are very low. The Chinese believe, more than in anything else, in the power of unseen spirits, and in what they call *fung-shwui,* or luck. Some places are supposed to be lucky, and some unlucky. This good luck of a locality, as they imagine, can be disturbed



A SCENE IN CHINA.

by some change in the buildings or in the land. Mr. Nevius, who was a missionary in China for many years, says that the theory about *fung-shwui*, or luck, has a great effect upon the height of the canal bridges, inasmuch as those who live near the bridges sometimes demand that they be built very low because their luck will fail them should any marked change be made in the face of the country. He also tells us that a house is considered very unlucky when the corners of another house point towards it, or it is surrounded by higher buildings. When a new house is built lanterns are hung on the frame, night after night, while gongs are beaten, to attract the luck. But this process, which is supposed to help the new house, injures the neighbors' luck, drawing it away from their dwellings, and so they feel obliged to try to keep their luck by lifting their lanterns higher, and by a louder drumming upon gongs. When the English Church missionaries, at Foochow, had some trouble last year in the Chinese courts, one of the complaints made against them by the natives was that they had destroyed the luck of the city by building their houses with high pitched roofs. This was the way in which the Chinese accounted for the recent floods which have come upon the city. The Chinese are often said to be well educated. This is true of only a small part of the people, and even those who spend years in the schools give most of their time to commit to memory long passages from their classics. Even the best educated know little about the world. On a Chinese map of the world, one that was recently bought there, the eighteen provinces of the Empire are put down, but all other countries are marked simply by spots. The world is represented as resting on a buffalo, and earthquakes are supposed to be caused by the motion of the beast as he shifts his burden.



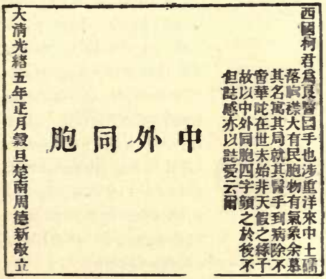
A CHINESE OFFICIAL.

THE MANDARINS.

This is the name given by foreigners to government officers in China. The Emperor is at the head, and among the numerous titles by which he is addressed are these: the August Lofty One; the Celestial Sovereign; the Son of Heaven. Underneath the Emperor are nine ranks of officials who are chosen from among those who have passed successful examinations. These various classes of officers are known by the color of the buttons they wear, some of the buttons being of ruby and coral and sapphire. Officers of the third rank wear also a one-eyed peacock feather. The picture opposite represents a mandarin in full dress. As a class they are intelligent and shrewd, but they are often very corrupt and extortionate, using their power for selfish ends. Some of them, however, have accepted the gospel and become true Christians. The officials have been much impressed by the benevolent work accomplished by the missionaries, especially in connection with hospitals and dispensaries for the relief of the suffering. May God move the hearts of all these rulers so that the millions of China may be led to accept the gospel.

A GRATEFUL CHINAMAN.

Among the recent patients at the Hospital which our missionary, Dr. Osgood, had established at Foochow, was a military officer, who had been an opium smoker. He was severely sick when he came to the Christian Asylum, but after a while he was cured. He was so grateful that when about to leave he set up a tablet in the hospital, with an inscription, of which we here give an exact copy, only very much smaller than the original. Here is the translation of it, the title being the four words in largest type: —



西國柯君爲良醫國手也涉重洋來中土臨
落眗襟大有民胞物有氣象余慕
其名寓其局就其醫手到病除不
曾華陀在世未始非天假之緣千
故以中外同胞四字頌之於後不
但誌感亦以誌愛云爾

中外同胞

大清光緒五年正月穀旦楚南周德新敬立

A MEMORIAL TABLET.

"*The Chinese and Foreign (are as) Own Brothers.*

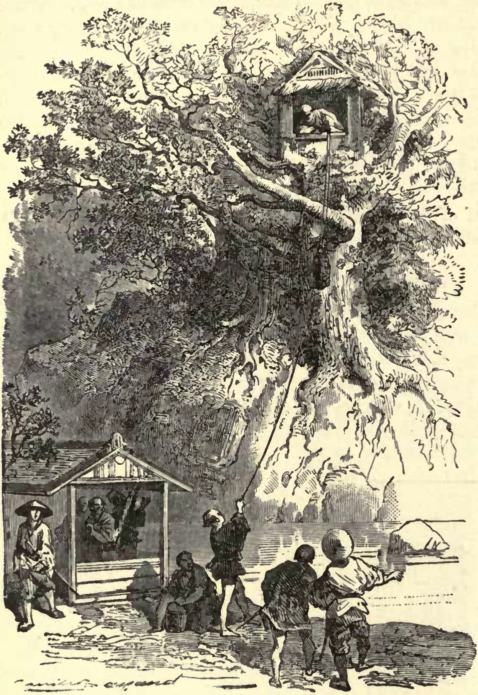
"The Honorable Osgood from the West, esteemed an excellent physician, of skill in the land, crossed an ocean to China; of mind clear and expansive, with a manifest spirit of brotherly regard toward the people. I dwell affectionately on his name. When residing in the asylum and submitting to medical treatment, the approach of his hand expelled disease as when (the genius) Hwa-to was in the world. This truly was a fortune bestowed by Heaven! I therefore inscribe four words 'Chung Wai T'ung Pao' not only as a memorial of gratitude, but also of love.

"Great Pure Dynasty, Kwangsü 5th year 1st moon, on a felicitous day, Chiu Taik Seng of C'hu-nang respectfully erects this tablet."

This is not the only tablet of the kind in the Foochow Hospital, for many men are being cured there in soul as well as body, and they are very grateful. They go away to tell their neighbors how they have been healed, and what they have heard of a God who loves men, and of a Saviour who came to die for the people of all lands.

BUDDHIST HERMITS.

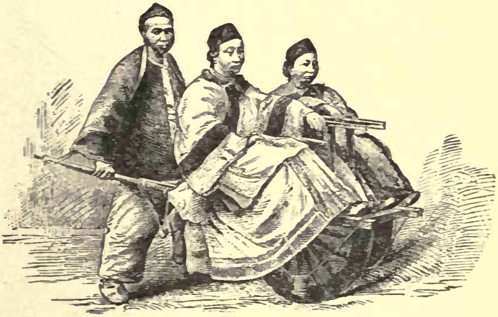
One of the sad sights in China and Japan is the number of people who think to lay up treasure in heaven by repeating the name of Buddha, their god. Many of the Buddhist priests retire to caves or huts, where they shut themselves up in solitary confinement. The place is sometimes sealed by numerous strips of paper, on which is written the day when the hermit entered upon his lonely life. Only a little hole is left in the cell through which food is passed. Here the hermit stays for years, keeping a taper lighted before his shrine, and repeating prayers until he becomes dull and stupid. The merit befor his god, which he is supposed to gain by this self-denying process, it is thought may be made over to another person, and so rich men who do not wish to endure the long confinement hire some one to do it for them. In the cut here given, the people are passing food to a hermit. It is for us who know that God is not pleased with this vain service to tell men who crave pardon and peace of the blessed Saviour who has made the one and only offering necessary for sin.

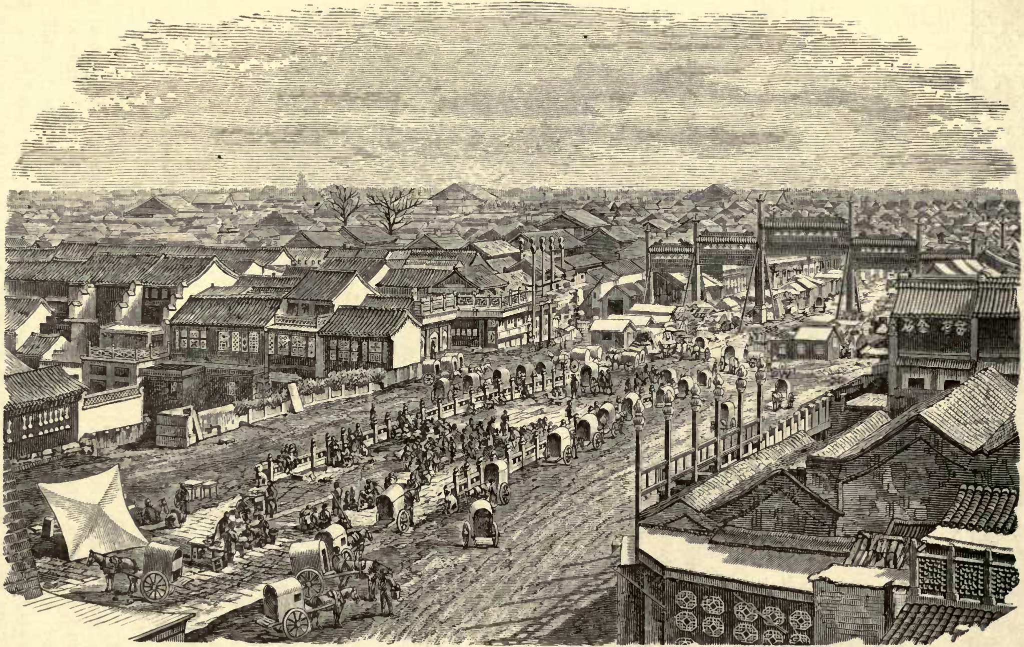


A BUDDHIST HERMIT.

THE CENTRAL FLOWERY KINGDOM.

THIS is another name for the land which in the preceding paper was called "The Celestial Empire." The Chinese are so proud of their country that they choose for it such high-sounding names as these. While we smile at some ideas they have about their nation, as if it were the center of all the earth, we cannot deny that in many respects no nation can be compared with it. In population it far outnumbers any other kingdom of earth, having probably within its area not far from one quarter of the human race. No nation can trace back its history so far, for while the early history of China contains much that is only fable, there are what seem to be genuine records of the nation before the time when Moses led the children of Israel out of Egypt. Is it not strange that among an ancient people like the Chinese, who certainly have had time enough to make inventions, and who are notably skillful in copying any invention they see, there should be no carriages that one can travel in with comfort? Wherever it is possible to do so the natives travel in boats on rivers or canals, but where they must go by land, sedan chairs, carried by men, or wheelbarrows are used. In some parts of the Empire a much larger wheelbarrow than the one here represented is employed, having a donkey hitched in front, and long handles behind, by which the man keeps the balance and steers the vehicle, while directly over the wheel a mast is raised, and whenever there is a favorable wind a sail is stretched. So these queer carriages go sailing over the plains, propelled by a donkey in front, a sail in the middle, and a man in the rear. In the picture of the "Beggar's Bridge," on the next page, you will see some Chinese carts which are used about Peking as hacks are used here. But they are without springs, and an Englishman says of them that "for discomfort they surpass every other conveyance of the kind to be found in any part of the world where he has been." These are the carriages in which our missionaries do most of their touring.

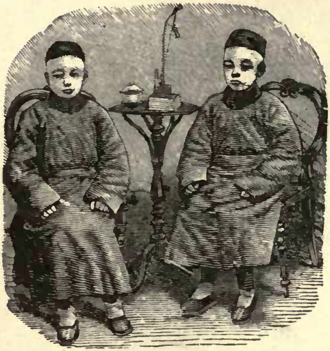

TRAVELING BY WHEELBARROW.



THE BEGGARS' BRIDGE, PEKING.

PEKING.

The engraving opposite represents one of the busiest parts of Peking, giving only specimens of the people who daily assemble here. Aside from the carts which fill the roadway, vendors of all sorts of wares move up and down, crying their goods, while workmen, such as cobblers and tinkers, and even blacksmiths, bring their movable shops and carry on their trades in the streets. Even the barbers ply their calling in the midst of the crowds. Here also the beggars congregate and there are so many of this class that they have given name to the bridge.

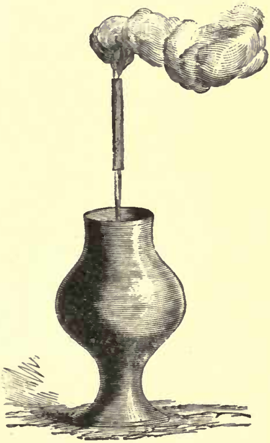

CHINESE SCHOOLBOYS.

A little more than twenty years ago the American Board began work in Peking, the capital of the Empire. This is one of the largest cities of the world, and a score of missionaries would find ample room for labor within its walls. It is a promising field.

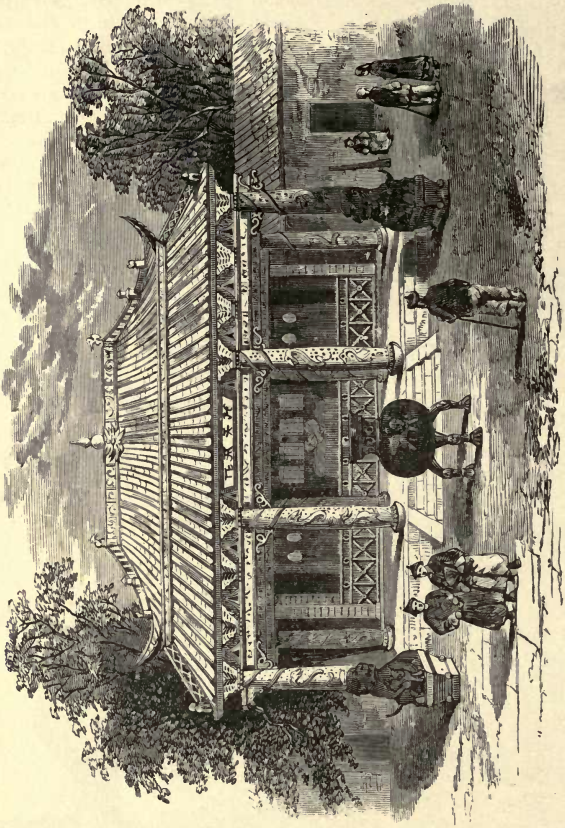
Though perhaps the Chinese are not as quick as some other people to receive the truth, many of them, when they do become Christians, seem to be specially faithful in making known the gospel. Just now our missionaries in Northern China are laboring in special hope, believing that before long great progress will be seen in that land which a few years ago was regarded as almost beyond hope.

A SELFISH RELIGION.

The Chinese are not without a religion; indeed, like the Athenians whom Paul saw, they are very religious. They worship all sorts of gods, and even all their ancestors. But their only object in this seems to be to get some present good for themselves. They never ask their gods to make them pure and holy, but merely to give them rain or keep them from bad luck. One missionary writes that frequently, after he has preached to an attentive audience, he has been asked whether the Lord Jesus would give them rain and good crops if they believed in and worshipped him. When they were told that Jesus would give them whatever he saw was best for them, but that possibly he might not send them rain, the listeners turned away and did not care to hear more. They could see no use in serving a God who would not promise to give them all earthly good. The cut here given shows how the Chinese pray for rain, by burning joss-sticks everywhere. If the rain is long delayed they burn more joss-sticks, and seek by


A BURNING OF JOSS-STICKS.

gongs and fire-crackers to wake up the sleeping rain-god. Once, in time of great drought, a long procession, headed by a mandarin, went to a temple and addressed the idol thus: "We have had no rain for eight months. We are not mocking you: the earth is parched and burnt up: but how can you know it, seated in your cool niche in the temple." After this the people tied a rope about the neck of the idol and dragged him around the dry fields that he might see the need of rain, and be stirred up to do his duty! What a sad idea these people had both of their god and of what they most needed! The religion of Christ teaches us not to seek earthly things first, and that we are not to worship God only when we can get something from him for ourselves. We are to serve him because, by his grace, we can do something for him. The gospel seeks to make men unselfish, and it is this gospel which China needs in place of its selfish religions.



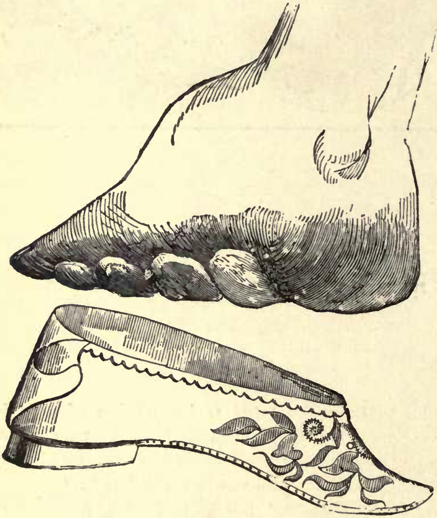
CHINESE JOSS-HOUSE.

GIRLS IN CHINA.

Our young people may like to hear about the real condition of girls in China to-day. Perhaps they suppose that the old heathenish customs, such as binding the feet of girls, and of mutilating or selling them, have passed away in the light of these latter days. But China still sits in great darkness.

A few years ago there lived near Swatow a girl of thirteen named A Ná. Her father and two married sisters were Christians, while her mother remained a heathen. One sister was at the English Presbyterian Mission School at Swatow. She was taken sick there, and A Ná was sent for to take care of her. So A Ná came, and went about her duties with a pleasant, cheerful face, though the missionaries soon found that she had great trials. Her mother was determined to bind her feet, as nearly all the women in the village where she lives have the little misshapen feet produced by binding them tightly in early life. It is a torturing process, and the missionaries and Chinese converts set their faces against it as unchristian. Poor A Ná declared that she would not submit to it, and that she wished to follow her father and do as a Christian should. However, her mother consulted a fortune-teller, and he fixed upon the twenty-seventh day of the 12th moon as a lucky day to begin the binding. At that time she sent for A Ná, who refused to go. The mother then came herself, but when A Ná saw her, she threw herself into the matron's arms, and clung to her till she was pulled away by main force. Her mother dragged her down stairs, scolding and raving as only a heathen woman can. So the poor child was carried off, weeping bitterly as she went. Her last words to her sister were, "My heart is fixed. I will be a Christian, and will not have my feet bound."

The *Peking Gazette* of March 15th, in the year of grace, 1881, states that the Governor-General of Sze-chuen asks imperial honors for a girl of eighteen who starved herself to death, after the burial of her betrothed. He also asks honors for other females who have "displayed their filial piety by mutilating themselves." The honors were granted.


A BOUND FOOT, WITH SLIPPER.

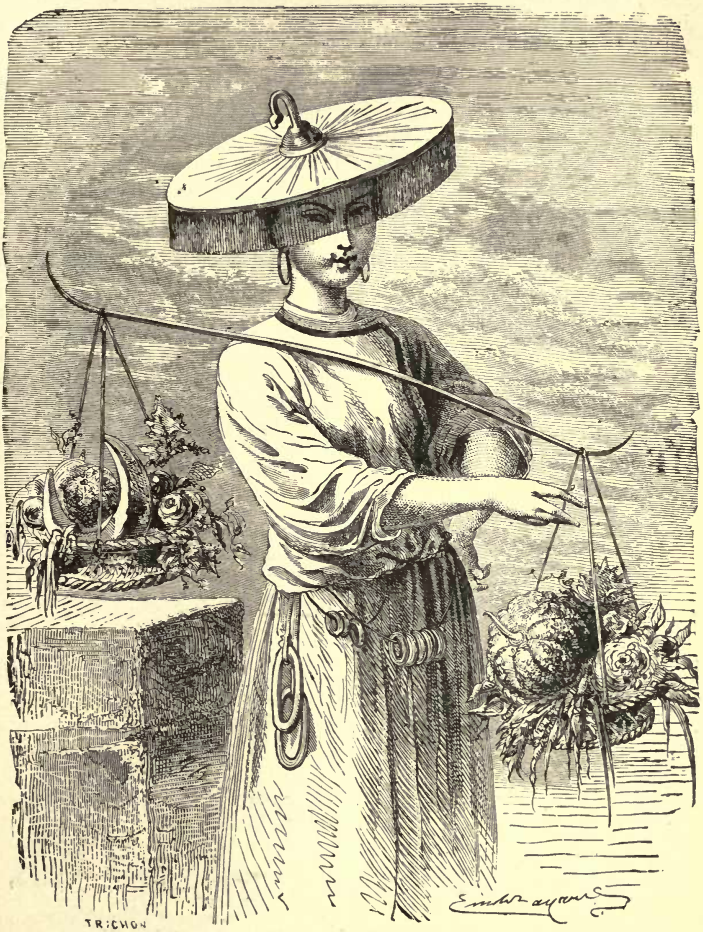
Miss Safford, of Foochow, writing for *Woman's Work in China*, says that parents do now sell their daughters and husbands their wives. When a man sells his wife the sale paper is stamped by the woman herself. The palm of her hand is smeared with ink, and makes on the paper a full, clear mark that could not be obtained without her consent. A paper thus attested proves that the woman was not stolen from her husband.

This cut, borrowed from that very interesting volume, *Women of the Orient*, shows what a misshapen thing a bound foot is. Think of a little girl five or six years of age having her feet so bandaged that the instep shall be broken and the toes pressed under the sole! It takes six or eight years to finish the work, and after that these maimed girls must hobble about all their days on their distorted and weakened limbs. But silly as the custom is, no one wishes to be out of fashion.

CAN CHINESE GIRLS READ, AND WHAT DO THEY READ?

Chinese books for women are mostly stories of ancient discreet heroines, or "Rules of Propriety." In these books industry and reverence for parents are commended, but so is suicide. Devotion to a husband's memory is enjoined, and widows are entreated to disfigure themselves by cutting off their ears and noses, rather than marry a second time.

As to the number who read, Miss Safford says that she kept for some months a careful written record of all the women who could read, within a given number. Out of eight hundred there were only eight who could read at all. Of the eight only two could read well, and of the two the best reader did not understand the meaning of the classics, though she knew the characters very well. Of course Chinese girls differ in capacity as other girls do, but their standard of education has left them as a whole in a low and dull mental condition. In one of the Methodist mission schools the girls said that Moses created the world, Adam was the true God, and Pilate was an apostle. On the other hand Miss Porter, who reports this, found in a tour through villages south of Pekin,



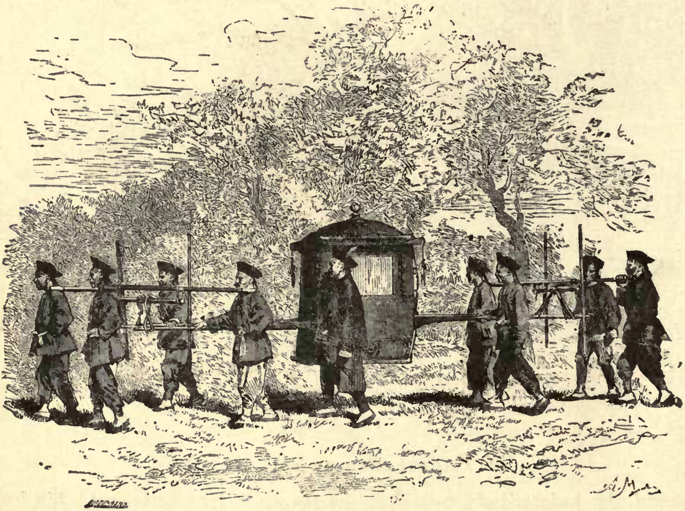
A FLOWER GIRL FROM NORTH CHINA

a girl who had read the catechism and the whole New Testament. She had asked help of any one who could tell her the characters, and studied her lessons by night, after the family had retired and the house was quiet. She had read the New Testament till she had become familiar with it, and above all had learned to love it and to treasure special portions. "She came to my room alone one night, and read passage after passage, giving with each selection some reason why she enjoyed it. Her eyes filled while reading of the crucifixion, and she soon stopped, saying she could not read that without crying. Such progress on the part of the few," says Miss Porter, "strengthened hope for all and enlarged our vision of the whole work among women."

WHAT IS THE DAILY LIFE OF GIRLS IN CHINA?

Girls of the better classes are not expected to go beyond the doorway after they are ten years old. One lady is held up as a model because she never even went near a window to look out. This custom is now observed to some extent in Foochow. The little daughters of wealthy families who used to visit Miss Safford, come no longer, nor do they play around their front doors. She inquired for them and was told, "They are too old to go out now, it is not proper." "I was not allowed to go to the front door during my husband's lifetime," said a mandarin's widow.

The amusements of the wealthier women consist chiefly of smoking, gossiping, card-playing, and fancy work, while some few use musical instruments. They make occasional visits to female relatives. Perhaps an afternoon jaunt is allowed once in a great while to some pleasure garden. Of course they cannot walk thither with their deformed and weakened feet; they must ride in the palanquin, which has the merit of screening them from sight. Shall we not come to the rescue of these poor souls without God and without hope?

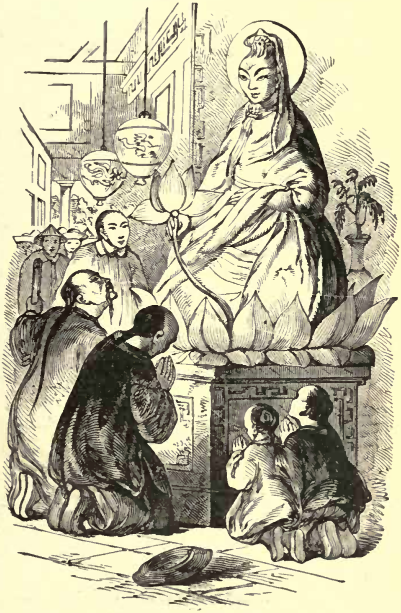


CHINESE PALANQUIN AND BEARERS.

THE IDOL OF FLESH.

BY MISS ADA HAVEN, OF PEKING, CHINA.

Not such an idol as is to be found enshrined in many homes in America—an idol guarded by adoring papa and mamma. The father and mother of this idol have lain under their little cone-shaped mounds in the wheat fields for a century and a half; they are now gone and forgotten, but their little daughter, the "Idol of Flesh," is still remembered and worshiped: not as we worship our heart-idols, with kisses morning and evening, and little thoughtful acts of service all the way between. No one ever kisses the little flesh-idol. Another strange thing is, she has no flesh at all, only bones and a gilded mask. I will tell you what I know about her and how I made her acquaintance.



CHINESE IDOL WORSHIPERS.

We had been resting over Sunday on our trip to the Great Wall of China, my friend from Swatow and I. We had been watching the sun set over the hills, and seeing the purple shadows creep over the plain; and when Peking in the distance, and the watch-towers and temples near at hand, began to melt into the twilight, we called to our attendant to bring in our benches and wraps. He took the great bundle in his arms; but before reaching our room, he put it down, and pointing to the main door of the temple asked, "Have you been in there?" No, we had not. The temple at which we were stopping seemed so small and insignificant, that we had not thought it worth while to trouble the idols of the place by a visit. But now following the man, we entered.

A star of light on the table showed where an incense-stick had just been kindled, in honor of the god behind the table. We could just trace the outline of the great idol, a glimmering, uncertain mass, only partly revealed in the gathering twilight. By this time the old priest had joined us. He led to the next shrine at the right. "Here," he said, "is the Idol of Flesh." "It isn't made of clay, it 's a real person," added another, under his breath. One's first impulse was to start back on hearing this. It seemed so dreadful for a human being to be sitting there alone in the gloom, with the great idols looming up all about. "How long has he been sitting there?" I asked, with bated breath. "Over two hundred years," was the answer. One might think in that space of time a person would become used to the horrors of the place, so we would waste no pity, but march boldly up and investigate the idol of flesh.

It was a sight to puzzle one's eyes. I thought I could discern through the darkness the outline of a broad mummied face, with bits of tinsel-paper fringes pasted over it. We could just discern the gleam of the gold by the twilight from the open door. By the light of a candle the blackened face turned out to be a highly ornamented gold cap. The head was bent forward so that the face was hidden. We stooped to see the face, and the candle-light showed, not a blackened, wizened face, nor a skeleton, but the small rounded features of a child, shining with gold. We called the old priest and plied him with questions.

"Now tell us why you call this a flesh-idol. It has a gilded face just like any other idol."

"We call it a flesh-idol because it is a real person." And then he went on to tell the story. Over two hundred years ago a little girl came here with her father. While he prayed she watched the little Buddha sitting cross-legged in his shrine. By and by she disturbed her father's devotions by saying, "I want to sit up there where he is, and be a god, too." Her father, of course, said "No," whereat, just like some children in America, she fell on the floor and began to cry and scream. She made such a disturbance that the priest came running in to see what was the matter. When he heard what the child wished, he said she ought to have her way. So removing the idol to a neighboring shrine, she was placed on the table. She seated herself in the proper position, with legs crossed and folded hands, and there remained, neither eating nor drinking. When the flesh all fell away, they made her this mask of gold to cover her empty eye-sockets and bony cheeks lest people should be afraid of her. And now many wonderful cures are wrought by her, as we can see by the number of little shoes all about the shrine, and the silk dresses they bring for her. She wears them all, one over another.

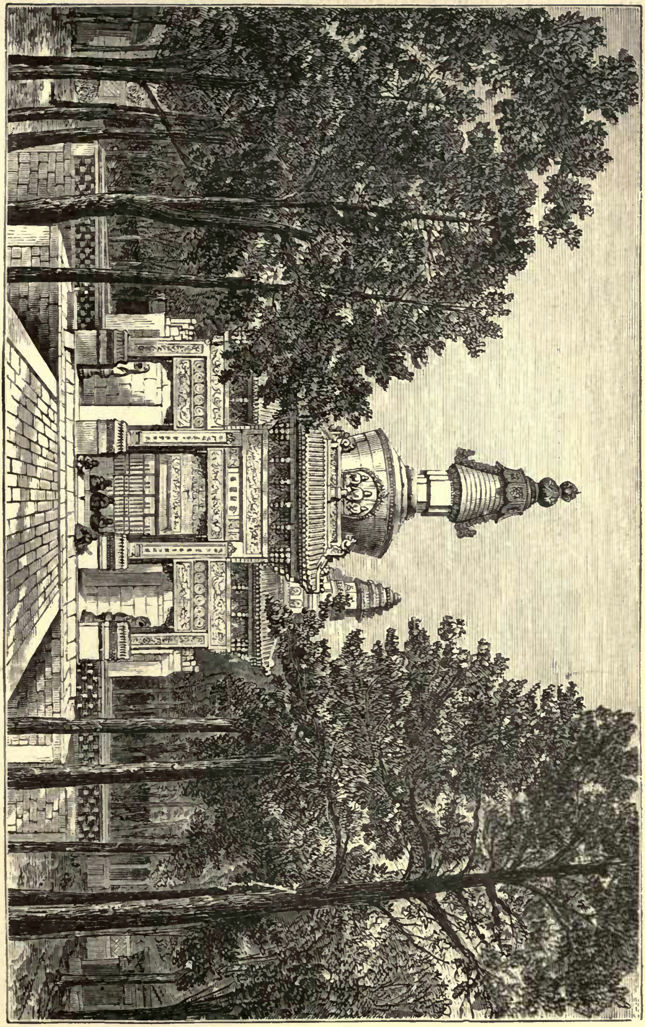
Every year, in the fourth month, on the anniversary of her coming here, all her family come and prostrate themselves before her shrine, and burn incense to her; for her family are still living in the adjoining village.

"But why is her head bent down so that we have to stoop to see her face?"

"She is bent with the weight of years."

"But I thought she was only seven years old!"

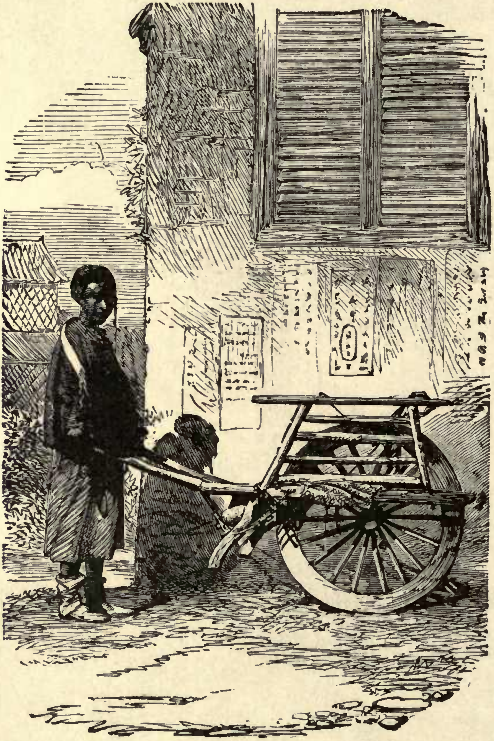
"She was seven when she first came, but she has been here two hundred years."



MONUMENT OF A CHINESE BUDDHA, PEKING.

We put the question in other forms, but he was persistent in using the present tense in speaking of her, as was the little maid who would have her way, and say "we *are* seven."

I have told you the story as I heard it, not as I believe it. I think it much more probable that if the child cried, it was because she did not want to be put there, not because she wished it. And I think it more likely still that she was put there after death. But it is useless asking any questions. The lips of the old priest are accustomed to lying; and it is vain to expect an answer from the mute golden lips of the little flesh-idol. So it must remain a mystery.



CHINESE WHEELBARROW CARRIAGE.

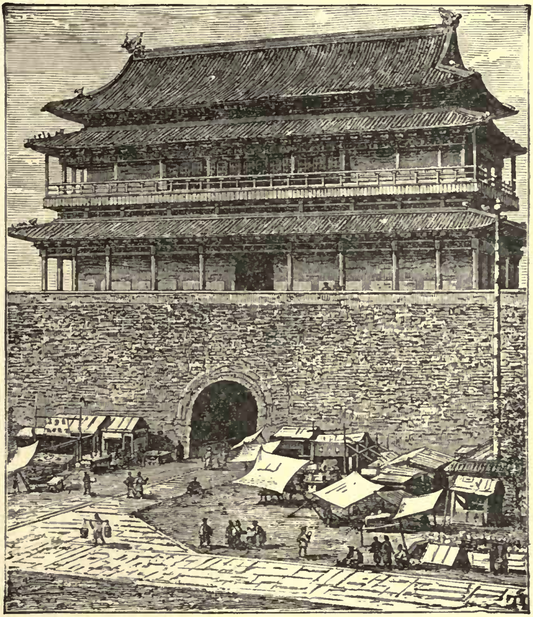
While thinking over in our minds what was the probable truth of the matter, we went to see the occupants of the other shrines. There was quite a crowd of idols for one small room, and it appeared like an overstocked toy-shop. How that little girl would have liked it if she could have had them all to play with! Returning to take a last look at her, she was motionless as ever.

So going out and shutting the door, we left her in the darkness, but for the tiny spark of an incense-stick, and in the solitude, but for the neighborhood of her strange companions.

CHINESE CHILDREN.

BY MRS. EMMA D. SMITH, OF PANG-CHUANG, SHANTUNG, NORTH CHINA.

Do you ever wonder what a Chinese day-school is like? Supposing we skip over to the west end of this village, and take a peep at the boys' school. The village lends us its schoolhouse, and we missionaries furnish a good Christian teacher, and they study Christian books for part of the time.



THE AN-TING GATE, PEKING.

As we go up the front steps, what is all this fearful racket? Do you feel a little delicate about going in lest you should intrude on a quarrel of some sort? O, but you need n't! The little boys in our school are not tearing each others' hair, nor scratching each others' eyes out, nor knocking each other down;

not a bit of it! They are just doing what every good little scholar in China is expected to do; that is, every mother's son of them is studying his lesson over out loud. By out loud I mean in a perfect roar.

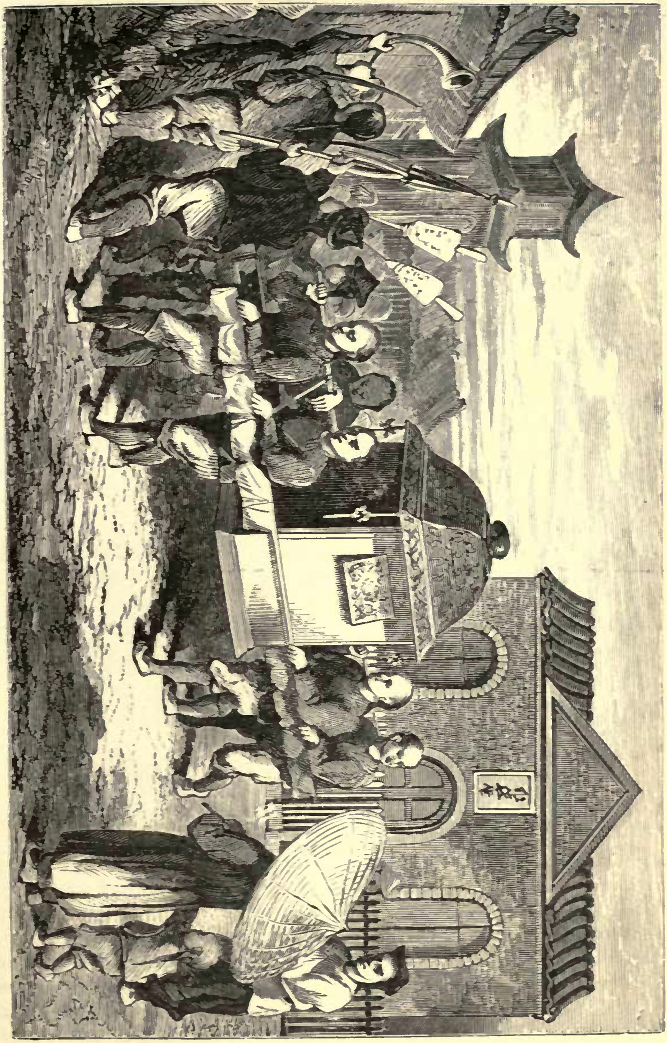
As they do this nearly all day long, a good many of them quite ruin their voices. When you hear them trying to sing together it reminds you of that other little frog-class which sings every evening out on the village moat, the last thing before popping in for the night. You think little scholars who have to work like that must be sorry when they hear the nine-o'clock bell and glad when it creeps around to four in the afternoon? But there you 've made another big mistake. O, lively American chicks, who wriggle and squirm in Sunday-school and day-school, and hate being caged up anywhere as badly as the wild birds do, what *would* you say if you had to go to school with the first streak of daylight, and if school kept till dark! If the Chinese scholars ease up life somewhat by not studying hard all the time, who can blame them?

But if you think our little long-queued friends don't know much, we will set them to reciting, and I suspect you 'll be amazed to hear even the wee ones reel off chapter after chapter and book after book. One Peking scholar recited the whole of the New Testament at a single examination! The Chinese have fine memories, and are always cultivating them and proud of them. But the scholars are often brought up not to care a fig what it all means, so their little brains are only well-stored lumber-rooms.

It is very hard work to get "Why?" and "How?" into a Chinese school. The boys don't know *why* a thing is so, or *how* it is so, and they don't care and, what is worse, the native teacher don't want them to care. Why should he? His life is hard enough, at best, and the "How?" and "Why?" laddies are a deal more trouble to live with, and take care of, as every American mamma will bear cheerful and ready testimony. It has occurred to the writer that to secure the ideal boy it would only be necessary to take a little Interrogation Point (of course, you know I mean an American boy), and then a little Chinese boy, just as big and just as old, and roll them all up in a ball, when presto! out would come the loveliest little fellow that ever wore a cap, asking just questions enough and never one too many!

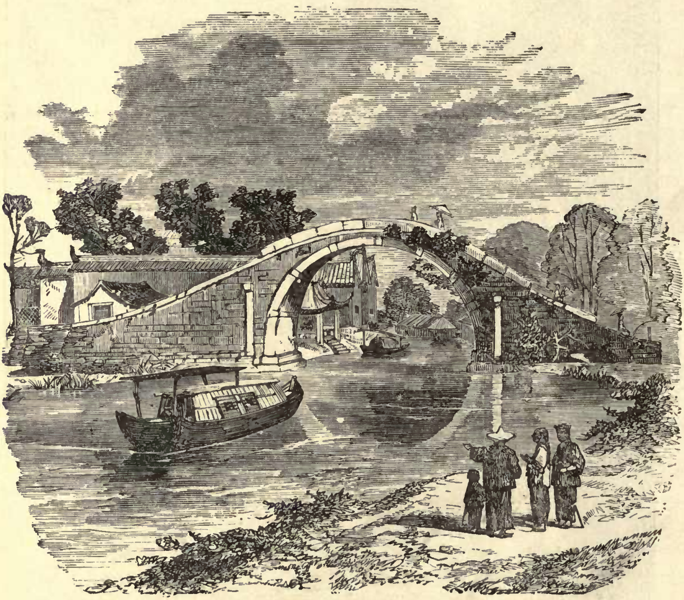
At the other end of the village where we live are the little girl scholars — bless their dear little pinched-up, aching toes and their long shining braids and bright eyes! You could love them without half trying. A little maiden, not a thousand miles from here, had them all at her birthday party a while ago. They played "Drop the handkerchief," just as you do, only they use their belts and call it "Drop the girdle." They also played "Blind man's buff," after your fashion, finding it rather hard to catch their little American hostess, with her free dancing feet. Then we all sat down on the floor and played a game of jack-stones. Think of their knowing *that* too. Is n't it droll? Their game is a little different from yours. They call it "Bah Bah." Fancy the clever little witches putting "Sally over the log," "Sally over the fence," "beans in the pot," "horses in the stable," "riding the elephant," "setting the table," and coming out triumphant on the "double fives," having beaten us soundly.

And the children's names! Fancy calling children "Little Dog," "Little Basket," "Little Fatty," "Little Black One," "Little Idiot," "Little Slave Girl"!



CHINESE PROCESSION.

You know about the old lady who exhausted herself to think of a name for a little boy she had on her hands, and who finally gave it up and "just called him Jim Polk and let him run." The father and mother of one little boy here just called him "Doughnut," and let him run. He wanted very much to come to school, but it would n't be Chinese for him to tease his papa and mamma (just hear what a sigh your mamma gave when she read that sentence !), so he sent a grown-up friend to plead his cause with his parents, and he was allowed to come. Dear little fellow ! Though the bright eyes of the other boys can't see it, a dark, threatening cloud hangs over his head, and we look at him with a wistful yearning, for our missionary doctor says he has a fatal disease and will have only a short time for earthly teaching. Dear children with sweet Christian mammas, will you pray for poor little Doughnut? Though his grandmother is a Christian, his mamma does n't love Jesus at all, and how can she comfort his little heart, going down into the deep valley ! Pray that the dear Shepherd may lead him along so gently that, before he shall have found out that the road is hard and steep, he will find himself inside the heavenly fold in the Shepherd's own blessed arms. One thing more. Ask God to take all these bonny boys and girls of ours and make them, by and by, into teachers, preachers, and Bible-women, who shall do noble work for Him.

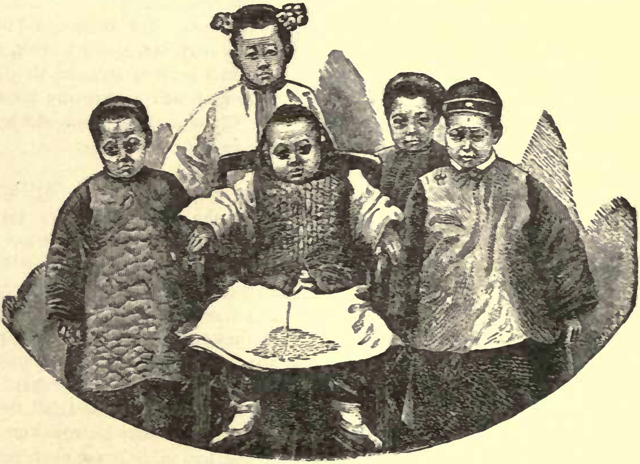


CHINESE CANAL AND BRIDGE.

STORIES FROM CHINA.

A GREAT DEAL has been said about the honor paid to parents among the Chinese. Reverence for one's ancestors is regarded as the chief virtue, and every effort is made to teach the children this duty. In every home there is set upon the wall a tablet on which are written the names of the ancestors of the family for four or five generations back, and before this tablet prayers are said and offerings are made by the children, as well as by other members of the household. Thus early taught to honor those who have gone before them, the young grow up with the thought that their first duty is to their parents.

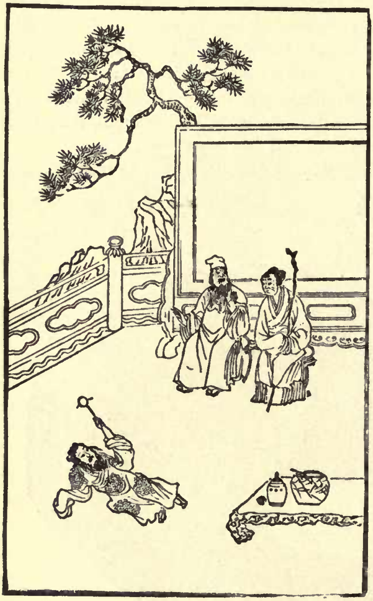
Even the government seeks in every way to encourage the practice of this virtue. Any special instances of filial piety are reported to the Emperor, and often petitions are forwarded to him asking him to make public mention of such cases as are known to the petitioners, for the encouragement of others in the practice of this virtue.



GROUP OF CHINESE CHILDREN.

A missionary in China wrote quite recently that the official newspaper of the Empire, *The Peking Gazette*, told the following story as if it were true. Perhaps the officials reasoned that to commend so excellent a virtue as filial piety, it was right to tell a falsehood. The story was that a certain young woman in Se Ts'wan, loved her father so much that when he was sick she made *a broth from her own liver*, and gave it him for his cure. And this official paper, after saying that the operation was not painful, gravely added that the filial devotion of the young woman was rewarded by the rapid healing of the wound, and that the Emperor had deigned to make public mention of this illustrious exhibition of filial piety. Reports of similar cases of devotion to parents often appear in this government newspaper.

An English missionary, Rev. A. E. Moule, has prepared a little volume of *Chinese Stories*, which he says he has taken from a book that is very popular in China. The Chinese book contains one hundred and two stories, with a picture designed to illustrate each tale. Every one of these stories is written to commend the practice of either filial or fraternal duties. But it will be seen from those we here give, that they quite overdo the matter, just as it is overdone in the story given above. People are not to be made good by telling them impossible stories of somebody's goodness.



PLAYING BEFORE HIS PARENTS.

Here are five or six of these stories from Mr. Moule's book, with an exact copy of some of the illustrations which accompany them in the Chinese book, from which Mr. Moule took them.

PLAYING HE WAS A CHILD.

In the Chow Dynasty (about three thousand years ago) there was a man named Laou Lai-tsze. When he was seventy years of age he used to put on bright and many colored clothes; and then he would play about like a child. Sometimes he would carry water into the hall, and pretend to stumble, and fall flat on the ground. Then he would cry and run up to his parents' side to please the old people, and all to make them forget, for a time at least, their own great age.

WEEPING OVER HIS MOTHER'S WEAKNESS.

There was once a man named Han. When he was a boy he misbehaved himself very often, and his mother used to beat him with a bamboo rod. One day he cried after the beating, and his mother was greatly surprised, and said: —

"I have beaten you many a time, and you have never cried before; why do you cry to-day?"

"Oh, mother," he replied, "you used to ***hurt*** me when you flogged me ; but now I weep because you are not strong enough to hurt me."

"It makes one weep," says the Chinese moralist, "even to read the story."

DUTIFUL LEE.

A man named Lee was very dutiful to his mother. She was naturally a very nervous woman, and always dreadfully frightened in a thunder-storm.

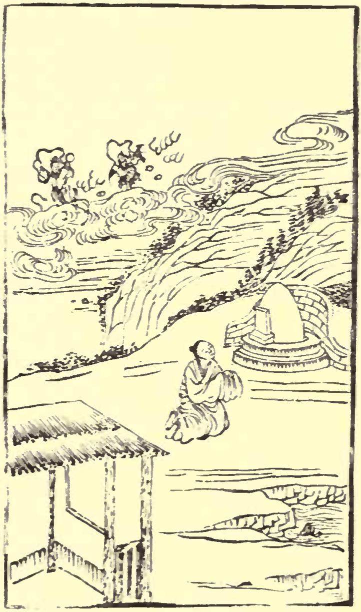
When she died, Lee buried his mother in a wood; and whenever the wind arose and a tempest threatened, he ran to the tomb, knelt down, and, with tears, cried out, —

"Lee is near you; don't be afraid, mother."

WOO-MANG.

There was a boy once named Woo-mang, or "Brave and Talkative." When only eight years old he was very dutiful to his parents.

They were very poor, and could not afford even mosquito-curtains for their bed in the summer, so their little boy used to get into his parents' bed early in the evening, and let the mosquitoes do their worst at biting him for an hour or two; and then, when they were surfeited with his blood, and fatigued with their venomous exertions, he got out, and called to his parents to sleep in peace.



DUTIFUL LEE AT HIS MOTHER'S TOMB.

MOTHER BEFORE FRIEND.

About eighteen hundred years ago there was a man named Mao, who entertained a friend, one Koh, and kept him to spend the night. Early on the following morning Mao killed a fowl for breakfast, and Mr. Koh flattered himself that it was for ***him***. But no! it was for Mao's old mother; and Mao and Koh sat down to nothing but greens and rice. When Koh saw this, he rose up from the table, bowed low to Mao, and said, —

"Well done, illustrious man!"

There is plenty of cordiality amongst ***friends*** in this world, but too much neglect of ***parents***. This example of old Mao's teaches us the right order of duties.

"YOUNG LAUDABLE."

There was once a little boy named Loh Tsih, or "Laudable Highland."

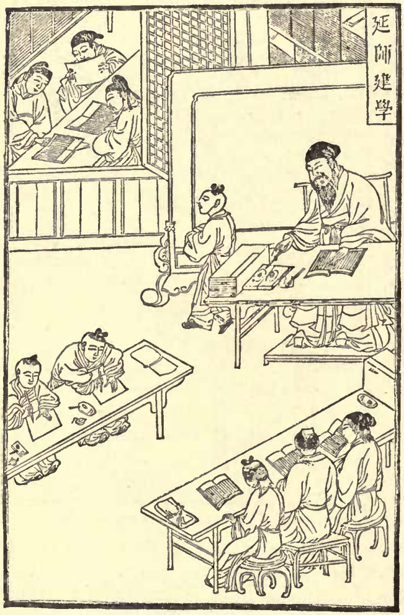
When he was six years old, in the city of Kew-Kiang he met a gentleman named Ze, who gave him two oranges, Young "Laudable" popped them into his bosom and then, remembering himself, he turned round and bowed his thanks. But as he bowed the oranges rolled out on to the ground. Ze exclaimed: —

"Here 's a pretty young visitor, to hide his oranges and carry them off without eating them! What does this mean?"

"Laudable" knelt down before the great gentleman and said: —

"My mother is particularly fond of oranges, and I wish to keep them for her."

Ze was greatly astonished, and let him go.



A CHINESE SCHOOL-ROOM.

Now are not these odd stories? The others are much like them, and all have the same moral. It certainly is a good moral, and perhaps the Chinese boys and girls are made more thoughtful about their parents because of these multiplied stories of good children. But children can be good and honor their parents most truly without doing the strange and often wicked things which the Chinese commend.

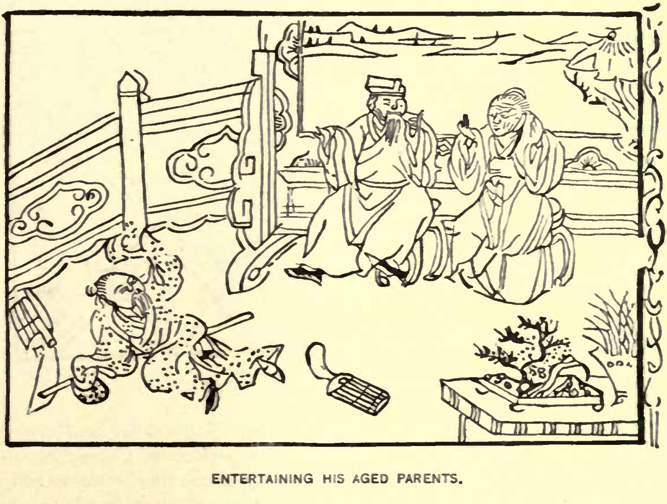
With almost no exceptions these stories are about dutiful *boys*. This shows how little is thought of girls in China. The birth of a boy in that land is an occasion of great rejoicing; but when a girl is born, the best thing that friends say is, "Well! girls are of *some* use!"

I am sure that if in America one were to tell a hundred stories of children who had been specially dutiful to their parents, a great many of them would be about girls. It is not that the Chinese think that boys need more instruction on this point than do girls, but simply because in their view boys are the only children of importance. Though in the cities and villages there are plenty of schools for boys, there is not in all China a school for girls, except those established by the Christian missionaries. To be sure girls are sometimes taught to read, but they never go to school with their brothers. While the missionaries need not say much to the Chinese about the duty of honoring parents, they do need to say much to parents about caring for their children, and especially for their girls. There are pitiful stories told of the way in which Chinese parents, who claim so much honor from their children, often abuse, and sell, and even slay their daughters.

MORE CHINESE STORIES.

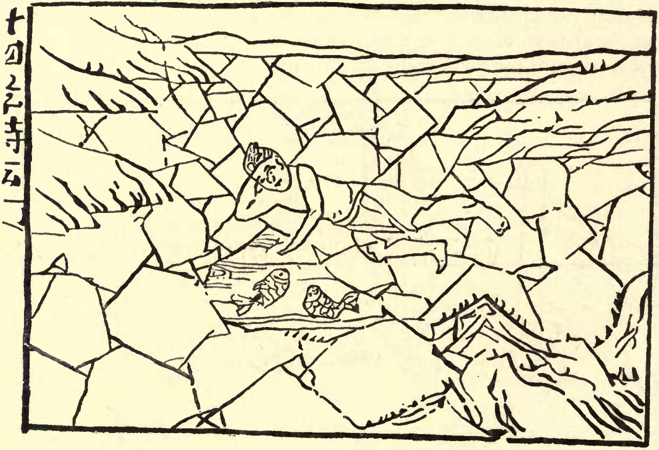
BY REV. HENRY P. PERKINS, TIENTSIN, CHINA.

I WONDER whether any of the boys and girls in America would like to know about some of the stories the Chinese boys and girls read in their story-books; that is, if they can read at all. Most of them, however, cannot read; so they have to remember the stories from hearing other people tell them. But they hear them told so often that they come to remember a great many, and I suppose the children about here could tell you not only those given below, but a great many more like them, and quite as good. The stories which I am going to give you are all of the same general character as those given in the preceding article, as you will notice; that is, they are about children who were very devoted to their parents. They not merely obeyed them, but, as you will see, thought of various ways to please them. I dare not say that any of these stories are true, and I feel certain that at least two of them are not; but not many of the Chinese children would think so, you may be sure, and you must judge for yourselves. The illustrations are copied directly from the Chinese book.



ENTERTAINING HIS AGED PARENTS.

The first picture is about a man who really lived long ago in China, but whether he really did what he is represented as doing in the picture, I cannot say. This man lived at the time David did, and you surely know when that was. He was a philosopher, too, and founded the Taoist sect. The man who is rolling on the floor, in the picture, is the man I am telling about. What has happened to him! Is he being stung to death by bees? Nothing of the kind. Do you not see how pleased the other two are at what he is doing? These are his parents, now very old; for Mr. Tao on the floor is himself seventy years old. And he is doing all this just to please his father and mother, who are so old that nothing else will please them. So he talks like a baby, puts on clothes of "five colors and all spotted and figured," gets his playthings and tumbles about on the floor, as though he were only seventy days old, instead of seventy years. Could anybody be more filial? You would say not; but I think you will change your mind when you know about the boy in the next picture.

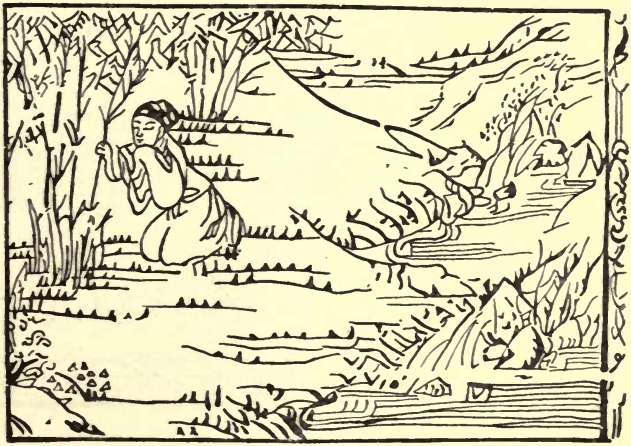


CATCHING FISHES THROUGH THE ICE.

While he was still very young, this boy's mother died, and his next mother, his step-mother, disliked him, — a sadly frequent experience of Chinese boys, — and she would often make up stories about him and accuse him before his father, so that his father also came to hate him. But one day, all at once, this step-mother fell very sick, and could eat nothing but a certain kind of fish, and the more she thought about it the more she wanted that fish. But it was winter, and the pond was frozen over; but what did this boy do but go to the pond, take off his clothes, and lie down on the ice, and soon the ice was thawed clear through, when the carp, just the kind his mother wanted, came "twos and twos jumping up." Then he takes them, returns home, and gives them to the undeserving step-mother, "all the village people wondering that his piety prevailed so much."

Had he taken a hatchet and chopped a hole through the ice, as you say you would have done, the fish never would have come near. It was the boy's devotion that led the fishes to devote themselves, showing the great influence of a good example.

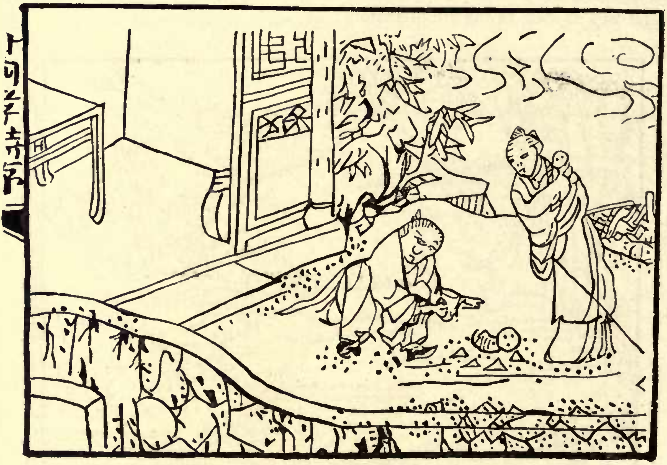
In the third picture a boy is pulling up bamboo shoots. Nothing very remarkable about that until you know how they came to grow. For it is not the season at all for them, but this boy made them grow by weeping many days over them — a very improbable thing, it seems to me; but the story says: " His tears so moved heaven and earth, that the earth at last cracked open and up came the shoots, which he pulls up and carries home to his mother, who has been sick now many a day, and who had long been wanting to taste just this thing. She began to get well as soon as she ate of them."



BAMBOO SHOOTS WATERED BY TEARS.

The picture on the next page is about a man more devoted, you will see, than any of the others. He lived two thousand years ago, and his name is given, as are the names of all the others. His family was very poor. He had a child three years old, and an old mother who lived with them, and every day she stinted herself that the others might have food. One day Mr. Chin said to his wife: " We are very poor. We cannot support this mother and ourselves. Had n't we better bury the child? For we may have another child sometime, but cannot have another mother." The wife dared not say no, and they had scooped out three feet of earth when they came upon a peck of yellow gold with this inscription upon it: " Heaven gives yellow gold to the filial son."

There are, in the book from which I have taken these stories, many others all about this same virtue. A great deal is said about brotherly kindness, and there is a Chinese proverb that " to go on a pilgrimage, to offer incense in a distant temple, is not so good as showing kindness at home." But comparatively little is made of the duties of parents to children, but much of the duties of children to parents. Perhaps there is nothing that the Chinese children are taught to esteem more highly than this filial piety. And so, when we preach to them, it is well to tell them often about our Heavenly Father, and that he wants us to try to please and honor him; to tell them that, while they say so much about "forgetting the foundation," meaning filial affection, they are all the time forgetting the great foundation, that is, their obligation to the real cause of their life. May the time soon come when they shall really believe in and daily serve the God who gives them their life.

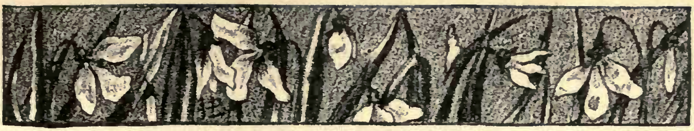


THE POT OF GOLD.

CHINESE PROVERBS.

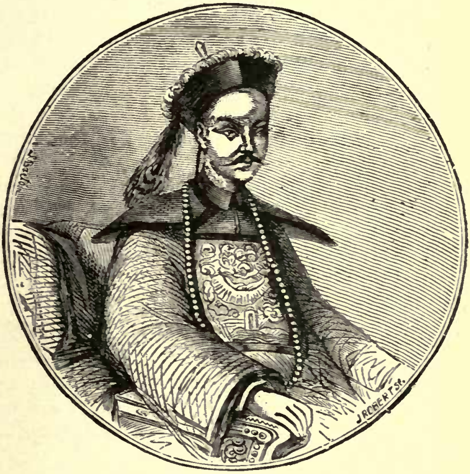
[From Rev. A. E. Moule's volume of "Chinese Stories."]

1. If you build your house by hard dealing, the gain won't last long.
2. Think of your *own* faults the first part of the night (when you are awake), and of the faults of *others* the latter part of the night (when you are asleep).
3. If you wish your children's good, always let them be three parts out of ten hungry and cold.
4. Clear and plain is the road to heaven, but the multitude are unwilling to keep it.
5. The recompense for the good and for the bad is like the shadow following the form.
6. You may offer clay loaves to Buddha (if only you first bribe the priest).
7. High heaven is not high; man's heart is ever higher.



PUNISHMENTS IN CHINA.

Almost everything about China is interesting to us in this Western world, for it is quite another world from ours. The "Celestials," as they call themselves, are in most of their habits and customs directly the opposite of Europeans and Americans, and their doings and sayings seem to us very amusing. But they are a sober, staid people, clinging to their customs and beliefs very closely. Yet, though hard to move, they are slowly yielding to influences from the outside world. It was a long while before they would consent to the introduction of any of the modern improvements, such as the telegraph, steamboats, and railroads, but already the telegraph lines are open between the principal cities, while the whistle of steamboats is heard all along the shores of the empire. It will not be a great many years, apparently, before the railroads will connect the interior provinces with the open ports.


J. ROBERTS SC.

PRINCE KUNG.

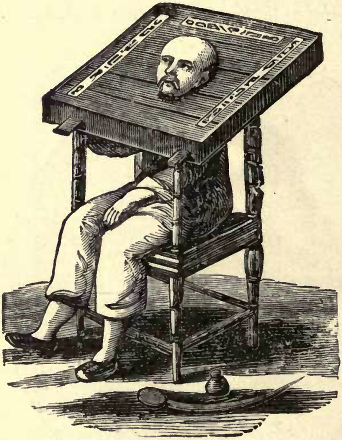
Recent events show that there are two parties among the Chinese: those who favor, and those who oppose, the coming of foreigners. It is not strange, in view of what some foreign nations have done and are now doing in China, that there is a deep dislike of them on the part of such as do not distinguish between those who come for gain and those who seek to do them good. Little by little, however, this distinction is seen, and we may hope that in time this anti-foreign party will disappear. Our missionaries are doing much to diminish its size.

China has among its rulers many very able men, like Prince Kung, for a long period the virtual sovereign of the empire, and Li Hung Chang, viceroy and governor of the province of Chihli, who has proved himself a true statesman, a promoter of the welfare of his people, and a friend to foreigners who come in a friendly spirit.

One of the best books about China is Dr. S. Wells Williams's work, entitled "The Middle Kingdom." It is full of all manner of interesting and instructive matter respecting the country and the people. One of the chapters is on the administration of the laws, and, as the publishers of the volumes have kindly given us the use of two of their cuts which represented the punishment of culprits, we will quote what Dr. Williams says of them.

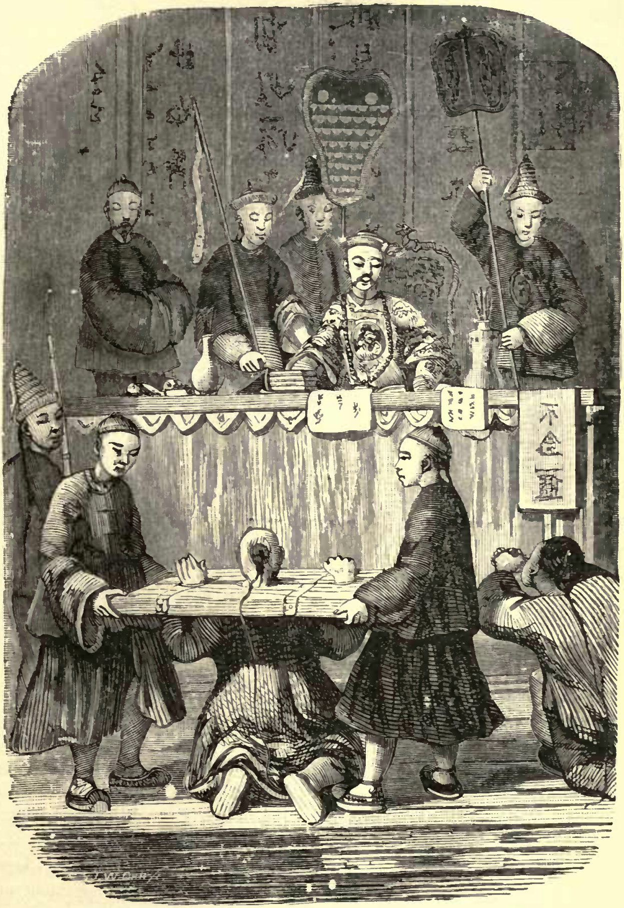
The cut on the opposite page represents a court of justice, of which it is said: —

"When in court the officer sits behind a desk upon which are placed writing materials; his secretaries, clerks, and interpreters being in waiting, and the lictors with their instruments of punishment and torture standing around. Persons who are brought before him kneel in front of the tribunal. His official seal, and cups containing tallies, which are thrown down to indicate the number of blows to be given the culprits, stand upon the table, and behind his seat a *ki-lin*, or unicorn, is depicted on the wall. There are inscriptions hanging around the room, one of which exhorts him to be merciful. There is little pomp or show, either in the office or attendants, compared with our notions of what is usual in such matters among Asiatics. The former is a dirty, unswept, tawdry room, and the latter are beggarly and impertinent. Of course there is no such thing as a jury, or a chief justice, stating the case to associate judges to learn their opinion; nor is anything like an oath required of the witnesses."



THE CANGUE.

One way in which evidence is sought is by torture, a method once employed even in England. No wonder that people dread to come before the courts when they may be whipped even to death, and no wonder when thus treated many confess crimes of which they are not guilty. In the picture of the court, opposite, you will see on the right hand the son of the criminal kneeling before the judge, asking that he may be permitted to bear his father's punishment. Whether such cases are very common we do not know, but they are often told about. One of the stories which Chinese boys and girls read very frequently is of the son of a man who had been condemned to death for treason. This boy, only fifteen years of age, went before the emperor and entreated to be allowed to die in his father's stead. The emperor was so much pleased with the lad's filial piety that he not only set his father free but proposed to give the boy a title which meant "Perfectly dutiful." And what do you think the story says the boy did? He did not go home with his father, glad that both were free, but he exclaimed: "It is right and just for a son to die when his father is disgraced; but what disgrace can be compared with the idea of gaining honor at a father's expense? I respectfully decline your majesty's proposed distinction." But remember that this is a *story*.

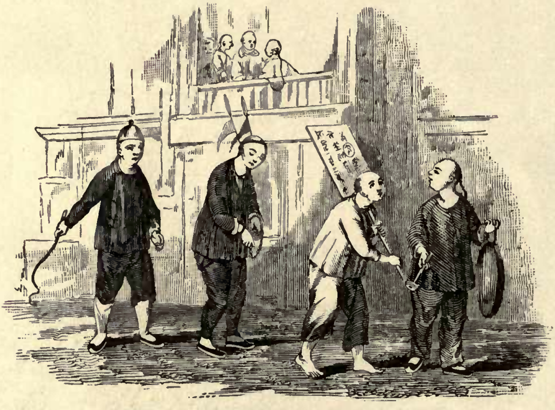


A CHINESE COURT.

The *cangue*, or wooden frame, which is seen in the picture placed around the neck of a prisoner, is often put upon debtors who cannot pay what they owe. It is said to carry no disgrace with it, and that it causes little pain. But if one were compelled to sit in the streets of America in such a position as is here represented we are afraid that boys would laugh at him. Of this cangue Dr. Williams says: —

"Public exposure in the *kia*, or cangue, is considered rather as a kind of censure or reprimand than a punishment, and carries no disgrace with it, nor comparatively much bodily suffering if the person be fed and screened from the sun. The frame weighs between twenty and thirty pounds, and is so made as to rest upon the shoulders without chafing the neck, but so broad as to prevent the person feeding himself. The name, residence, and offence of the delinquent are written upon it for the information of every passer-by, and a policeman is stationed over him to prevent escape."

Another punishment, which is shown in the cut on this page, Dr. Williams describes as follows: —

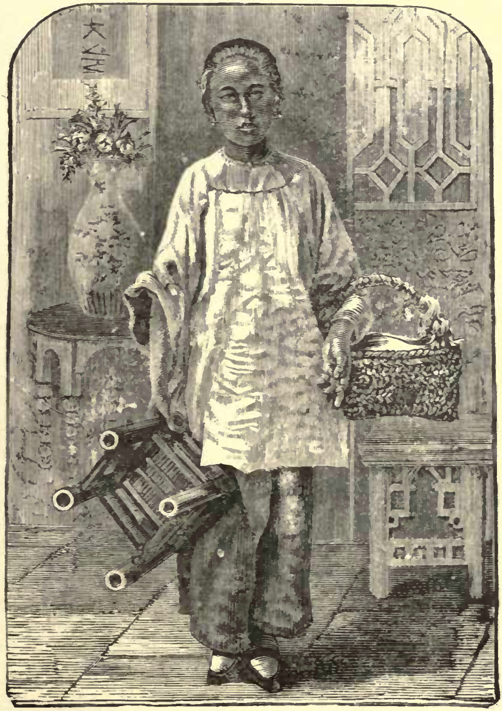


WHIPPING A PRISONER THROUGH THE STREETS.

"Whipping a man through the streets as a public example to others is frequently practised upon persons detected in robbery, assault, or some other minor offences. The man is manacled, and one policeman goes before him carrying a tablet, on which are written his name, crime, and punishment, accompanied by another holding a gong. In some cases little sticks bearing flags are thrust through his ears, and the lictor appointed to oversee the fulfilment of the sentence follows the executioner, who strikes the criminal with his whip or rattan as the rap on the gong denotes that the appointed number is not yet complete."

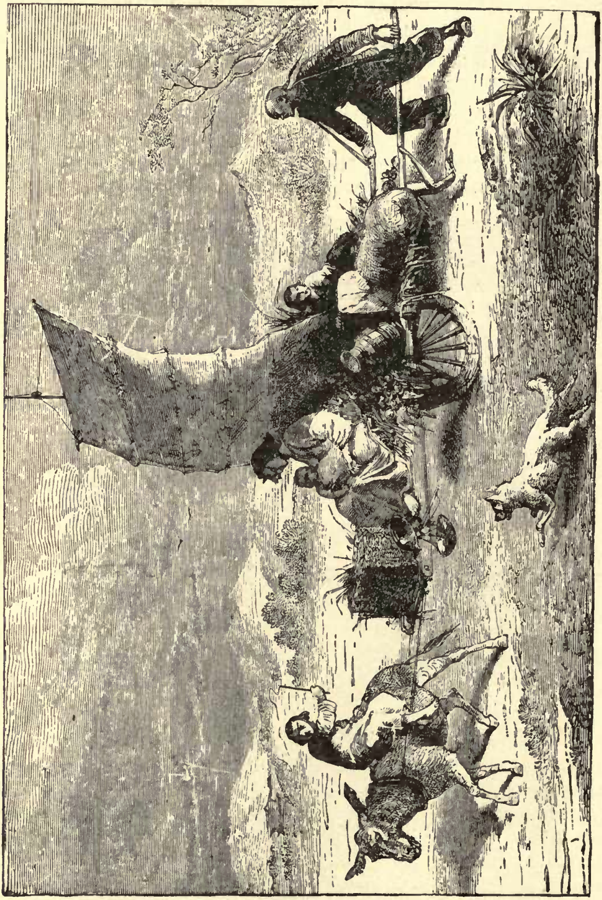
We cannot hope that when the Christian religion is known throughout China that there will be no criminals to be punished, for, alas! there are evildoers in Christian lands. But we may hope that justice will be more strictly administered, and that there will be more mercy shown to those who have offended.

THE SUPERSTITIONS OF THE CHINESE.



A CHINESE CLOTHES MENDER.

The Chinese are classed among civilized nations, and certainly they are very far above the degraded inhabitants of many portions of Africa or of the islands of the Pacific. They are called an educated people, though it is a question how much this education amounts to beyond the ability to repeat the words of their classical writers. But they have cities, and temples, and works of art, and books, and their government is by law, and they cannot be denied the name of a civilized people. Yet for all this they are superstitious and blind as to social and religious duties. Girls like this clothes mender in the picture go about the streets in many provinces of China, with work-basket and stool, ready to do any mending that may be offered them. They have to hobble over the road, for their feet have been bound until they are all out of shape. This poor girl, when she was eight or ten years old, had to have her toes tied under her feet, and the bandages tightly drawn, so that for months she suffered tortures, simply to make her feet small. "Three-inch golden lilies," the Chinese call these misshapen little feet, thinking it a disgrace to let them grow naturally. Is it not strange that the people insist upon a practice which is so utterly useless,



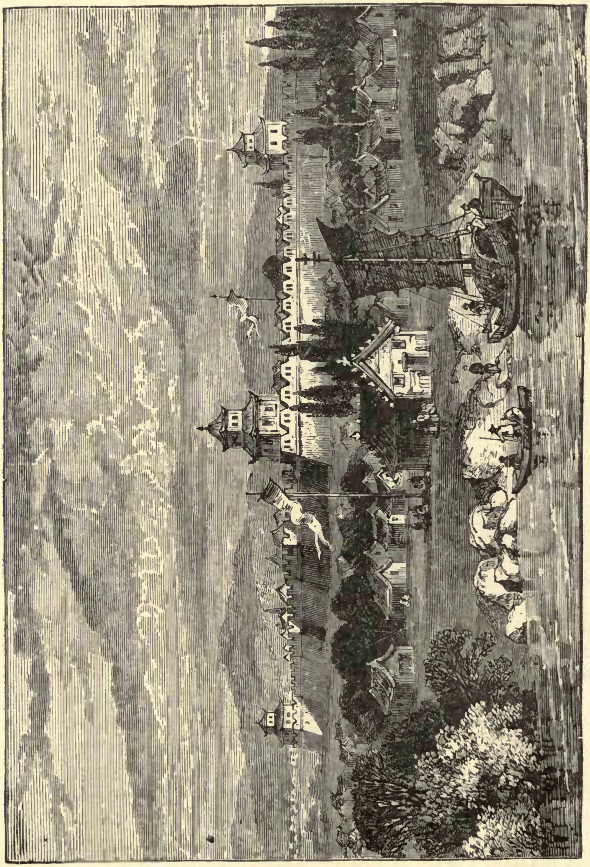
TRAVELLING BY WHEELBARROW.

and which gives such torture to the girls? They suffer sadly for a year or two while their feet are being cramped, being unable to so much as touch them to the floor, and after this they can never walk without pain. Yet the missionaries have found it very difficult to break up the custom, even among those who have become Christians. Many parents take their daughters away from the Christian schools when it is made a condition of their staying that they unbind their feet.

The Chinese are not naturally cruel, and yet they do not seem to care much for their daughters, at least while they are young. It cannot be denied that in some provinces parents think little or nothing of putting their female children to death. Mothers will freely tell of their having destroyed one or more daughters while they were infants. A missionary writes of a woman who not long since expressed her surprise at seeing him so sad when his little daughter died: "Just as if she had been a boy," she said. A story is told of a vessel which some years ago was coming down the river to Amoy. A missionary who was on board noticed floating on the water a jar of a peculiar shape, from which a cry came. The boatmen proposed to push on without regard to what might be in the jar. But the missionary insisted on saving, if possible, the girl who, he suspected, had been thrown away by her parents. He succeeded in getting the jar, and found in it a poor baby girl, not so exhausted but that she could be restored. She lived and grew up among Christian people, and is now the wife of a native Christian preacher. The girls in Christian lands ought certainly to pray for their sisters in China.

Though the Chinese are an ingenious people, they are very clumsy in many of their methods of living and working. The picture on the opposite page shows how people have to travel in some of the provinces. This one-wheeled wheelbarrow is drawn by a donkey and pushed and guided by a man, who has no easy task to keep his load from upsetting. When the wind is fair a sail is raised, and the traveler sails along at the rate of, perhaps, two miles an hour. The Chinese do not welcome inventions for saving labor. It was proposed not long since to build a railroad to transport the coal to Tientsin, which is now brought on camels with much labor and at great cost. The government was asked to allow the construction of the railway. But the officials in their answer gave three reasons why the railroad could not be built: First, because of engineering difficulties; second, because the people would object; and third, because ***Fung-shui*** would be disturbed. Now this ***Fung-shui*** means about what we mean by "good luck." The Chinese suppose that good or bad luck belong to certain places, certain days, or to the particular height at which an object is placed above the ground, or to the angle at which it stands. A place that at one time has ***Fung-shui***, or "good luck," may lose it if a new road or bridge should be built, or some change be made in the landscape. Hence the Chinese are very loth to have any great alterations made in their surroundings. And so this official document from the learned officers at Peking said concerning the objections made to building the needed railroad, that the first and second. the engineering difficulties and the opposition of the people, might, perhaps, be surmounted, but that the third objection, that from ***Fung-shui*** was insuperable. So their doctrine of "good luck" keeps the locomotive out of North China.

For fifty years now the missionaries of the American Board have been laboring for China. At first the effort was to get permission to stay there; then for long years they must labor to master the difficult language, and to translate the Bible and Christian books into Chinese. But the whole empire is now open, and if Christians were ready to do so, they might settle in any of the provinces, several of which have a population nearly as large as that of the whole United States.

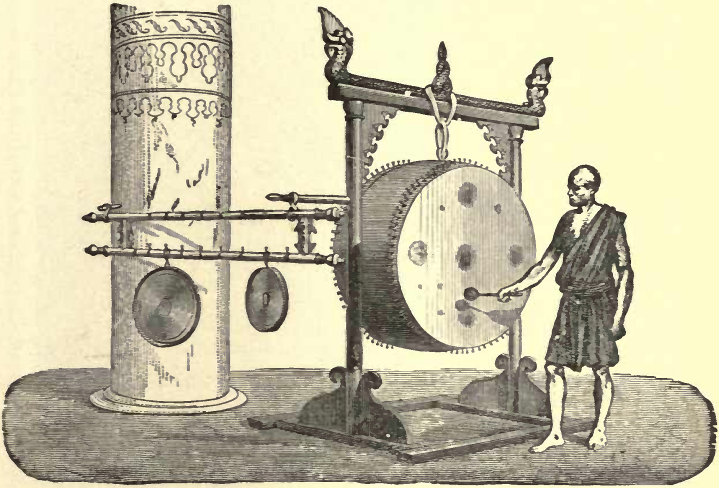


THE CITY OF TIENTSIN, NORTH CHINA.

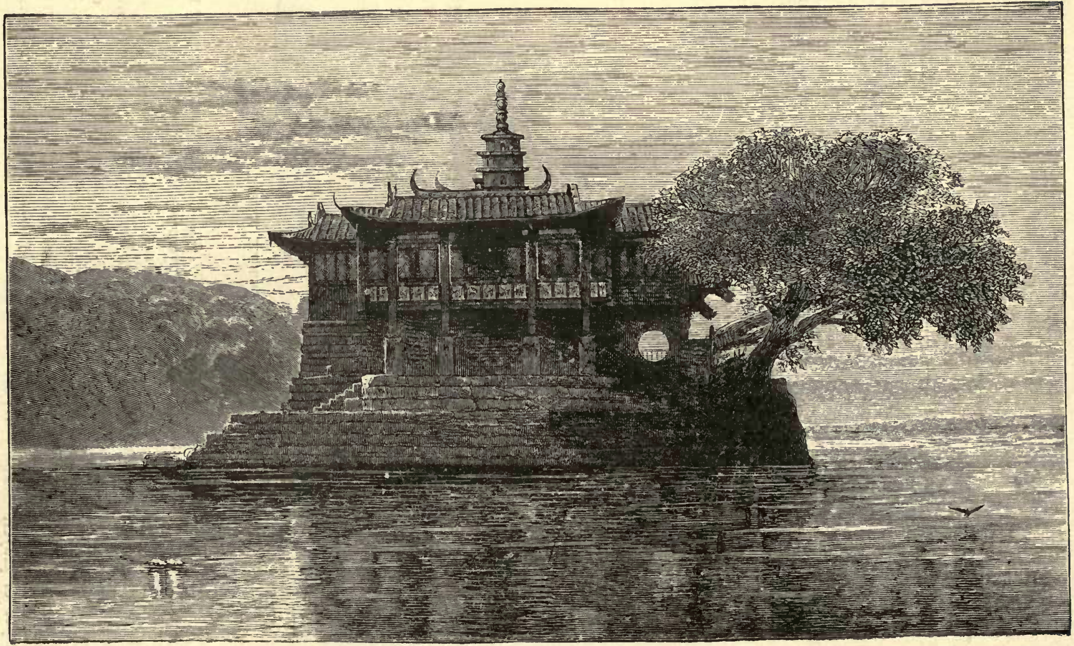
The American Board has now twenty-six ordained missionaries and twenty-two churches included in its four missions within the Empire. One of the stations in the North China Mission is Tientsin, the port of Peking, represented above. Do not forget the hundreds of millions of Chinese who as yet have never heard that God has sent his Son to be the Saviour of the world.

CALLING THE GODS TO PRAYER

We are told that it is one of the notions of the Chinese, and indeed of almost all the heathen, that their gods, since they care little for men, will not listen to any prayers or worship unless some great noise is made to keep their attention. The Bible tells us that when the priests of Baal on Mount Carmel called on their god to let fire come down upon his altar, Elijah mocked them and said: "Cry aloud, for he is a god: either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is on a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth and must be awakened" (1 Kings xviii. 27). This was just what those priests supposed might be true, and so the Chinese think of their gods as, perhaps, absent or sleepy, and they must do something to call them and keep them awake while their prayers are offered. For this purpose they sometimes use bells, not as we do to call the people together, but to call the god. In Northern China they use drums, like the one represented above. Gongs are also used, and sometimes fire-crackers. The noises of our Fourth of July are such as the Chinese think they must keep up while worshiping, lest their god should fall asleep. Pray for these millions of people, that they may soon learn of him who is ready, anywhere and at any hour, to hear the slightest whisper of prayer.



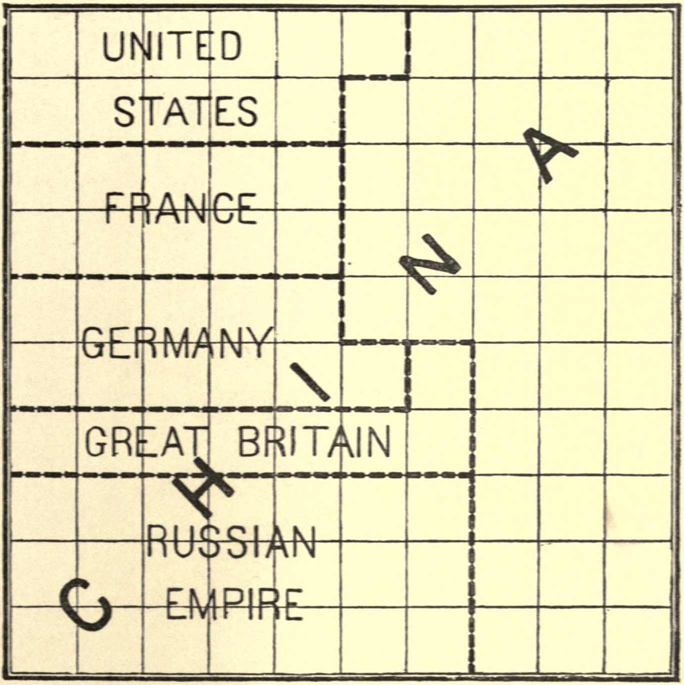
DRUM AND GONGS OF A CHINESE TEMPLE.



CHINESE TEMPLE IN THE MIN RIVER, ABOVE FOOCHOW.

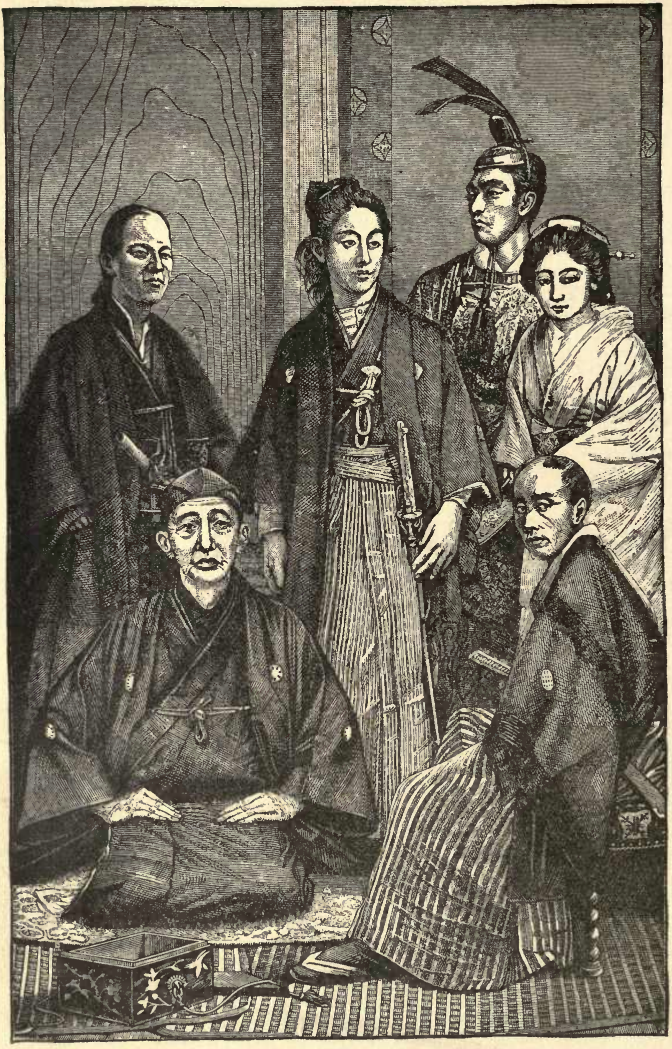
CHINA AND THE GREAT NATIONS.

THE diagram given below presents to the eye, as nearly as possible, the main facts concerning the population of five great nations compared with the population of China, on the assumption that China has four hundred millions. Each of the small squares represents four millions of souls. One hundred of these squares, therefore, or the whole number embraced in the diagram, may stand for China.



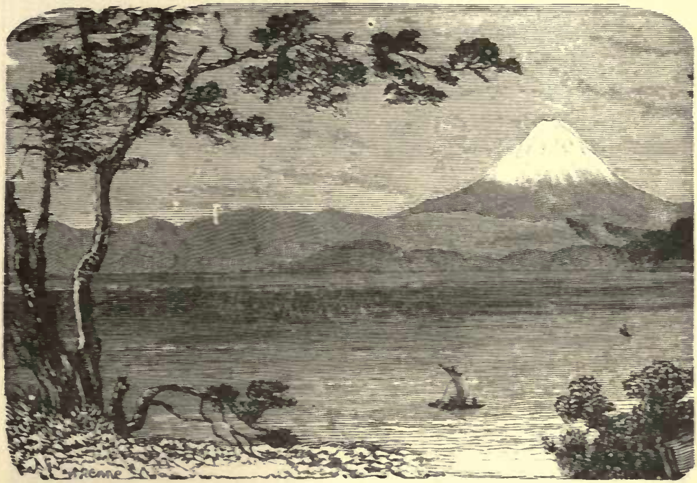
On this surface the United States takes, approximately, eleven squares; France, ten; Germany, eleven; Great Britain, eight; and Russia, twenty-one. The aggregate population of these five nations equals only sixty-one one-hundredths of the number of souls in the Chinese Empire. And for China's four hundred million souls there are not much more than three hundred missionaries.

JAPAN.



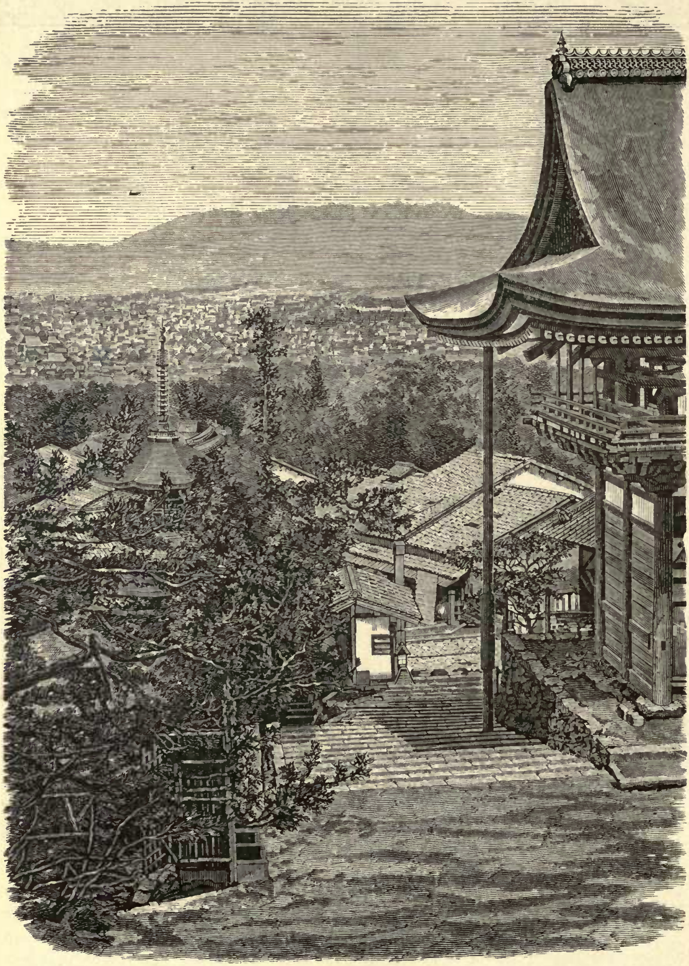
THE EMPIRE OF THE MIKADO.

In writing for young people about Japan, as we propose to do in this section, it is fitting that the first picture and the first words should be of the object which is first seen as one approaches Japan, namely, Fuji-yama, or, as it is not inappropriately called, "The Matchless Mountain." This mountain is more than twice as high as Mt. Washington, and rising out of the fertile plain its snowy summit glistens for ten months in the year, in striking contrast with the verdure below. The Japanese think that nothing can be more majestic than their mountain, and in almost all their pictures it finds a place, either in the foreground or the background. It is to them not only matchless in beauty, but also very sacred. The legend told is that the mountain rose from the plain in one night, and was ascended first by a holy man, who was the founder of the Shinto religion, the oldest religion of Japan. There are only two months of



FUJI-YAMA, THE MATCHLESS MOUNTAIN.

the year during which Fuji is sufficiently free from snow to allow the ascent to be made, but during those months crowds of pilgrims climb the steep cone, a task which is performed with the utmost difficulty. These pilgrims are generally dressed in white, and most of them are rough, coarse men. They say that their object in climbing the mountain is to secure the aid of a spirit dwelling



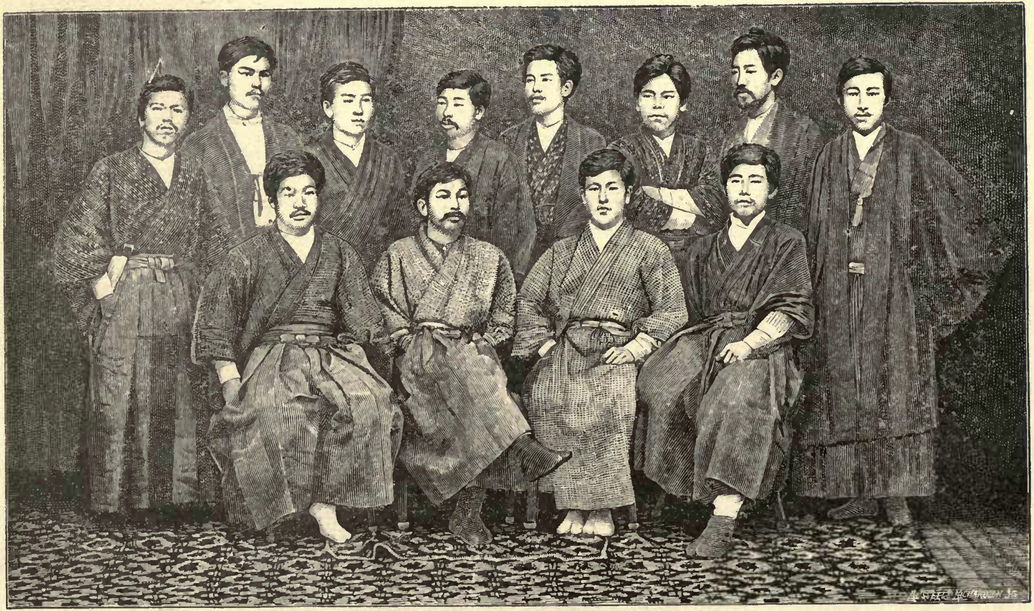
KIOTO, THE SACRED CITY.

there, who can make them holy. On reaching the summit, near which is the crater of a volcano no longer active, these pilgrims worship before some stone idols, and then return below to live just as wickedly as they did before their pilgrimage. There is nothing in the religions of Japan to make men holy. The visiting of sacred places and the solemn bowing in beautiful temples or on "The Matchless Mountain" before gods of wood or stone, cannot cleanse human hearts, or make these hearts love what is pure.

Japan has a "Sacred City," Kioto, a view of which is given on the opposite page. This city is twenty-seven miles from the Inland Sea, as the beautiful bay between the mainland and the islands of Shikoku and Kiushiu is called, and was formerly the capital of the empire. Here the Mikado resided, and here are beautiful temples of the two chief religions of Japan, Buddhism and Shintoism. The Mikado, or Emperor of Japan, belongs to the oldest ruling family in the world. Long before Christ came to earth his ancestors were on the throne. The old belief regarding the Mikados was that they were not ordinary mortals, but descended from heaven. Among the titles given them were, "Son of Heaven," "Heaven-King," "The Forbidden Interior," and when they died they were supposed to take their places among the gods. So sacred were they that it was not permitted to speak the name of the living Mikado aloud, or to write it out in full. In order to foster this notion of unearthly power and majesty, no one was allowed to look upon the person of the Mikado. He lived in absolute seclusion, and even when high officials came near him he was concealed in immense folds of flowing drapery. His palace grounds at Kioto were shut in by a wall so high that only the tops of the trees were to be seen from without. Thus in every way the Mikado was separated from the people, and an air of mystery thrown around him which kept the people in awe of his power. It is only recently that all this has passed away. Kioto, though still regarded as a sacred city, is no longer the capital. The Mikado has removed to the old city of Yedo, changing its name to Tokio, meaning "the Eastern Capital," and there he allows himself to be seen by the people, much as other sovereigns do.

In the picture of Kioto there is seen in the foreground a portion of a fine Buddhist temple, from whose court you look across the beautiful valley in which the city is built. The numerous temples of the city, with their extensive grounds filled with noble trees, make it exceedingly attractive, and the worshipers of idols gather here in large numbers. Until within a few years the city was wholly given to idolatry. No Protestant missionary had ever stepped foot there, except for a single day, until 1872, when Messrs. Gulick and Greene obtained passes to visit the place. The American Board has now more missionaries in Kioto than in any other city of the Empire, and in Japan's "Sacred City" there are churches in which there are no idols. Here is the Training School, from which, in 1879, fifteen native young men were graduated, a picture of whom is given on the next page. Most of them are now preaching Christ to their countrymen in different parts of the Empire. In 1884 there were 180 pupils in this school, a large number of them preparing for the ministry.

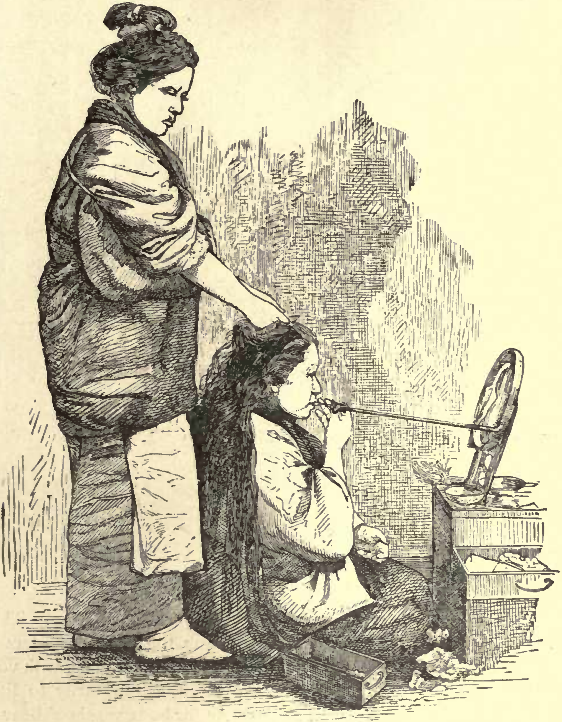
It is only recently that the people of Japan have learned anything of the manners and customs of other nations, and their own ways of living are as yet



FIRST GRADUATES OF KIOTO TRAINING SCHOOL, 1879.

Okada. Morita. Fuwa. Kosaki. Ise. Kanamori. Ebina. Yamasaki.
Ichihara. Miyagawa. Kato. Yoshida.

little affected by what they have seen of the outside world. As the fronts of their houses are open to the street, the occupations of the family often afford much amusement to the American or European traveler. Sometimes he will see the housewife grinding rice. She sits on the floor, Japanese fashion, ties back her sleeves, covers her head with a blue cloth, and attends to her work, quite unmindful of the passers-by. In passing a barber's shop one will often see a woman having her hair dressed. This is a very long process, for the Japanese give special attention to the appearance of their hair. In order not to tumble it after it is dressed, the people sleep on a pillow which is often nothing but a block of wood, and placed not under the head, but under the neck, so that nothing shall touch the carefully arranged top-knots. In the cut, the woman, while under the hands of the barber, is taking the opportunity to smoke. Here is the green-grocer, who carries vegetables and fruit in baskets hanging from a pole which he suspends over his shoulder. He uses his staff for the double purpose of an aid in walking and a support for his pole while



A BARBER'S SHOP.

stopping at a door to trade. Sometimes these market men will spend half an hour haggling over the paltry sum of one rin, equal to one tenth of a cent. When the bargain is finished they will move on, half running, shouting their wares as they go.

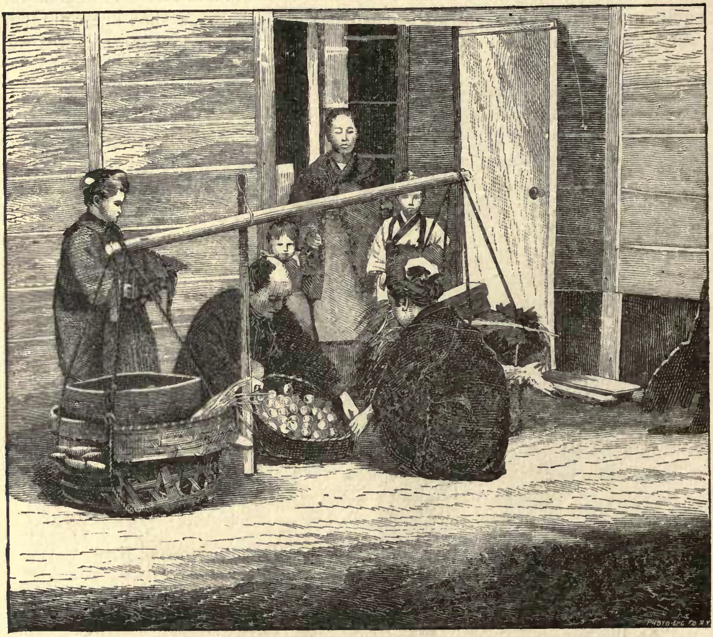
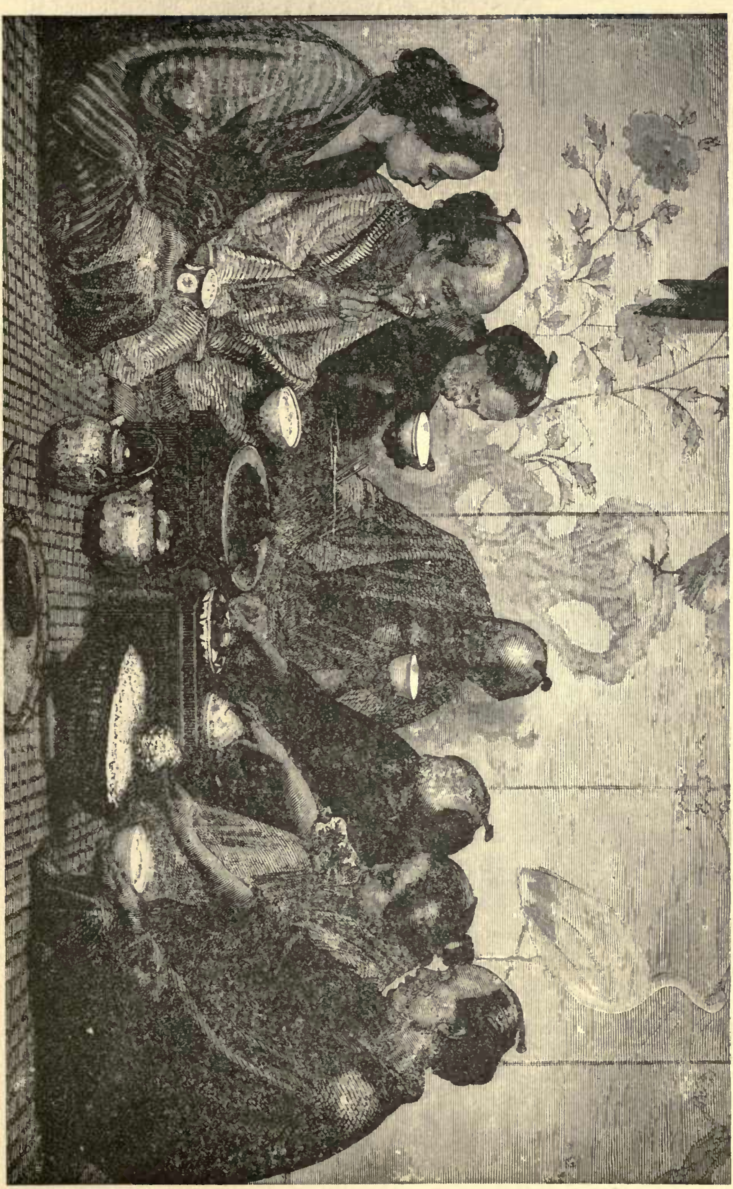


PHOTO-ENG. CO. N.Y.

A JAPANESE GROCER.

On the next page is a picture of a Japanese family at dinner. They sit, as you see, on the floor, while the dishes containing the food are placed in the centre of the group. The food consists largely of rice and fish, with vegetables. The furniture of the rooms is very simple, amounting ordinarily to little more than some mats and a few trays and dishes. As for beds, we should say they had none. They place mats under them on the floor, and a coverlid over them, and if they have besides a padded block for a pillow they ask for nothing more. The houses consist of little else than outside walls, of one story, the partitions between the rooms being made of paper screens, easily moved, so that the inside of the house can be arranged at any moment in whatever shape the family may desire. In the day time the whole space can be thrown into a parlor, and in the night into sleeping rooms.

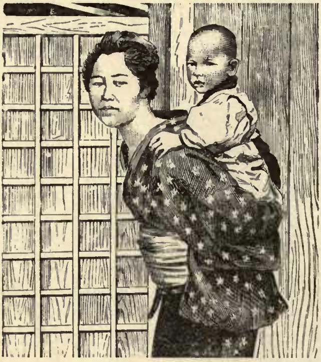
These interesting people, who live in ways that are so strange to us, impress many travelers as being very happy, but Mrs. Cary, of Okayama, who has sent us some of these sketches of Japanese life, says the women of America know



JAPANESE FAMILY AT DINNER.

little of the sad and toilsome lives of their sisters in that land. The women work in the fields, guiding the plow with their babies on their backs, or standing at their tasks on the rice plantations ankle-deep in the mud. Worse than all, there are as yet comparatively few Christian homes where these women can find the gentleness and purity which the gospel inspires. But many such homes, we believe, will be found in Japan within a few years.

More than three hundred years ago the Jesuits went from Spain and Portugal to Japan, and prosecuted a mission, making, so far as mere baptism could make them, many converts. The forms of worship used by the Buddhists are not markedly different from the ceremonials of Romanism, and these Jesuit priests easily made over the idols of Buddha into images of Christ. The Japanese Goddess of Mercy they called the Virgin Mary. Processions of priests clad in gorgeous vestments and carrying gilt crosses marched through the land, in some places commanding the people to become Christians, or else be banished from their homes and country" They even killed many of the pagan priests. For a time they seemed to carry all before them, and after a few years numbered more than half a million "converts," such as they were.



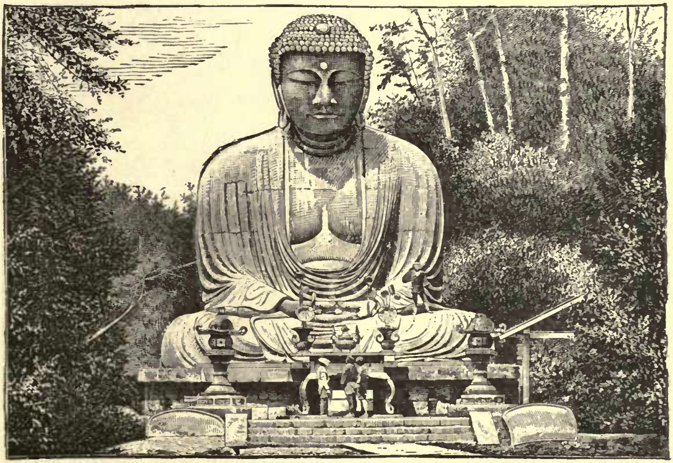
CARRYING THE BABY.

The prejudices of the people were finally aroused by being told by these Jesuits that the pope was their rightful ruler. The Japanese resented the idea that a foreigner should rule over them, and after a long series of bitter persecutions they exterminated the Christians. Over the pit in which hundreds of the slain were buried the following inscription was placed : *As long as the sun shall warm the earth, let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan; and let all know that the King of Spain himself, or the Christian's god, or the great God of all, if he violate this command, shall pay for it with his head.* By the Christian's god they probably meant the pope, and the pope certainly they have kept from their land. But the great God of all they have not and cannot shut out. One of the greatest obstacles our missionaries have met in Japan has been the prevalent notion that Christianity means Romanism. Now, however, this notion is rapidly passing away, and the people believe that the new religion is not designed to bring them under a foreign yoke. If they do not welcome the gospel, they at least listen to it. The natives themselves are becoming able and earnest preachers of the truth, and are going to different parts of the empire to tell the glad news of a Saviour of whom they have heard. On the "Sunrise Kingdom" a better sun than any heretofore seen there is rising, and wonderful changes are taking place. Let every one who loves the Kingdom of God look for and pray for the coming of that Kingdom in Japan.

OLD JAPAN.

No country has awakened such interest in recent years as has Japan. There is in that Empire a wonderful people with a wonderful history, and the world has but just begun to know about them. Recent books speak about an old and a new Japan. The new Japan began fifteen years ago; the old Japan is centuries older than our nation. It is not meant that there are two countries of that name, as when we speak of New England and Old England, but the change in that Empire has been so great that it seems like another nation.

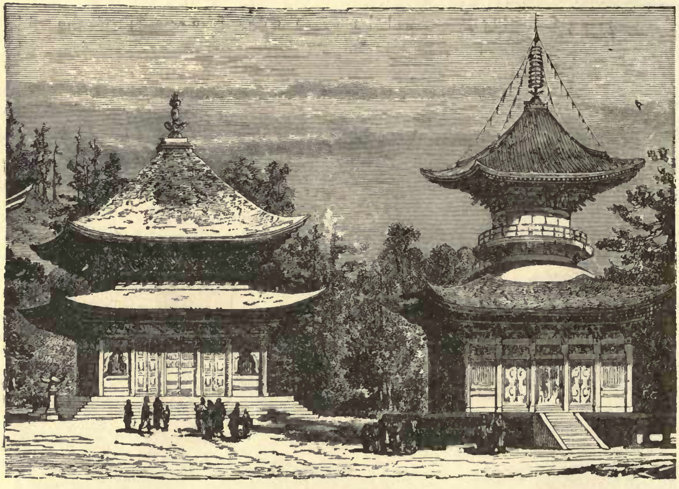
Upon the following pages will be given some illustrations of the old Japan. Two principal forms of religion have prevailed—Shintoism and Buddhism. The latter is a very sad faith, teaching that the souls of men have lived in a previous state of existence, and that they must pass on from one state to another, suffering in them all until, possibly, they may arrive at what is called Nirvana, which is a sleep, with no consciousness of existence. Because they think that these changes from one form of existence to another will be full of misery, their great desire is speedily to reach Nirvana, or unconsciousness. And so it is said that to repeat to a Japanese those sweet words: "The gift of God is eternal life," or "He that believ-



Great Buddha. Bronze idol, 50 feet high.

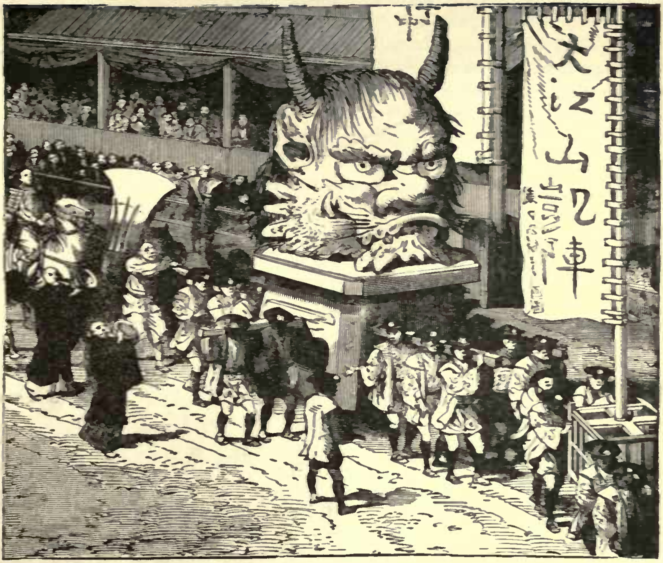
eth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live," is to say what is very painful to him. He has such sad ideas of the future that he does not wish for eternal life.

The picture on the preceding page represents an immense image of Buddha, in this sleep called Nirvana. This idol is at Kamakura, not far from Yedo, and is said to be a work of high art. You will see how immense it is by the comparative size of the grown men who are standing at its base. A small altar stands before the idol, for the burning of incense, and over its head are rows of snail-shells. There is a door on its back through which any one can pass into the hollow body, where little gilt images are ranged on shelves. In 1611, a few years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, an English naval captain visited this idol and wrote his name inside of it. In 1871, a Christian gentleman from America sat on one of the thumbs of the idol and sang the doxology. It will not be long, if Christians are faithful, before the people who now worship a sleeping god will learn of Him who neither slumbers nor sleeps.



Temple of Hachiman, God of War.

Kamakura was anciently the military capital of the empire. At this place there is a famous shrine of Hachiman, built eight hundred years ago. Hachiman was a noted warrior, and after his death was deified. In many parts of Japan there are temples dedicated to him, but this temple at Kamakura, represented above, is the finest of all. It has a rich museum of armor and weapons, and contains also two monstrous idols, carved in wood and covered with vermilion. Offerings are brought the idols, of a singular sort, being nothing else than immense straw shoes for their feet. Thousands of these shoes are hung about the temple. Is it not strange and sad that people who know how to build such fine structures should know nothing about the true God?



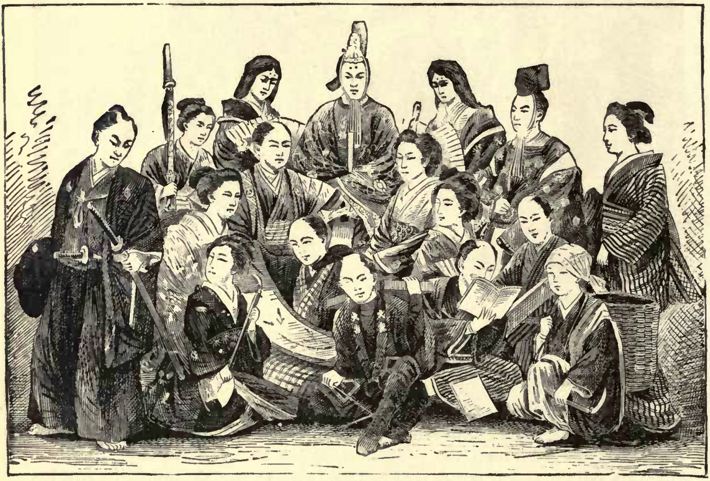
A Japanese Matsuri.

Matsuri, or religious festivals, are observed all over the country. The chief feature of them is the procession, which is often four or five miles long. The people dress in their gayest clothing, many of them grotesquely, and with trumpets and banners they bring out immense images of idols, and bear them through the streets. These images represent not their god, but their devil, and the procession is not in his honor but to rejoice over his defeat and capture. They have caught the demon and show his hideous head in triumph. The scene is thoroughly pagan, and is often marked by wildest mirth and drunkenness. Alas for the poor revellers! Instead of their capturing the evil one, they are themselves caught by him. May they soon learn that they can triumph over him, not by dragging his image, but by resisting him in the strength of a Divine Saviour.

The people are singularly divided into classes throughout Japan. The Mikado, or Emperor, was formerly supposed to be divine, and was worshiped, but never seen. In the new Japan he has become an emperor like those in other nations. The picture of Buddha and the engraving upon the next page are to be found in an interesting volume for young people, published by the American Tract Society, entitled "Life and Adventure in Japan." The author, Mr. Clark, has given the following description of the several classes: —

"In ancient times society was divided into four classes. The first constituted the literary and military class, called the Samurai. The second, strange as it may seem, was the agricultural class, or common farmer. The third was the laboring class, or carpenter and artisan. The fourth was the trading or money-making class, the merchant. These were the chief classes that existed from 1604 until 1868. The Samurai stood at the head of the social scale. He was the gentleman — the soldier in war and the scholar in peace. He could wield either the sword or the pen. Of the two, he rather preferred the sword. He might walk the streets without a hat, but never without wearing his two swords.

"In the picture representing the classes of society in Japan, the Samurai is seen standing on the left, with his long and short swords thrust in his belt. In the middle of the picture, sitting upon the ground, is the carpenter, who carries a square rule. The man with a book is a street story-teller; and the girl on the right, with a sickle, is a farmer's daughter who cuts grass, and carries it in the basket on her back. The girl sitting on the left, with a musical instrument, is playing on the *samisen*, or three-stringed banjo, which is more popular than any other kind of music. The strings are struck with a piece of ivory. The man with a brick-shaped hat on the right of the group is a Ku-Ge, or court noble. The central and highest figure is dressed in the style which once prevailed at the court of the Tycoon. But these ridiculous fashions are now nearly abolished. The two ladies on either side of the highest figure are members of the Mikado's court. Two dots upon their foreheads denote their high rank. All the other ladies have their hair dressed in the style of the middle classes of society. The men have their heads shaved at the top, in the old-fashioned way. The Samurai have the family crests upon their clothing."

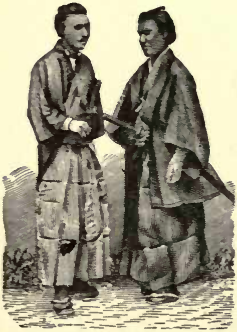


Representative Classes of Japanese Society.

In the new Japan these class distinctions are breaking down; and the people of all classes are receiving the gospel.

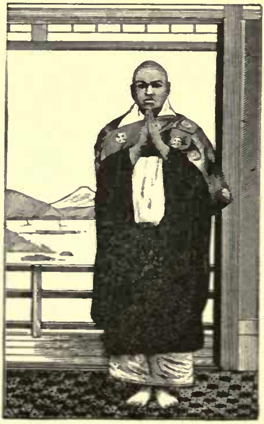
THE SUNRISE KINGDOM.

So the Japanese call their land. It is indeed a lovely land, made picturesque by wooded hills, and glorious views of sea and sky, and crowned by the sacred mountain Fuji, the pride of all dwellers upon the many islands composing the Empire. The summers are warm and rainy, but the climate in general is so pleasant that the people can live out doors most of the time. The winter is so mild that in Tokio the trees are always green and flowers are in bloom. You will find on another page a picture of a street in Tokio, and Fuji may be dimly seen in the distance.



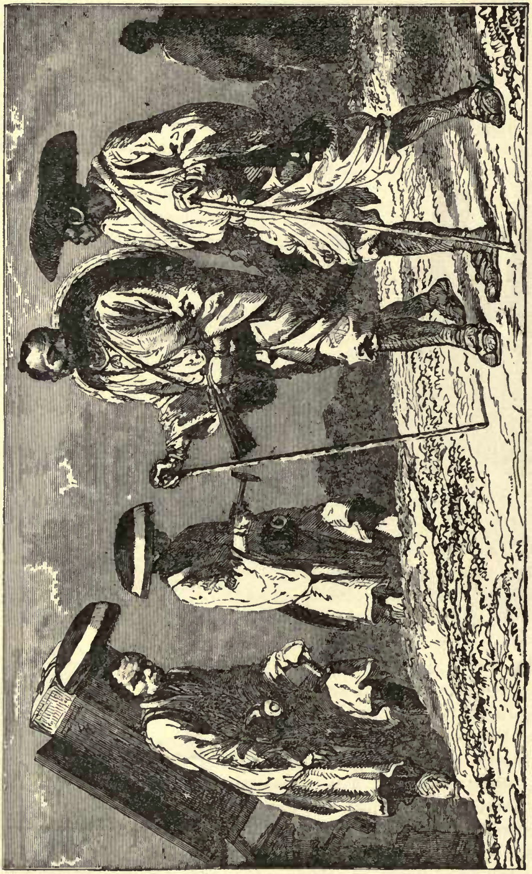
SAMURAI.

In the year 1549, Francis Xavier and other Roman Catholic missionaries went to Japan. They had some success in making converts, but when they told the people that the Pope claimed the right to rule over all the world, they were expelled, and all their followers put to death. Because the Japanese greatly feared that Christianity would bring them under the dominion of a foreign power, edicts were made against this religion, some of which may still be seen posted on boards by the side of the streets. Until 1854 the country was closed against all foreigners. In that year, Commodore Perry made a treaty between Japan and the United States and now several ports are open to commerce, and in many cities missionaries from this and other lands are giving the people a truer idea of what Christianity is, not as imposing a foreign ruler, but as of telling of Jesus, the Saviour from sin.

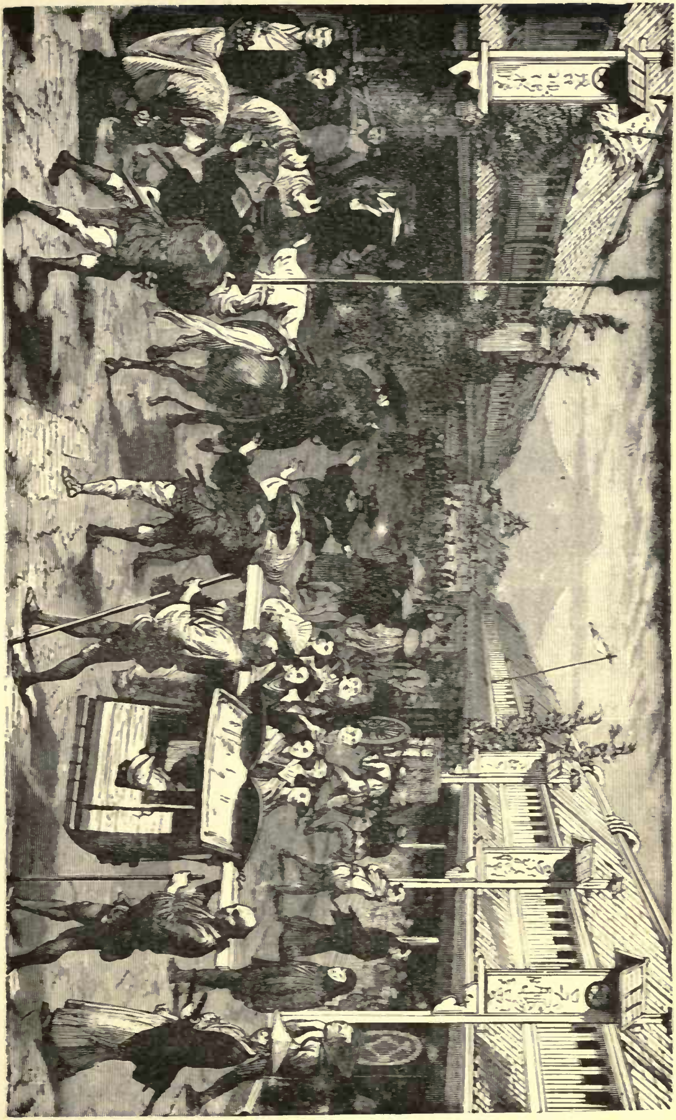


BUDDHIST PRIEST.

Among the many pleasant books about this newly opened land is a recent one by a missionary lady, Mrs. J. D. Carrothers, entitled, "The Sunrise Kingdom." By the kindness of the Presbyterian Board of Publication, which publishes the volume, we are permitted to use the pictures on this and the preceding page, and also the one of the "Mother and Baby." The Samurai, represented in the first cut, form the military and the learned class, being the retainers of the Damios, or high chiefs, who served the Mikado. Since the revolution in 1862, which broke up the old feudal system, these Samurai are no longer wholly supported by the chiefs, but they still wear two swords, the emblem of their rank, and they walk the streets with an air of superiority. Mrs. Carrothers says that she taught little boys of the Samurai class, whose eyes just came above the



PILGRIMS TO FUJI.

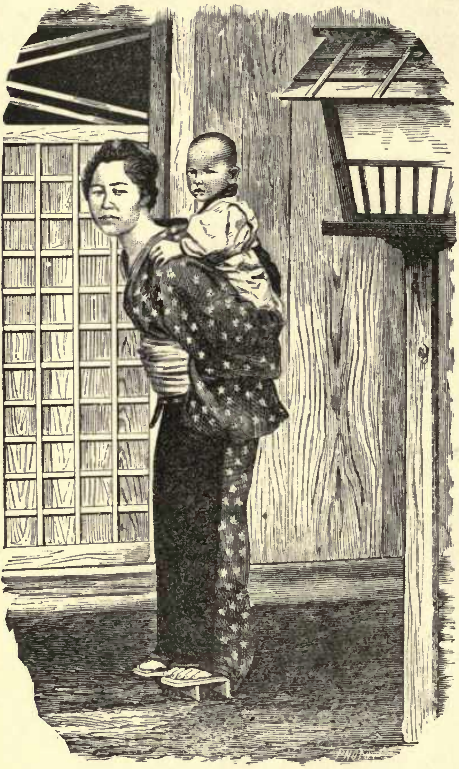


A STREET IN TOKIO.

table, as they stood around it to read, and even they wore two swords. The swords are so put on, under their flowing Japanese dress, that they appear to pass through the body of the wearer. The dress of the priests is much the same except for their shaven heads.

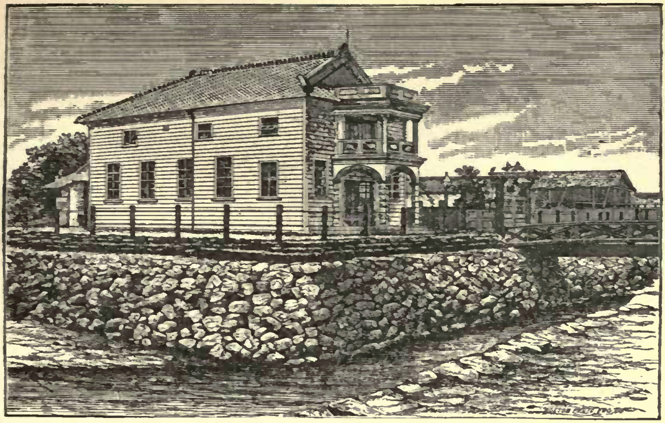
The picture of the pilgrims represents the poor people who go to Fuji and other mountain summits to worship the same helpless idols that others worship in temples. Fuji, being 13,000 feet high, and always having snow upon its top, is accessible only in July and August. During these months the pilgrims from the the lowest class ascend Fuji, with vile songs and jests, because, as they say, "they wish to be holy," but they come back even worse than before.

The people of "The Sunrise Kingdom" seem courteous and happy, but under their politeness are hidden dreadful sins and bitter troubles. They have no word for "home," they only speak of their house. Yet parents are kind, and women and girls are better treated than in most heathen lands. A woman is, however, the servant of her husband, and if he dies, her son, once the baby-boy who laid his cheek against her own, becomes her master.



JAPANESE MOTHER AND CHILD

Letters from the missionaries who are telling the good news of a Saviour bring most interesting accounts from Japan. Christians are full of hope for that Empire. Only sixteen years ago the mission of our Board began there, and now we have twenty-eight churches. Idolatry is giving way, but there is danger that the people in giving up their old gods will think there is *no* God. Let us pray much for our dear missionaries in Japan.



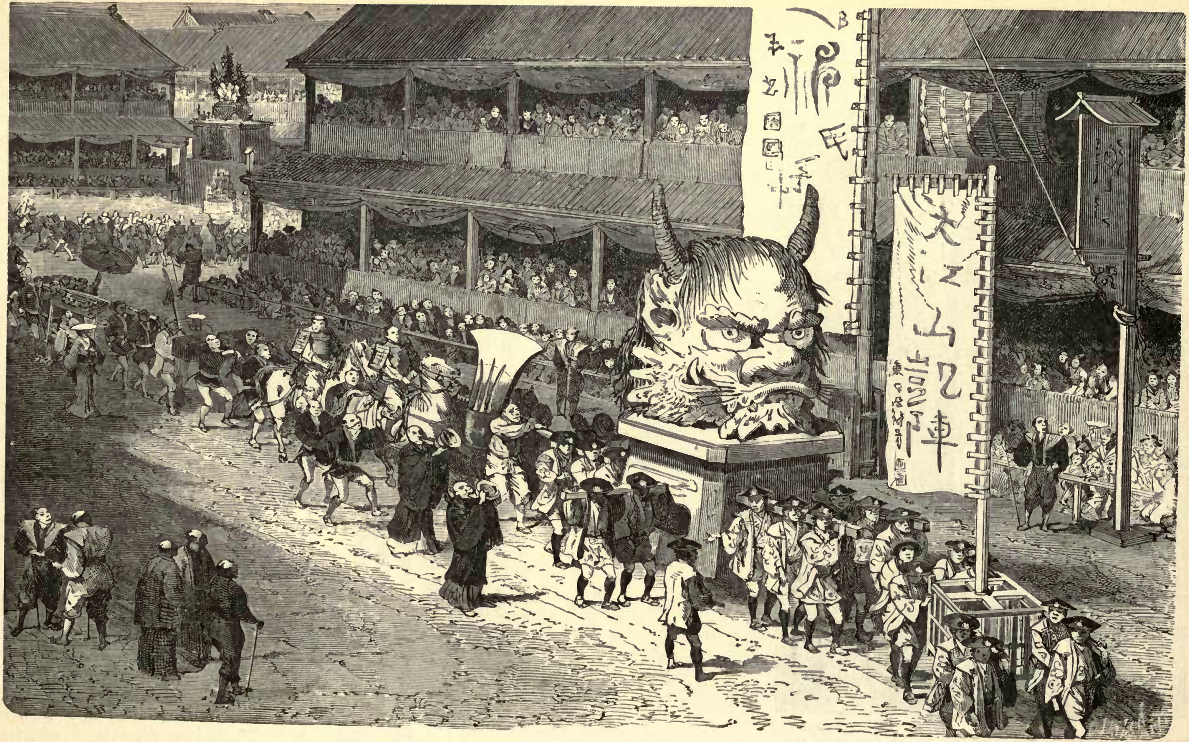
CHURCH AT IMABARI, JAPAN.

SCENES IN JAPAN.

Rev. W. W. Curtis, one of the missionaries at Osaka, Japan, has written a letter, descriptive of scenes in that land, which we are sure will interest all young people. In reading what he says about the way the Japanese break the Sabbath, it should be remembered that it is only a few years since they knew anything about the Sabbath. The day is noticed by the people generally, not because they wish to pay any regard to the command of the Christian's God, but solely because they have learned that it is best to rest from labor one day in seven. Yet, as will be seen, they do not rest. Mr. Curtis says: —

"How different the Sabbath here from that at home! Here it is a holiday to government officers, but with the townspeople it is different in no respect from other days. Not infrequently, as I return from our Sabbath evening meeting, I find the street almost impassable from the crowds that throng it, for it is turned into an open air bazaar. People have come from other parts of the city and spread out their wares on either side of the street, which is brilliantly illuminated with torches, candles, and smoking kerosene lamps.

"Occasionally I find a section of the city, or a street, illuminated with the Japanese lanterns, two or three feet in length. It is in honor of some god, or some temple. Once a year the whole city is thus illuminated in honor of the birthday of the Emperor, the Son of Heaven, as he was formerly supposed to be. Or it may be that from our home in the Foreign Concession, on Sunday nights, after we have gone to rest, we hear the noise of gongs and drums, and flutes

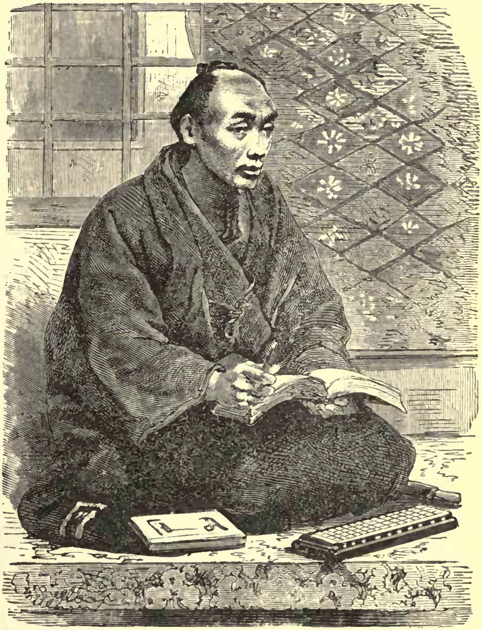


PROCESSION OF SAINT MIODJIN AT TOKIO.

and bells, and we look out upon a procession of boats on the river, all decorated gaily, and lighted up. Painted girls, acting as priestesses, are making the music, while priests and people are saki-drinking and merry-making."

A GALA PROCESSION.

Mr. Curtis gives an account of one of the many processions of which the Japanese are so fond. Whenever they would make merry, they seem at once to fall into line and march somewhere. The picture opposite is of a procession somewhat similar to that here described, and is a good illustration of a Japanese religious festival. Mr. Curtis writes: —



JAPANESE SCRIBE.

"The other day a procession passed our door, which you, perhaps, would like to hear of. We heard a din, a Babel of voices, growing louder and louder, and on going to the door saw a crowd approaching, composed largely of boys between five and ten years of age, though some men were among them. The first fifty or more were dressed in uniform colors, a suit of red and white in squares of about an inch and a half, the red being the dominant color, looking, indeed, like circus clowns, judging from the bills that, in America, used to be stuck up in every possible place. (They didn't let me go to circus when a boy, and I can't say from actual observation how clowns are dressed.) Each person had a cloth tied around his head, with apparently a paper stuck in it, and a paper fan in his hand. They were dancing along, striking their hands, or perhaps each other, with the fan, and singing and chatting. The men especially were cutting up queer antics. Some of the boys had bells hung to their girdles. Then came a lot of older persons, dressed in blue and white garments. Perhaps there were a hundred and fifty in all. Last of all came a triumphal car, a miniature temple, or shrine, with a man in it. They were having a jolly time altogether.

"And what was it all about? I don't know exactly, only it was some sort of a Shintoo religious festival connected with a new temple now being built in the heart of the city. It was a religious performance of the children, and I should think is about as near as the heathen come to a Sunday-school picnic."

A CHANGED SON AND CHANGED FATHER.

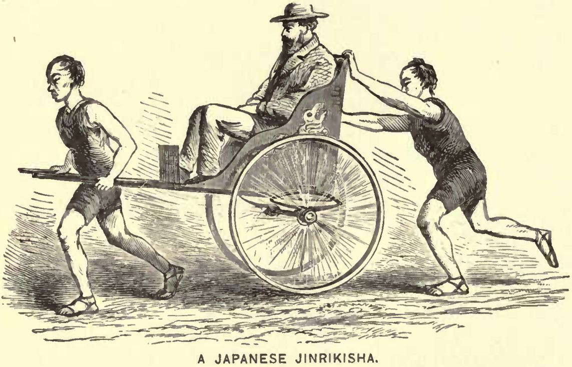
Among the persons who united with Osaka church last summer was a renowned Japanese physician. This is the story Mr. Curtis tells of the way in which he and his household became Christians: —

"This physician had two boys, the oldest being a troublesome fellow; decidedly a bad boy. When about thirteen years old he ran away from home. The father turned to the Christians, with whom he had become somewhat intimate, for advice. They said: 'Send the boy to the Christian school in Kioto. If he learns of "*this way*," his heart may become changed, and he become a good boy.' So his father sent the boy there, and sure enough, he became another boy — gentle and good, and his father was sure that a religion that could work such a change is worth having. He attended church more regularly himself, had Christians come and hold meetings in his house, and teach him, his wife, his children, his servants, and now they all believe."

How clearly does this story show the value of these mission schools to which the young people in our Sabbath-schools are asked to contribute. They not only save the children, but they attract and save the parents also.

JAPANESE CARRIAGES.

A few years ago there was not in all Japan such a thing as a wheeled carriage. Perhaps one reason was that there were few animals to draw wagons, had there been any. Some dozen years ago an Englishman in Japan fastened an arm-chair on a pair of wheels, and employed a coolie to draw him about. The Japanese caught the idea at once, and constructed carts with two wheels, like the one here represented, calling them jinrikishas. These carriages are now found in all the principal cities of Japan, and furnish a very ready and comfortable mode of traveling.



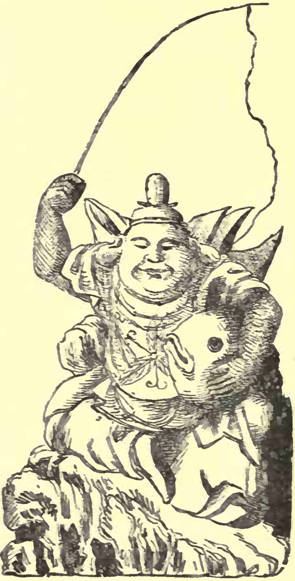
A JAPANESE JINRIKISHA.

REJECTED IDOLS.

BY REV. J. H. DE FOREST, OSAKA, JAPAN.

WHILE I was in the seminary at Yale, the subject of missions was frequently brought forward in our conversations. "Well," said one of my classmates, "if you go, remember I want the first bushel of idols you persuade the heathen to give up."

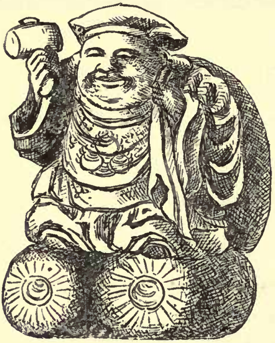
Six years have gone by since landing in Japan, and as day after day I have seen the people worship pretty much everything, — the sun, moon, huge bronze and stone idols, men both living and dead, wee little idols, waterfalls, bits of paper, pictures of horses, monkeys, foxes, etc., — I have often had a desire to gather a few bushels, and send them where they would be a standing proof of the fact that the people of Japan are turning from idols to the living and true God. So, happening one night to be in Kioto just as our school was closing for summer vacation, I gladly attended their social gathering in the gymnasium, and with others made a little speech, telling the Christians of my desire to collect some of their discarded gods, and give them a taste of a sea-voyage to America, and the benefit of foreign travel. I cautioned them against bringing me any strapping big fellows, whose freight would cost me a month's salary, but expressed a perfect willingness to receive proper-sized gods in a moderate quantity, together with any machinery for worship that might go with them.



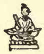
YEBISU

The next day one of the Kioto Christians sent me about a peck of jolly idols that had been in his family for many generations. Here they are: first, *Yebisu*, with a large fish under his arm. This particular fish is a universal sign of rejoicing, and no merry-making is complete without it. How many hundreds of these fish they gave General Grant to eat while he was here! He must have been filled with joy from morning till night for three months, if fish could do it. Next to

Yebisu comes *Daikoku*, sitting on two bags of rice, and smiling as he throws his gifts to those who worship him. By the side of Daikoku is another god. The artist has drawn its exact size. This is *Kato*, one of the generals who conquered Corea about three hundred years ago. One with poor eyes, wanting to worship this *Kato*, would have to look sharp to find him. The man who had spent many scores of dollars in fixing up this peck of gods, has already opened a large house for a permanent church-building, and besides that is building the first church in this city to rent it cheaply to the Christians, he, too, paying a generous share. His business was renting stage-clothing to the theaters, but as he found it unworthy of a Christian, as well as impossible to keep Sunday, he has sold out, and is an applicant for baptism.

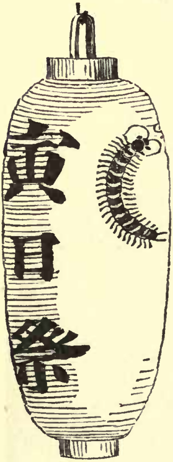


DAIKOKU.

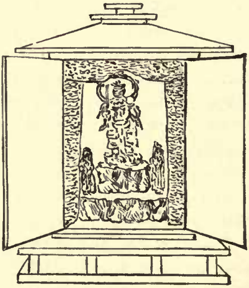


Kato, the General.

Then here is *Bishamon*. Last winter one of my preaching places was in a dark alley, not six feet wide, where the houses are thick and meanly built. I asked the tenant if he used to worship idols. Laughing, he went to the closet, and taking down this cheap little god-house, said, 'I threw it up there a few months ago; we don't use it any more. We paid fifty *sen* for this *Bishamon*, and his lantern is now at the door to guide people here to study Christianity." A few days later he brought me the god and lantern, saying that now he had a new lantern with "The True Way Taught Here," on it. This man is now a Bible-seller, and — to show what he is doing — yesterday he sold about seventy-five portions of Scripture from the new Bible-cart that Dr. Gulick has had made expressly for Osaka.



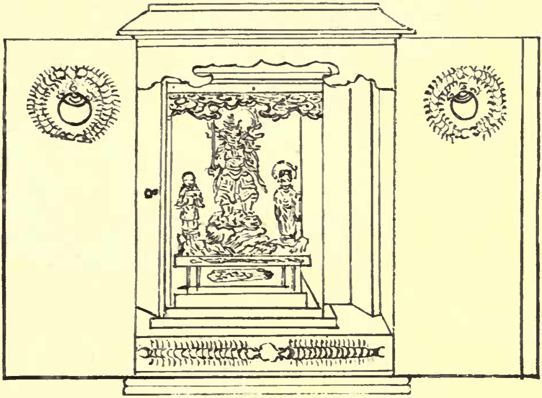
THE LANTERN.



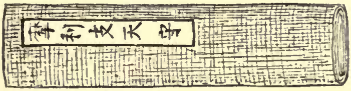
THE POOR MAN'S BISHAMON.

Not long ago a wealthy man sent me about a barrel full of idols, shrines, sacred books, charms, and praying machinery. Among them is the beautiful god-house, represented on the next page, inlaid with gold, and richly lacquered. This same Mr. *Bishamon* resides within, and his horrid messenger — the centipede — is painted on the doors, as it is on the lantern. By the way, there are seven gods of good luck in Japan, all exceedingly popular. In teaching the tenth commandment, I say, "Man is naturally covetous, and the Japanese are no exception. The wide worship of *Bishamon*, *Yebisu*, *Daikoku*, and the rest of your gods of luck, shows, beyond any need of argument, that the hearts of the Japanese are covetous, and that they need the gospel of giving as an antidote."

Six years ago, up on the lake beyond Kioto, there lived a gambler, whose wicked tricks had brought many a man to ruin. His crimes at last so enraged the people that he was banished from the town. Coming back after a season, he heard that the Jesus-religion had found an entrance, and wishing to get a new joke to amuse his drinking friends with, he went to church. He found more than he bargained for, namely, that he was a sinner, and that he needed the new way. Repenting, he became one of the most devoted Christians in Hikone. But his reckless, ruinous life had fastened on him a fatal disease, and when I went there last spring, he was weak, and dying of consumption. Among his interesting remarks was this: "Since my sickness has increased, the priest of the temple where I used to worship kindly sent me this charm, saying that if I'd come back and worship as before, this charm would cure me. But I don't agree with him, and I present it to you." The old gambler is buried, and this little golden-cased charm is one of the many proofs of a life that had become new in Jesus Christ.

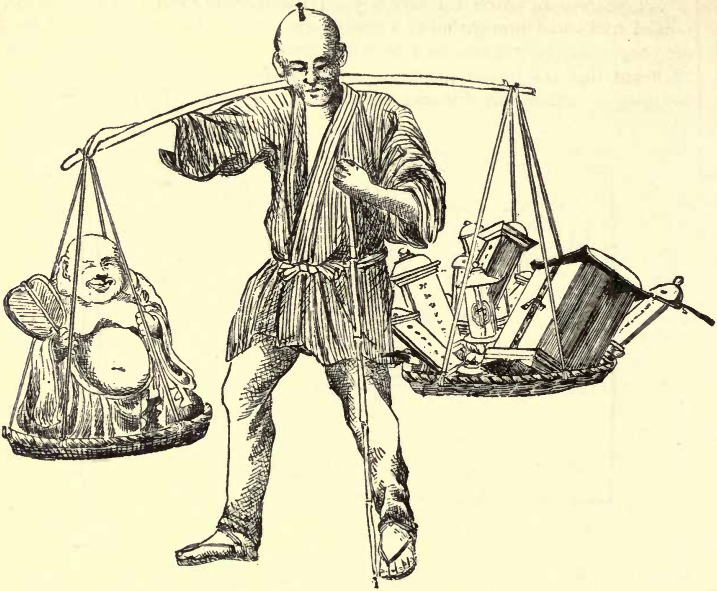


THE RICH MAN'S BISHAMON.



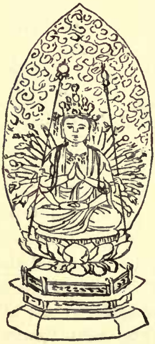
THE GAMBLER'S CHARM.

Seven years ago the acting pastor and myself were invited to a doctor's house to preach. The doctor had one wife too many to allow of his being a Christian, and so we were not invited any more. But recently he came to ask for baptism, saying that his wives were reduced to one, his daughter was in the girls' school, and his idols were boxed up to be thrown away, sold, or burned. I offered to receive them, and he readily promised to send them around. The next morning a coolie came, bringing about a bushel and a half of unwashed gods, ancestral tablets, and incense brazier. You notice this happy old clay god, who always smiles impartially on both missionary and heathen. Wife and I smiled just about as much as this *Hotei*, as we saw him come into our front door. One of the gods that was brought, *Kuwanon*, has hands enough to play all the known stringed instruments at once, and then have enough left to gain an ample living.



A LOAD OF IDOLS FOR THE MISSIONARY.

But I cannot write up all my idols. These, with many others, I shall send to Yale. For I cannot forget, though the pleasant yet perplexing work crowds ceaselessly upon time and strength, I cannot forget the joyous days at Yale, and the life in the seminary where my first thoughts of foreign missions sprang up. I hope that these idols may be given a place in the Peabody Museum, and that there they may speak so perpetually of the lust and lies, the folly and moral degradation of the millions who yet have had no kind voice teaching them of purity and truth and liberty from sin, that many a student may be touched with God's call, and, commissioned by Christ, go forth to help fulfill his last command.



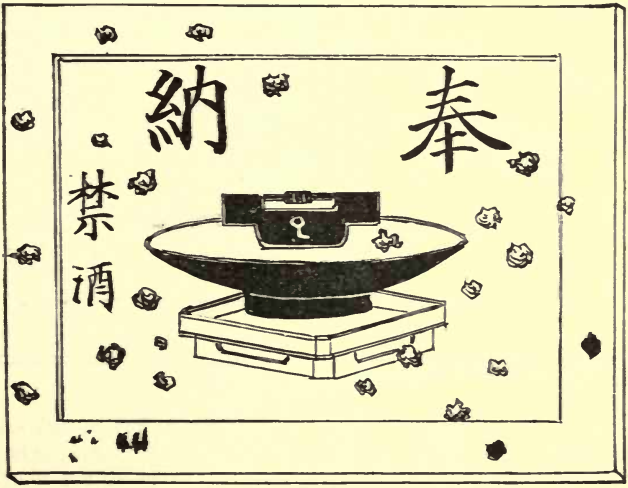
KUWANON.

Say to the heathen from thy throne,
"I am Jehovah, God alone,"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

YEMA.

BY REV. J. H. DE FOREST, OSAKA, JAPAN.

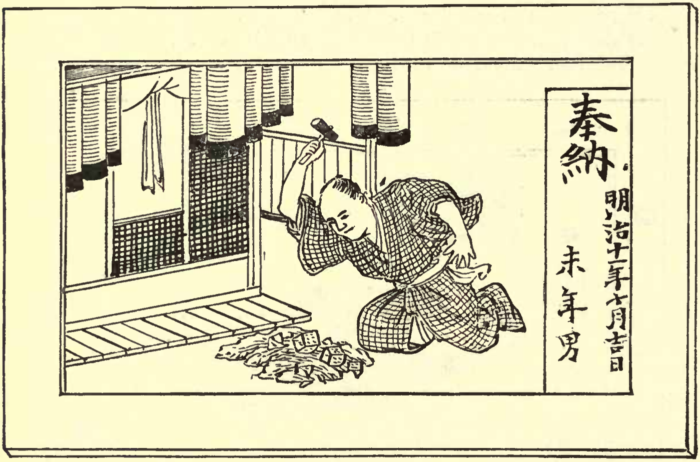
MUCH has been written about the temples of Japan — their idols great and small; their sweet-toned bells; their jolly priests, and their ways of worship. But even the best books tell us very little about the *Yema*, or sacred pictures, that hang in the temple galleries. I have spent hours again and again in studying these paintings, and in learning the meanings of them from the chatty worshipers. And since they have given me so much pleasure, as well as insight into the Japanese character, I gladly turn showman for a few moments, and exhibit some pictures that were copied for me by Mr. Yonedzu, a Christian, whose sketches have appeared in other pages of this volume.



A TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.

The first one is a *sake*-cup on a little tray. Right over the cup is a Japanese padlock, locked tight, and the key thrown away. The two large Chinese characters over the cup mean, *Respectfully offered.* You see these characters on all the temple pictures. At the left of the cup are two more characters meaning, *Sworn off from saké.* Here then was a poor fellow whose love of strong drink was conquering him. He had tried and tried to be moderate, or to be a total abstainer; but he found himself weak, unable to break the habit. He knew, as every drunkard everywhere knows, that he must have help, or miserably perish. So he went to the temple of his god and publicly offered this temperance pledge. This is his prayer for Divine help.

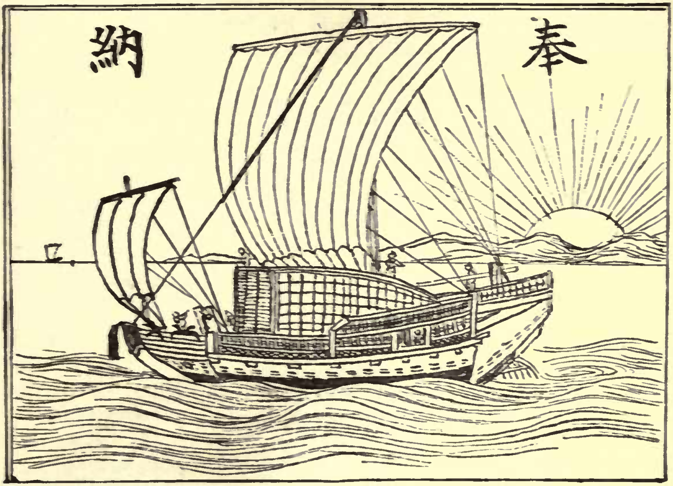
Now foreigners who visit Japan, of course visit the temples. They see such pictures as this but they cannot interpret them. Then some of them write home that drunkenness is unseen, almost unknown, in Japan! Well, look at this picture again, and notice the spots all over it. You have heard that the Japanese have paper prayers that they chew and throw at their gods. Not only their gods, but these votive pictures also are often covered with these spit-ball prayers. Among the pilgrims to this temple are those who seeing this locked *saké*-cup have said, "Ah, this is just what I need." And so dozens of them have thrown their soft, moist prayers into it, and asked for like strength from above. A friend whom I took to the temple expressly to see this picture was so taken with the story that, though its original value is not over ten or fifteen cents, he tried to buy it of the priests with the generous offer of $25. But it hangs there yet.



THE GAMBLER'S REFORMATION.

The picture above is of a man on his knees, breaking to pieces some dice. He is a gambler. He has been drawn gradually into the fascinating game, until at last, reckless in his plays, he has lost everything. He comes to himself and sees that he must give up at once this cursed habit, and, to make it sure, he offers this picture of himself to his god. In the original picture his wife and child stand behind him, adding their prayers to his that the god will hear his vow

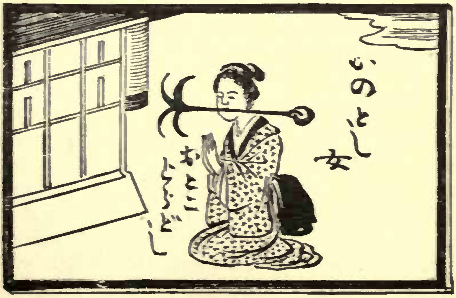
Sometimes in these votive pictures of reformation there is a sly reservation written on one side, *Good for five years.* And I have been told that while the memory of former suffering is keen, and the superstitious fear remains, the vow will be kept. But as the old desire grows stronger with continual temptations, the reformed man will sometimes say, "I've kept my vow a year: four years are left. That will make eight years of days, and leave me the nights for drinking and gambling."



A SAILOR'S THANK-OFFERING.

We come next to two pictures of thanksgiving. A sailor has had a prosperous voyage. The Rising Sun has daily greeted him, and favoring breezes have filled his sails. He thinks it a duty and privilege to acknowledge the favor of his god with this picture of his junk. There are thousands of these hung in the temples of Japan.

We reserve this wife for the last of this grateful group. Both she and her husband have suffered terribly from toothache. The softest food made them jump with pain. But, thanks to their gods, they have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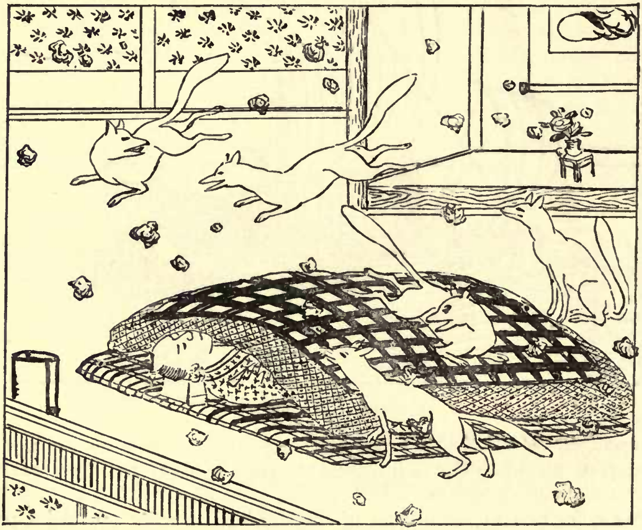
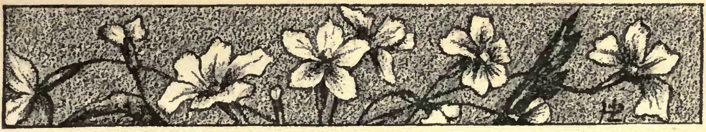
THE RESTORED TEETH.

not only recovered, but are so strong in their mouths that they can hold between the teeth, without a pang, a four-pronged anchor of a Japanese junk. Why the husband has painted only his wife with this trial in her mouth we cannot tell.

Last of all comes a picture of a dream. This hard-working farmer lies sleeping under his heavy comfortable, with his head on his wooden pillow. In his dream he sees these frisky foxes jumping joyfully across his bed and through the air — their tails out straight and their mouths splitting with fox-laughter. When the farmer wakes up he too will laugh, for the fox is the messenger of the god of rice, and to see a messenger of any of the gods is a sign of good luck. There are cart-loads of such pictures in these temples — dreamers with monstrous snakes crawling around them, dreamers with poisonous centipedes in their bosoms! Then instead of waking thankful that it was n't true, as we should, they awake glad to have been honored with a dream of the messengers of the gods. Here are some more of those spit-ball prayers, which I never see without thinking that if it had been the style to worship that way when I was a boy, and the district school-teacher had been the god, I should have — well, never mind. And I think, too, that these dreamers of beasts and reptiles are waking up out of this nonsense of ages. They are already beginning to laugh at themselves. And when they once use the reason God has given them, their repentance, their gratitude, and their desires will find a truer and nobler expression than by *Yema.*



THE FARMER'S DREAM.



THE DEFORMED GIRL.—A STORY FROM JAPAN.

[Introductory Note.—It is well known that Japanese women, as soon as they become wives, shave their eyebrows and blacken their teeth. The customs of Europe and America have begun to tell against this foolish practice, and the reform is especially noticeable in our Christian assemblies. But Mr. Fukuzawa has set the women to laughing at themselves in a little tract that is having wide influence. This gentleman, having been in America with the Embassy, was wonderfully taken with what he saw and learned, and on his return to Japan he opened a private school at Tokio. His brilliant writings, and the unusual popularity of his school, have gained him a name among the millions of Japan. Since he has so large an audience here, he is worthy of an introduction to the friends of Japan in America. Those who read the following ridiculous story, if the translation comes anywhere near the original, will hardly fail to remember Mr. Fukuzawa.—J. H. DeForest, Osaka, Japan.]

In a wealthy home a baby was born with a face and form that no one could find any fault with. She was perfect, only she had no eyebrows. While she was a mere infant this did not attract any especial attention, but in the course of eight or nine months her front teeth began to come, one or two at a time, and they came black. In a year or so more her upper and lower teeth all appeared, and every one of them black as if dyed with ink. The neighbors, while not thinking much about it, occasionally remarked upon the fact. "Very likely decayed teeth," they thought, and went no deeper into the subject.

But the parents all the while were sadly perplexed over the fact that, though the world is full of deformed people, they never yet had heard of such a thing as an eyebrowless child, nor could they imagine what sins the child had committed in a former state of existence that could account for the color of the teeth. So, unknown to others, the parents grieved in their hearts, yet hoped that whatever became of the eyebrows, the second teeth would come white like those of ordinary folks. But when the child became seven or eight years old, lo! contrary to the parents' hopes, all the second teeth came even blacker than ink—as black as lacquer itself.

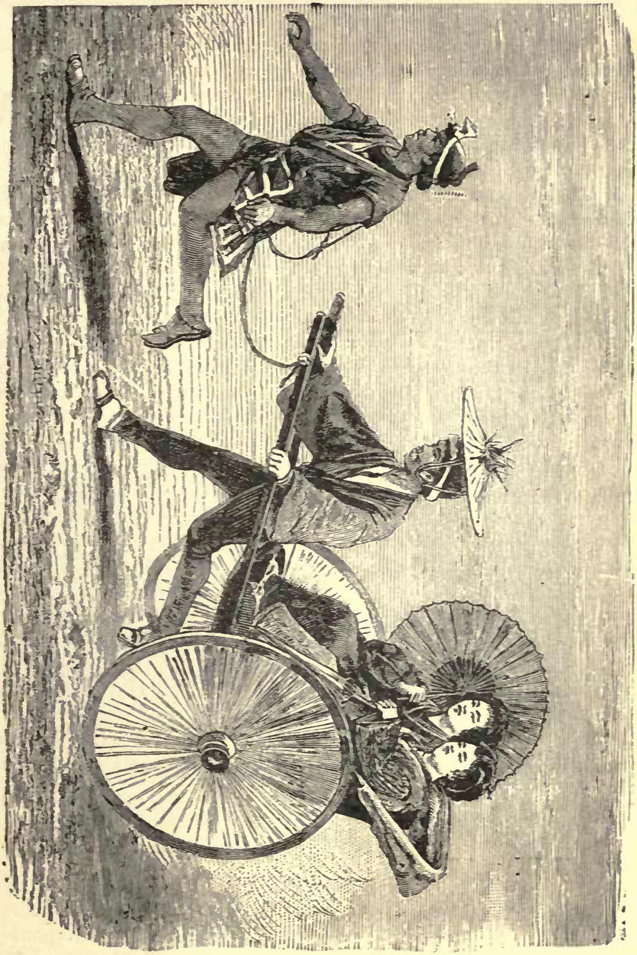
Time, like an arrow, went swiftly by, and the spring of her fourteenth year found the maiden gentle in all her manners and bubbling over with loving ways. But the lack of eyebrows and the black teeth made the parents almost despair.

At last the neighbors could no longer overlook these things. They began to point their fingers and talk about the girl. The mouths of these ignorant creatures took up the eyebrow matter and gabbled over it in this wise: "There can be no doubt about it; the blood of the lepers is in her veins. It's too bad. She'll soon lose both her precious complexion and her pretty face." "Well, say what you like about leprosy having ruined her eyebrows, the color of her teeth, too, is very suspicious. What horrible sin could the parents have committed in a former existence that made them give birth to such a strange piece of deformity? Her ancestors for generations have been selling charcoal at a high price, and eating rice out of their big profits. Black charcoal and white rice! This girl is their reward for all their frauds, is n't she ?" "Well, if it is n't as you say, here 's another way of accounting for it: They 've always loaned lots of money, but whenever a debtor failed to meet the time, these people never once were known to have enough pity to look kindly and show their white teeth; and it 's that mean trait in the family that has made them have a black-toothed girl."

JAPANESE GIRLS.

Thus this wealthy home was the sport of these chatterboxes. They had one more idea, too, that was suggested by somebody who had learned a little of

Western science: "The Creator made eyebrows and white teeth to beautify the face. But that is n't all. Eyebrows are nature's tools to ward off excessive sunlight. In case one had no eyebrows, the sun's rays coming directly from above would be the origin of countless eye-diseases. So everywhere in tropical countries where the rays of the sun are intense, people's eyebrows are bushy, while in cold climates they are scant. Now, since the Creator had such profound



A JAPANESE TWO-MAN JINRIKISHA.

designs in making eyebrows, to be without a trace of hair over the eyes must show that the family are made up of such sinners as even heaven can't bear to behold."

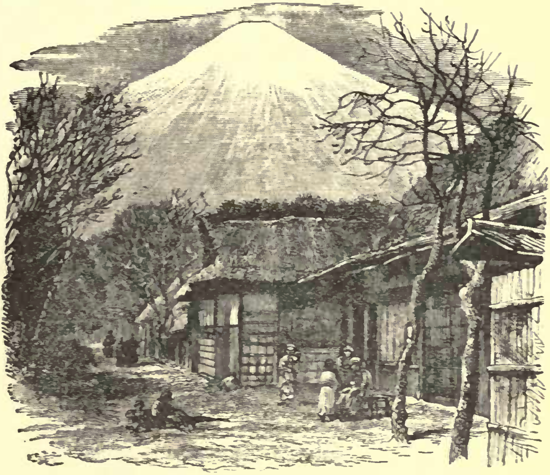
These things came to the parents' ears and added yet more to their grief. They could no longer compare their child to pearls and flowers. Here she was, simply an only daughter, of marriageable age, and yet nobody wanted her. They besought the doctors, they prayed the gods, to make the girl's teeth white, and to cause her eyebrows to grow. If it only could be done, to grudge their whole fortune would be folly, and they would not shrink from giving even their lives. They exhausted every possible device, but all in vain.

Months and years went by and, strange to tell, the talk about the girl gradually died out. And when she was twenty years old there was not a single person who cared to bring up the old nonsensical charges. It was as though everybody had entirely forgotten the misfortune. Then the parents, with deep joy, looked around and found a suitable son-in-law, gave him the house and the girl, and retired from business. When once the disfigured daughter became a wife, there was no fault to find with the black teeth and eyebrowless face. It was just the thing. So these long years of anxiety ended, leaving no trace of sorrow.

Well, we may say that the girl's misfortune has resulted in her good fortune. If such a girl had been born in America or Europe she never could have been married. How fortunate that she was born in Japan, where there are thousands of just such disfigured women. She has now become a wife just like the rest of wives. She used to be an unfortunate, but now that she has become a wife, those only who knew her early days will call her deformed, while those who don't know her will never suspect that she differs in the least from the other wives who shave their eyebrows and blacken their teeth. And really the only difference is that the others use razors and teeth-dye, and thus wasting time and money, at last succeed in making their pretty faces ugly, while this girl being born so — virtually made to order in this way — does n't have to use a razor or buy any teeth-dye. Really it is wonderful how women everywhere try to beautify themselves by disfiguring their hair and by extravagant dress. They even borrow clothes to make the greater show, and yet, without the least reluctance, part with their heaven-bestowed adornings, and act as though they really meant to see how ugly they can make themselves. Is not this a most thoughtless thing to do, since the whole body — skin, hair, and all — is heaven's gift?

THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN.

ONE of the most interesting books we have seen for many a day is Miss Bird's "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan," in which she describes her travels up and down the Empire of the Mikado. We have given quite a large proportion of these pages to that land, but as the publishers of Miss Bird's volumes, G. P. Putnam's Sons, of New York, have kindly granted the use of several of the illustrations, we gladly refer again to that wonderfully interesting nation, and to some things this writer tells us about it. Most travelers tell us much of scenes on the Tokaido, the great highway between Tokio and Kioto, and of Fuji, the "Matchless Mountain," and of the cities and open ports, but Miss Bird takes us into out-of-the-way places, and describes people and customs that few foreigners have ever seen.

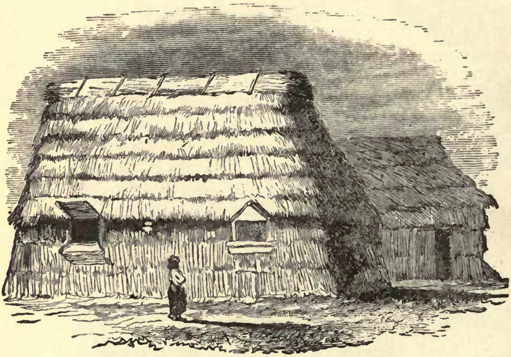


A VILLAGE ON THE TOKAIDO, NEAR MT. FUJI.

THE AINOS OF YEZO.

Of the four principal islands comprising Japan, Yezo is the most northern. While more than half as large as New England, Yezo has but 123,000 inhabitants. It is a rough, wild region, with a cold winter, and in the mountains and forests of the interior wild animals, especially deer and bears, abound. The chief city of the island is Hakodaté, and northeast of this port, toward the interior, is Satsuporo, where the Japanese government has established a college on the model of the Agricultural College of Massachusetts. Many of the students in this college, under the instruction of the American teachers, have become Christians, and it is hoped have learned how to work wisely, not only in the soil, but also in the Lord's vineyard.

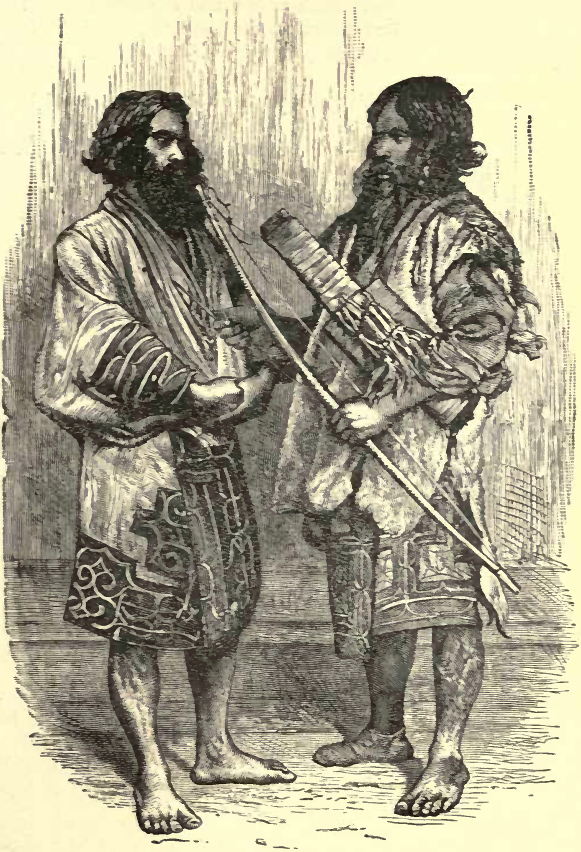
Living close by the Japanese population of Yezo, yet quite distinct from them, is a singular race of people called the Ainos. It is commonly supposed that they were the original inhabitants of Japan, and that they were conquered and driven into their present northern home by the stronger race which now peoples the land, just as the Indians of North America have retreated into the western wilds before the white man. Comparatively little has been known of these Ainos, but Miss Bird spent many days among them, living in the house of a village chief, and talking with them freely of all their affairs. That she could do this, having but a single Japanese attendant, and receive nothing but courtesy and kindness from young and old, shows that they are not savage in disposition, however rude their mode of life may be.



AINO HOUSES.

A common name given this people is the "Hairy Ainos," since the first point that strikes a stranger is the abundance of their flowing locks. Miss Bird thus describes them: "The men are about the middle height, broad-chested, broad-shouldered, thick-set, very strongly built, the arms and legs short, thick, and muscular, the hands and feet large. The bodies, and especially the limbs, of many are covered with short bristly hair. I have seen two boys whose backs are covered with fur as fine and soft as that of a cat. The heads and faces are very striking. The foreheads are very high, broad, and prominent. . . . . The eyes are large, tolerably deeply set, and very beautiful, the color a rich liquid brown, the expression singularly soft, and the eyelashes long, silky, and abundant. The skin has an Italian olive tint. The teeth are small, regular, and very white."

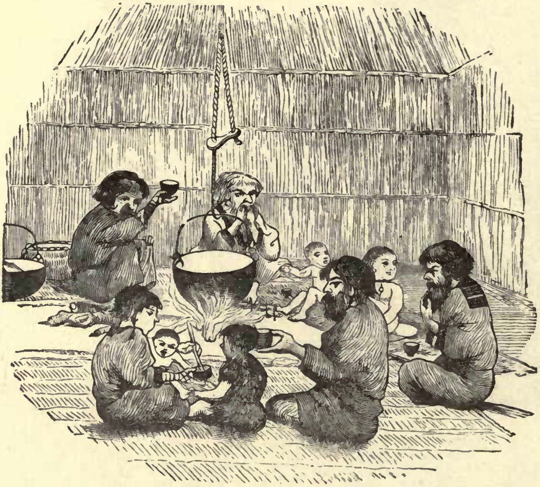
These, then, are quite magnificent savages, and when it is added that their voices are peculiarly soft and musical, and their smile sweet and gentle as that of a woman, we wonder how it is possible for them to be so degraded and stupid. They know nothing of their history, their tradition being that they descended from a dog. The Japanese call them dogs. They live by fishing and hunting, and seem like grown up children, having little care about the past or future, and but little more care for the present than some animals have. Their language is very simple, but not written; they are clad, but only in skins and garments made from bark, and they seem to have almost no ideas about God, or of spiritual things. Their idols, of which there are several in each house, are very rude, consisting simply of small sticks of wood, the upper ends of which are cut into shavings, so that they look not unlike small and coarse



AINO MEN.

wooden brooms. Before these gods the people often wave their hands and pour out offerings of *saké*, their favorite drink; but they have no temples in which they meet for worship. Aside from these sticks of whittled wood, the Ainos pay some sort of homage, which may, perhaps, be called worship, to the sun and moon and sea, and also to the bear, an animal which abounds in Yezo, and which is hunted continually. Each year a cub is captured, and fed until autumn, when a great religious festival is held, and the bear is let loose, and after a long fight, in which all the people engage, is killed and eaten amid great uproar and drunkenness.

The people who worship in this rude way we might be sure would have little thought about the future. They seem to have some faint notion that the soul passes into another form after death, but they have a great dread of death and of places of burial. They will not follow their game if it happens to fall near a grave. When asked about their ideas of the future, one of them said, "How can we know? No one ever came back to tell us." Ought not Christians to let these people know of One who has come from heaven to tell us about the life beyond?



INTERIOR OF AN AINO HOUSE

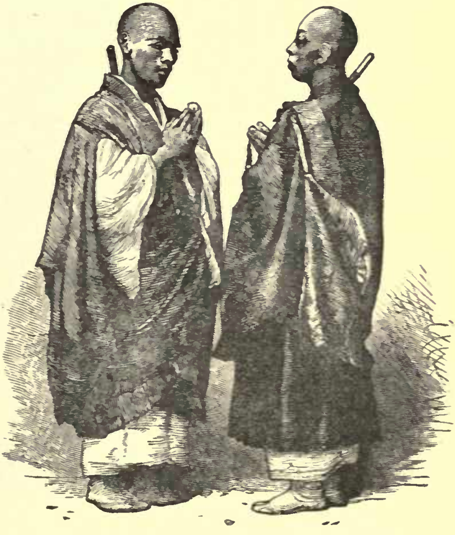
AINOS AT HOME.

The picture above represents an Aino family in their home. Each house has one room, with walls of reed and roof of thatch. There is a slight platform in one part of the house, covered with a mat, on which the family sleep. They sit on the floor, the fire being in a hole at the center, while the smoke finds its way through an opening in the roof. Their food is cooked in the single iron pot in which all sorts of edibles, roots, vegetables, fish, flesh, including slugs and sea-weed, are stewed together. The people are very polite in their manners, and often salute each other in a formal but graceful way, by extending their hands and waving them inwards, and then stroking their heavy beards. It is said that even little children just able to walk never enter or leave a house without a formal salutation to every person in it, *the mother alone excepted.* This latter fact shows sufficiently how little care is had for the women. They work all the time and attend to all the drudgery. How quickly would the gospel, should the Ainos receive it, lift these poor women out of the degradation in which they live!

With all their politeness and hospitality these people are terribly addicted to strong drink. They consume immense quantities of *saké*, an intoxicating beer of which they drink all they can get. The habit of drinking, though indulged in, is ordinarily believed, even by those who indulge it, to be opposed to religion, but among the Ainos it is part of religion. They have no idea that they could perform any worship without first "drinking to the gods," and their highest notion of happiness is to have enough *saké* to make them all drunk. How far from truth and from God do men go who have not the light of the gospel!

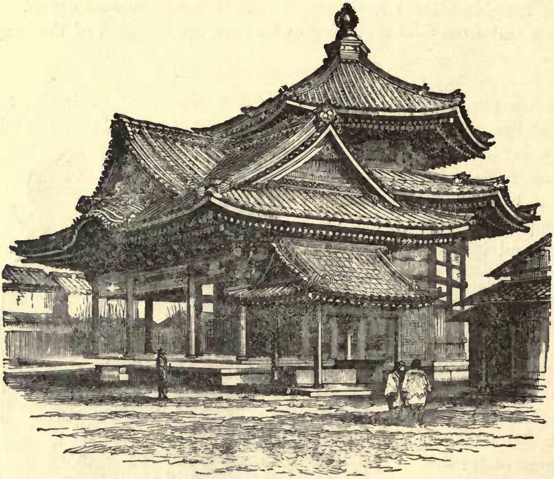
A BUDDHIST SERVICE.

There are two principal forms of religion prevailing in Japan, Shintôism and Buddhism. The former is peculiar to Japan, but the latter has millions of followers in China, Burmah, and India. There are said to be 68,000 Buddhist temples and shrines in Japan, and in many of them very imposing services are maintained. The description given by Miss Bird of one such service she attended at Hakodaté reminds one of the ceremonials of the Roman Catholic church. This is her account of it:—


BUDDHIST PRIESTS.

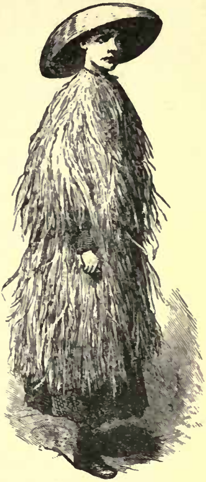
"Very low and sweet, though heard all over the city, is the sound of the great bronze bell which summons the hearers, and exactly at three o'clock the priests fold back the heavily-gilded doors of the chancel and light the candles and lamps which shed a 'dim religious light' through the gorgeous interior, revealing the high altar, covered with an altar-cloth of green brocade, and sides hung with white brocade embroidered with gold. On the low altar incense ascends between vases of white flowers, and a dreamy sensuousness pervades the whole building."

Twelve priests elaborately dressed in silk, of white and of various colors, then kneel with their backs to the people. "Before each is a low lacquer desk for the service books and the sweet-toned bells which accompany service. Two more priests kneel at the side of the altar. A bell sounds, fourteen shaven heads all bowed three times to the earth; more lamps are lighted; a bell sounds again, and then litanies are chanted monotonously, with bells tinkling, and the people responding, at intervals in a tongue to them unknown, *Namu Amida Butsu.* After an hour the priests glide away in procession, and one of those who has been kneeling at the altar mounts a square pulpit just within the rail which separates them from the people, sits down, not in Japanese fashion, but cross-legged, after the manner of the founder of his faith, and preaches for an hour with much energy." In a sermon which our traveler heard at Niigata from one of the priests, he described the Buddhist hells, and how impure souls pass into the bodies of one hateful beast after another, perhaps spending thousands of years in these various transmigrations. This is the Buddhist belief respecting the future, but it seems to have very little power to keep men from impure lives. To die and lose all consciousness is their greatest wish. Their idea of a Saviour is of one who can save them from living, not one who can give them eternal life, as Christ promises to do. They have no conception of a happy, heavenly home, such as the Bible says Jesus has gone to prepare.

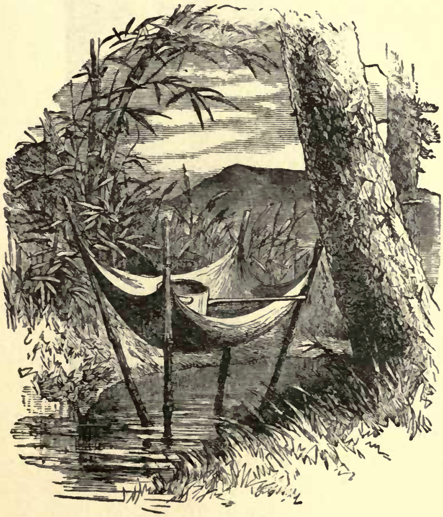


THE ROKKAKUDO — A TEMPLE AT KIOTO.

There is in all the world nothing that gives light about the future except the Bible. It is delightful to think that within the last few years thousands on thousands of copies of this blessed book have been scattered throughout Japan. Translations have now been made into Japanese, and the people eagerly buy them. If they will but read what they buy, the old sad notion about the future will give place to purer and brighter hopes. And they will learn to pray, not in a blind, but reasonable way. The picture below represents a method of praying, in vogue in some parts of Japan, for the soul of a mother who dies when her first child is born. This mother's soul, according to Buddhist belief, must remain in a fearful place of punishment, the Lake of Blood, until she is rescued by prayer. So the friends fasten a piece of cloth, at its four corners, on bamboo poles, over a pool of water, placing a dipper near by with which passers can pour water upon the cloth. *This pouring of water is a prayer*, and its benefits are supposed to be applied to the soul of the young mother whose name is on a tablet close by. And not until the cloth is worn or decays away so that it will no longer hold any water, can the soul be delivered from the tortures it must endure, not on account of any sin, but solely because of misfortune. To people among whom such false notions of justice and of prayer prevail we are seeking to carry the blessed gospel of him who came into the world to save the lost. Buddhism and Shintôism do not help men while they live, or comfort them when they die. The religion of Jesus Christ, however, can do, and is doing in Japan, what the old faiths have failed to do. It is winning many converts, and it is remarkable how most of these converts, some quite young people being of the number, are moved to tell of the new religion they have received.

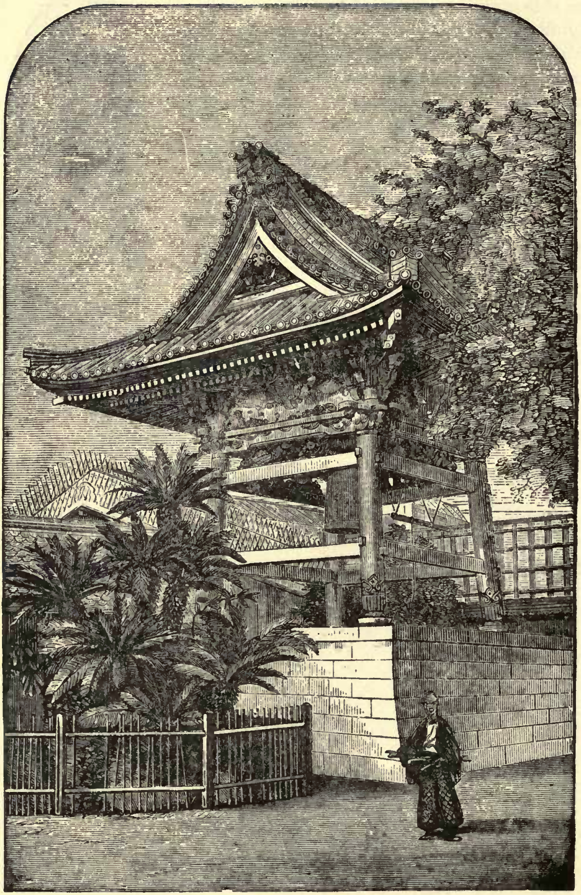


STRAW RAIN CLOAK.



THE FLOWING INVOCATION.

Sixteen years since the first missionary of the American Board went to Japan. Now we have 28 churches there, and a year ago there were 1,800 church members. Missionary letters from Japan have told us how the young men from the Kioto school went out joyfully during their summer vacations to tell of Christ from house to house, often having from ten to eighty hearers, and also how some of the Christian boys from Osaka sold a great many Bibles to those who had never seen one. Has not the good seed grown quickly in Japan?

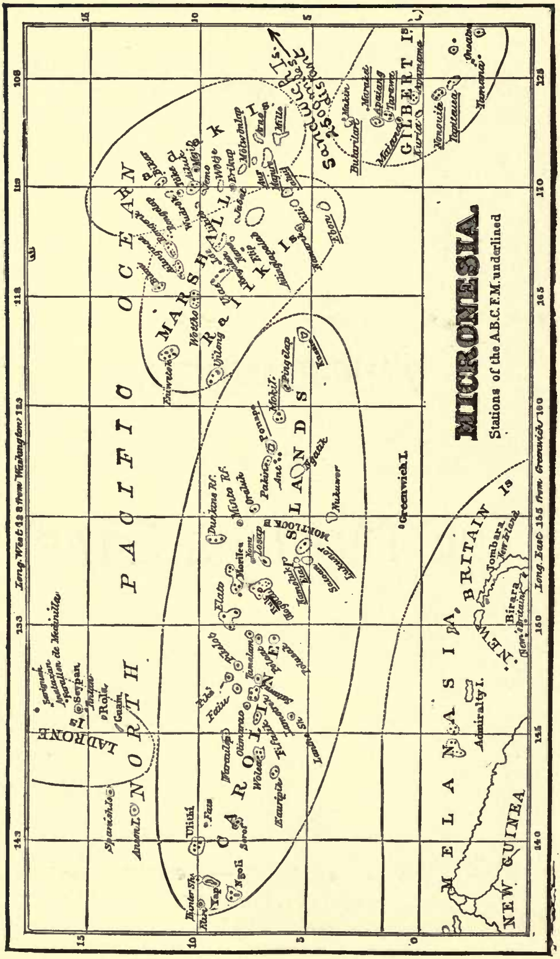


BELFRY OF BUDDHIST TEMPLE, OSAKA.

MICRONESIA

AND

"THE MORNING STAR."



MICRONESIA.

Stations of the A.B.C.F.M. underlined

NORTH PACIFIC OCEAN
LADRONE Is
CAROLINE ISLANDS
MARSHALL Is
RADAK
RALICK Is
GILBERT Is
MELANASIA
NEW GUINEA
NEW BRITAIN Is
Admiralty I.
Greenwich I.
MORTLOCK Is
Seypan
Rota
Guam
Yap
Ngoli
Uluthi
Ponape
Pingelap
Mokil
Kusaie
Ebon
Jaluij
Butaritari
Apaiang
Tarawa
Tapiteuea
Long. West 128 from Washington
Long. East 155 from Greenwich

THE mission to Micronesia has had indispensable assistance in its work from the children's ship, the *Morning Star*. Some recent reports to her owners are given in the following pages. But four different vessels have borne this name, and a brief account of each may be desirable.

MORNING STAR NO. 1 was built in 1856, with funds provided by the Sabbath-schools. She sailed from Boston on December 1 of that year for Honolulu, reaching that port in April, 1857. After ten years' service she needed such extensive repairs that she was sold at the Sandwich Islands. Her name was changed to *Harriet Newell*, and she went to sea and was never heard from.

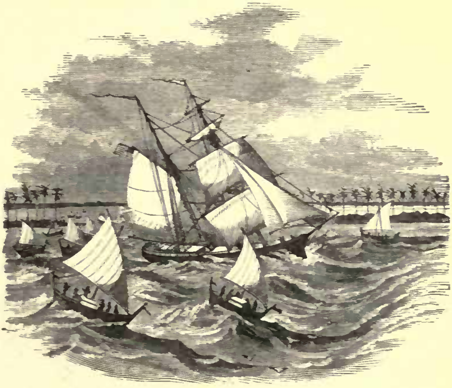
MORNING STAR NO. 2 sailed from Boston in September, 1866. This ship was wrecked off the island of Kusaie, Micronesia, in October, 1869, where the force of a strong current drifted her ashore during a calm. No lives were lost, and no blame attached to the officers. Her insurance furnished a large part of the cost of her successor.

MORNING STAR NO. 3 set sail from Boston on February 27, 1871, and continued to supply the wants and cheer the hearts of the brave missionaries on those far-off islands for thirteen years, until she also was wrecked upon Kusaie, February 22, 1884. The perils and delays peculiar to that region amid calms and currents and in entering lagoons had long made the missionaries desire a steamer. When it was heard in the home-land that a second vessel had suffered a wreck which could have been avoided by steam-power, the duty of providing it seemed clear.

MORNING STAR NO. 4 was therefore built as a barkentine of four hundred and thirty tons burden, with auxiliary steam attachment. She is plain but strong and beautiful, and thoroughly fitted for her peculiar work. She sailed from Boston on November 5, 1884, and reached Honolulu on March 15, 1885. Already, as we trust, she has gladdened the waiting isles of Micronesia, and there may she long be spared to hasten the coming dawn of the Sun of Righteousness.

MICRONESIA.

Many of the young people who are specially had in view in this collection of missionary papers will remember how, in 1870, when they were little children, they were interested in the building of the *Morning Star*. There are many who cannot now call themselves young, who had part in building the first *Morning Star*. That was in 1856. There have been four vessels bearing this name, all serving in the same good work of carrying missionaries, and supplies for them, to the islands of the Pacific Ocean, five thousand miles southwest from San Francisco. The first *Morning Star* grew old in the service and was sold, and another one was built in 1866. This one was wrecked on the island of Kusaie, in 1869, and the third *Star* was built in Boston, in 1870. She too was wrecked upon Kusaie, February 22, 1884. The fourth vessel of this beloved name sailed from Boston, November 5, 1884. And now about the regions and the people to which she has gone.

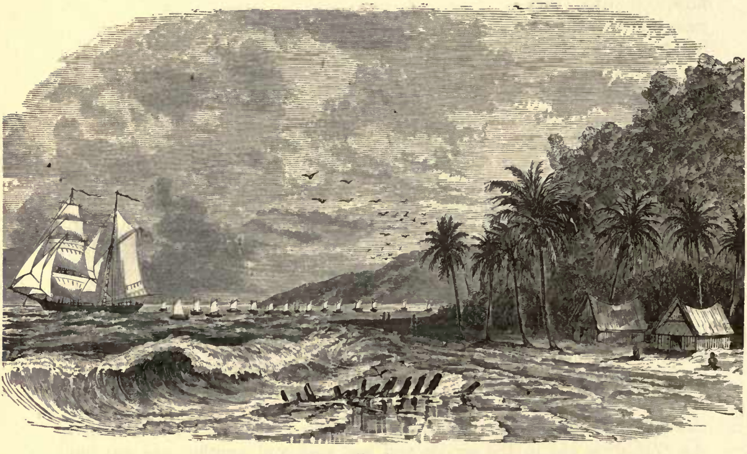

The "Morning Star."

Micronesia means the "Little Islands." The people who inhabit them were wild and dark, both in mind and body. Some were copper-colored, some olive. Their eyes were black, their hair black and straight, and their almost naked bodies were tattooed. They were all liars and thieves, and were cruel to old people and to women. They believed in spirits, and set up stones in honor of them, to which they brought offerings.

HOW THE ISLANDS LOOK.

Most of them were built by the coral insect, and are low and barren, lying flat upon the sea, and having a great lagoon, or lake, in the center. On the island of Apaiang the soil is so poor that, even in that tropical climate, there are only twenty-five kinds of growing things, including every shrub and weed. Neither horses, cows, nor sheep can live there long. So there is no fresh beef or mutton, and one of the first missionaries nearly starved on Apaiang. There was food, but it was not of a kind to nourish him. The *Morning Star* arrived just as he was sinking away. He was carried on board, and fed with the milk of a cow until able to bear solid food: and so his life was saved.

On those green rings of coral islands there are no hills, or streams; few land-birds and few flowers. You would see no villages. At a mission-station you might find a church, a house for the missionaries, a house for strangers, a store, and five or six small native houses, and the natives call that "city great!"



Kusaie.

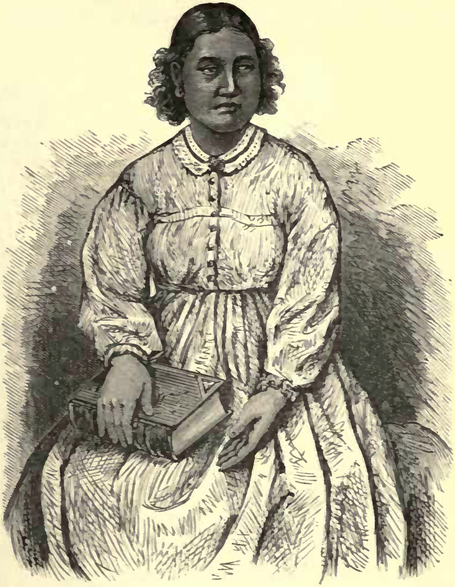
The other islands, such as Kusaie and Ponape, are volcanic and have mountains two or three thousand feet high. They are covered with forests, and are alive with birds of bright plumage and sweet song. There are the bread-fruit, banana, cocoanut, lemon, orange, and other tropical growths, with a great variety of timber trees. But even here there are no cultivated fields or pleasant towns. The people build their little reed houses under the trees, and pull up a few reeds around them, in order to plant bananas and yams, the vines of which they train upon the trees.

WHAT THE MISSION HAS DONE FOR THE ISLANDS.

In 1878, at the end of twenty-six years, there were six American and thirteen Sandwich Island missionaries in Micronesia. They had reduced four of the languages to writing — for the islands have different dialects — and had translated the New Testament and many books and Christian songs. There were thirty-four churches and about fifteen hundred church-members. Many hundred of the natives can read well, and on some islands all the population is in school. The churches have themselves begun the work of foreign missions, and have sent ten teachers from their own number to heathen islands.

THE PONAPE BOARD OF MISSIONS.

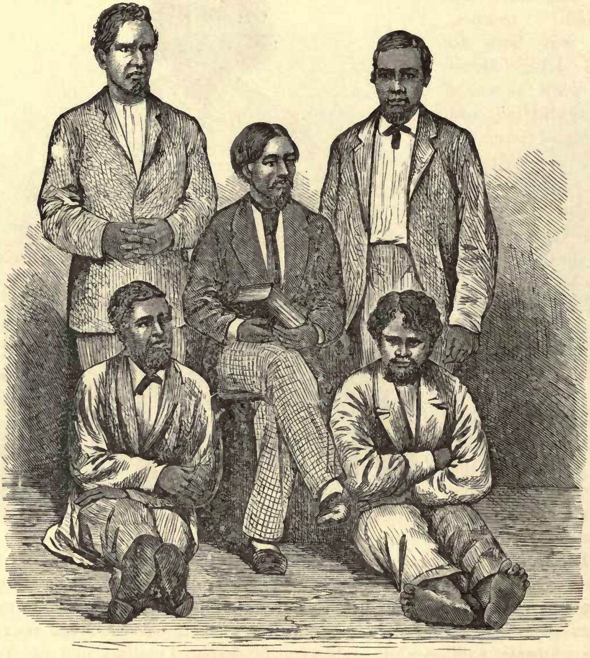
At their Monthly Concerts in 1874 they contributed nearly one thousand dollars for supporting their missionaries. Most noted among these teachers are Opataia and his wife, Princess Opatinia. Opataia is a simple, sincere, honest Christian, and his noble wife has long been an efficient teacher. She was born to good King Hezekiah while he was a bloody chieftain, and was one of the earlier ones, with him, to embrace Christianity. The missionaries have sent to America photographs of Opatinia and the teachers, of which the engravings on this and the next page are copies. In the picture of the group of native missionaries, Opataia (Obadiah), the husband of the princess, sits in the center. On the right stands David, on the left is Moses of Mokil, and at his feet sits Moses of Ponape. At the farewell meeting in 1873, when Opataia and his wife sailed for the Mortlock Islands, to teach others the blessed gospel they had believed, their words moved many to tears. Opataia said nothing could turn him back. Opatinia said she freely and gladly gave up all her chieftainship and her comforts that she might make known the love of Jesus to the heathen. "On their passage down," said Mr. Sturges, "when we landed on those dark shores, and when we came away, all along, their faces were full of sunshine and their hearts of hope. I shall never forget the saintly smile of that Princess Opatinia and her noble husband, as they stood in that mass of almost nude savages on the beach and waved their final farewells to us as we moved off in the boat to return to the ship. The hope — may I add a holy ambition — of my life was realized: my life was spared to see some of my adopted children landed as teachers on foreign shores."


Princess Opatinia.

In sending away these teachers the island churches have sent their best, and that makes the best of those who remain. Their letters are read at the Monthly Concerts, to the most interested and attentive audiences. The letters breathe not one whisper of discontent that they have gone, but are full of joy and gratitude that the longing of their hearts is realized and they are now on heathen shores.

FRUIT OF THEIR LABORS.

In less than five years, these Ponape Christians had established seven churches with 338 communicants on the Mortlock Islands, and one church with 272 members on Pingelap. The rude, wild people support their teachers; build them houses, bring them food and do their work, that they may be free to teach. Even in time of famine, when the people were starving, the teachers were not left to suffer. There are now about 4,000 members of native churches in Micronesia, and the *Morning Star* is said to be as dear to them all as it is to the missionaries. Has not the stock in that good vessel paid well?



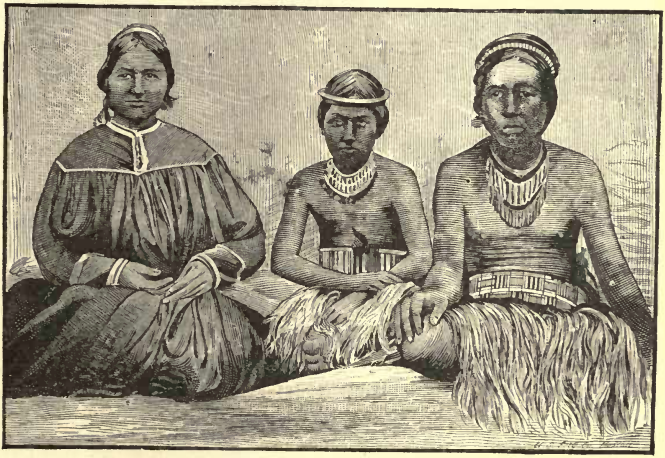
Native Missionaries.

CHRISTIAN AND HEATHEN IN MICRONESIA.

BY REV. EDWARD T. DOANE, OF PONAPE.

In the picture below, we have a representation of heathenism and Christianity, as seen side by side on this island of Ponape. Here are the heathen man and chief, and the Christian woman and chieftess, with their child, "a blossom," between them.

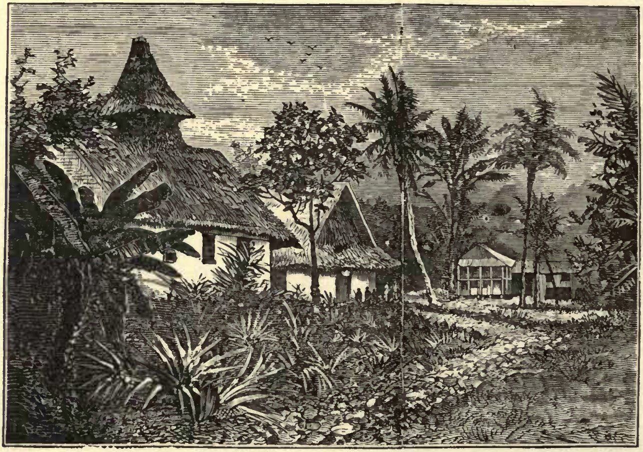
The man will of course be recognized sitting on the right, his native skirt on, trinkets about the neck, belt around the waist, and that marked ornament of every heathen chief, a black, dirty, half-burnt pipe hanging from the lobe of his right ear. Having no pockets in his cocoanut-leaf trowsers, he inserts the stem of his pipe in his ear and so carries it, making the lobe render some service, if it is less ornamental. I may say that the lobe of the ears of all this native population is punctured, or slit up, and presses open ready for almost any use and for any kind of ornament. But the man! A simon-pure heathen he was, when living, and a terrible drunkard. For many years he was a hard drinker and was almost always drunk. How often have I seen him carried by our house at Kiti, too drunk to call, but not too drunk to keep up such howling as often made



A NANAKIN OF PONAPE, WITH WIFE AND CHILD.

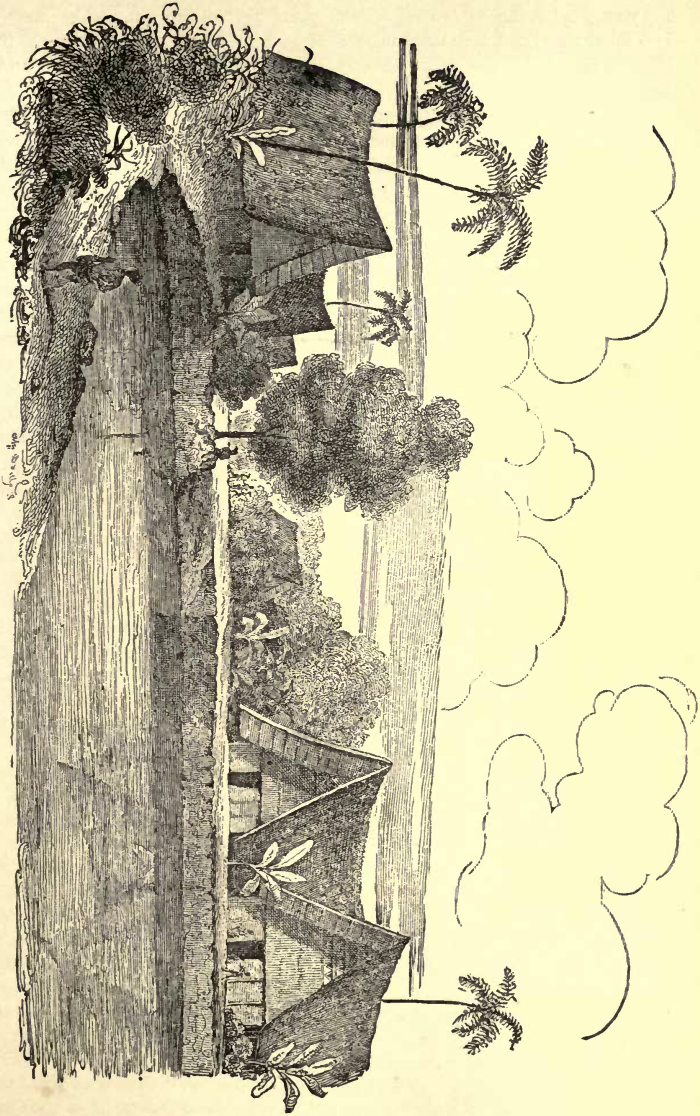
our hearts faint, and our cheeks white, lest he should do some terrible, bloody deed! He hated the missionary and his work, and once, when half drunk, took a torch and fired the church, burning it to the ground. When one of his wives fled from him, he demanded her of the Christian chief with whom she had taken refuge. She was brought to his house, tied to a stake outside, while he was within reviling her, until finally, wholly drunk, he seized his knife and took her life. He was determined that his little son, who sits beside him, should be a drinker; but, as the boy refused, he was caught and the liquor poured down his throat. This is the way heathenism works itself out in its votaries.

But the woman! — a dear Christian woman. The daughter of an Englishman, living once in Ponape, but dead now, she grew up pretty as a wild tropic flower; was wooed and married to the nanakin, or chief, preceding the one in the picture; and when he died, his successor took her as his wife. But she clings to the Christian life she had begun, and is true to it, although this second husband's sad life is a great distress to her. How neatly she is dressed! Heathen women don't dress so usually in Ponape. What a mild, pleasant face! Heathenism in these islands seams and scars the faces of the females, often making the young maiden wear the look of an old hag. This woman is not sitting in the weeds of widowhood exactly, but that loving, tender heart often sat there. A widow now, she follows Christ closely, and will till he calls her home, we think.



MISSION PREMISES ON PONAPE.

But the blossom! — the little fellow would smile to be called that now. He has grown to be a young man, with a charming wife, daughter of good Narcissus, and has three babes born to him. "But how does he blossom out?" you ask. Into a fine, Christian young man, true as steel, a good worker for Christ. Though a chief of considerable prominence, he and his wife stand ready to-day to labor



A VILLAGE ON KUSAIE, MICRONESIA.

upon any heathen shore to which we will send them. A sweet blossom is he not, my young lad reading this story? Will your life blossom out, in like manner, into all that is good and beautiful, full of love to Jesus? Are you ready, like this our Henry (for thus is he named), to take up your work on any heathen shore?

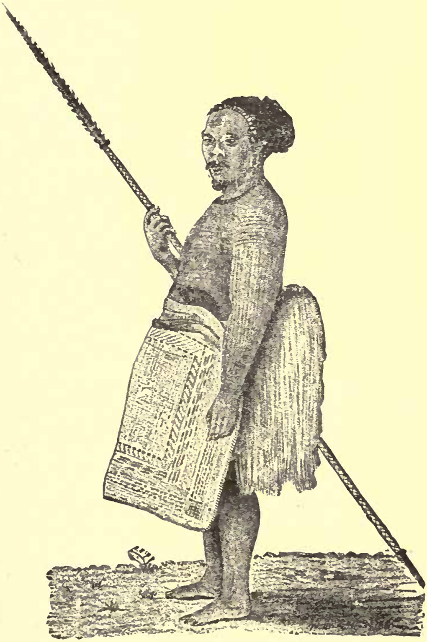
Our boy is represented in the engraving in pure heathen dress, as he was when under the direction of his stepfather. He has a skirt made of cocoanut leaves, trowsers, a belt, a wampum, beautifully wrought, necklaces, and a head-wreath, showing off well on his light olive-colored skin. But he has discarded these long since, dressing now as a good Christian should dress, with clean and well-made clothes. Boys, girls! let us pray for the dear Christian mother. She needs our prayers, for she has trials. A sister, once more beautiful than she, and two brothers, are all living heathen lives. Let us pray for the boy, now such a noble young man, that he may avoid all the snares and pitfalls that heathenism lays for him, and be ever true to his noble temperance principles and to Christ. This heathen stepfather has gone beyond the reach of our prayers; but we can pray for many other fathers, now living in Ponape. Only a few miles to the east of me lives a nanakin, of the same rank with this man, and, like him, a drunkard and murderer. How often my soul cries out to the Lord for him! Will you not join me in that prayer?

THE MARSHALL ISLANDS OF MICRONESIA.

BY REV. J. F. WHITNEY.

THE thirty islands of the Marshall group lie between 4° and 14° north latitude, and are divided into two ranges, the Ratak and the Ralik. The "Morning Star," during her yearly voyages, visits islands on both these ranges, and the young people may like to learn more about the dwellers there. Artists have not visited these regions as yet, and our illustrations must be taken from some rough sketches contained in a pamphlet by a German consul at Jaluij, published at Leipsic in 1880.

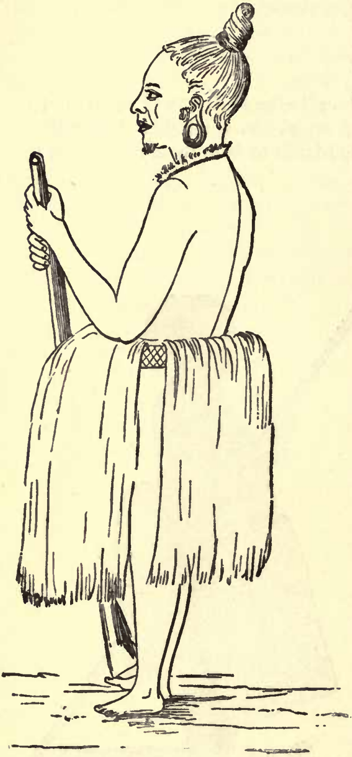
Kabua is the highest chief of the Ralik range. He is represented in native costume. The face and the upper portion of the body are tattooed. This practice of tattooing is a cruel part of heathen worship. Through the influence of the gospel the practice has been almost discontinued on some of the islands. But the marks once made are permanent; nothing can wash them out. Are they not just like the deep stains which sin makes on the character; stains so deep that only Almighty grace can remove them?



KABUA, CHIEF OF RALIK.

The skirt which Kabua wears is made of bark and is very heavy. It is made to set out, both before and behind, by a huge bustle. A bark mat, like the one here seen as an apron, is worn by the women as well as by the chiefs.

The spear in Kabua's hand is made of cocoanut-wood. These spears are much used in fishing as well as in war. Boys throw them in their play while very young, and they are early skillful enough to spear little fishes. Did you ever see a school of fish? Sometimes a hundred or more large fish, called skip-jacks, come into a Micronesian lagoon and are driven into shallow water. Then a peculiar shout is made, and each man and boy who hears catches a spear and runs to the sport. What an exciting time they have of it, with their spears flying hither and thither at the hapless fish! In the early days of our work at Ebon we found it impossible to keep our school quiet when a *school* of fish appeared. The boys would hear the shout and instantly dart out-of-doors, almost before we knew it. It was quite an advance when our pupils had learned to ask permission if they wished to leave school.



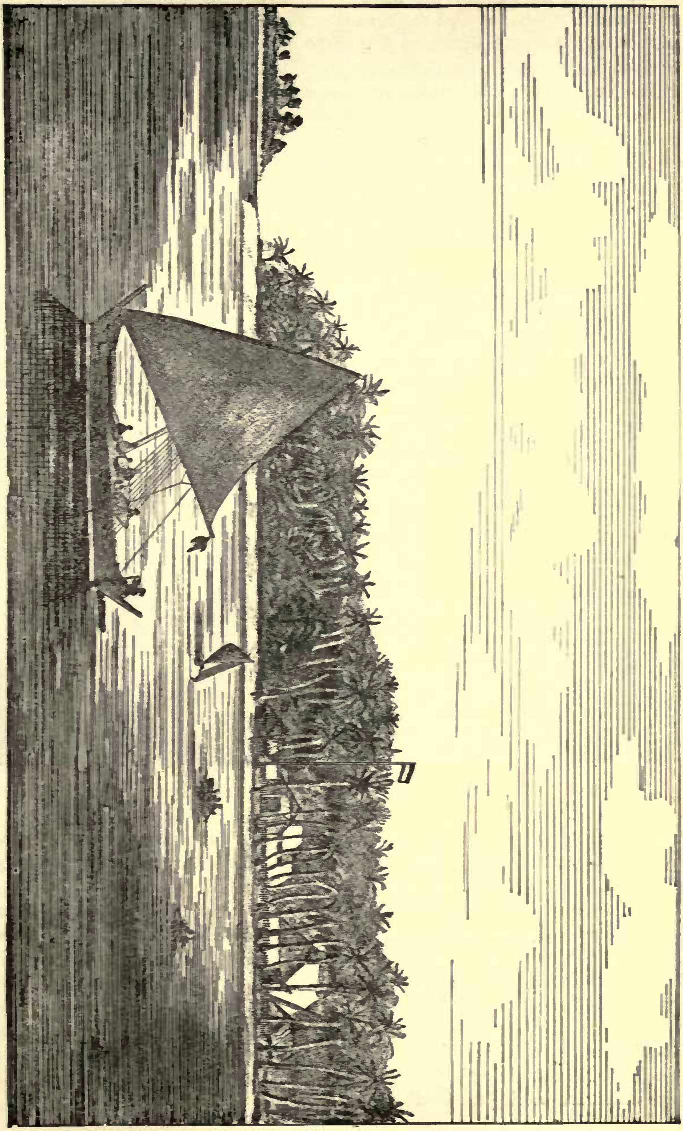
NATIVE MAN.

Our next picture shows in outline an ordinary native in full costume. His only mark of civilization is the gun. Among these islands firearms begin to take the place of spears in war. These new weapons do not increase bloodshed, as might be supposed, inasmuch as parties armed with guns seem afraid to go near each other.

The natives have their ears pierced when very young; and then by pressing, first a small stick, afterward larger and larger sticks, through the opening, they continually stretch the ring of flesh. This stretching process is kept up until the ring of flesh reaches an enormous size, much greater than the natural size of the whole ear. I have put my arm, coat sleeve and all, through the ear of an old man.

The men wear their hair in a knot at the top of the head. They wind it two or three times around their fingers, and then pull the end through the coil.

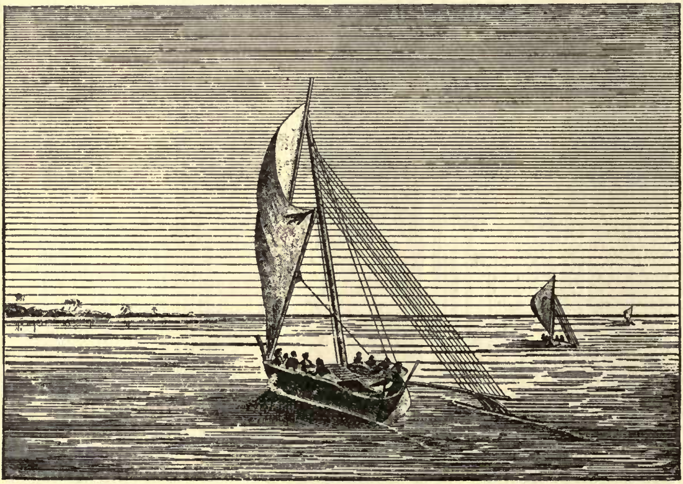
Ebon was formerly the principal island of the Ralik, or Western, range, and it was there that the missionary work was begun. It has still the largest church of any island of the group, and from this church five ordained ministers have come, two of whom are entirely supported by the people. But as Ebon has no harbor for vessels of large size, Jaluij was chosen by the German traders as their central station. The buildings shown in the picture on the next page belong to one of the trading stations. All the coral islands are much like this



A PORTION OF JALUIJ FROM THE LAGOON, SHOWING ANCHORAGE AND ONE TRADING STATION.

one, low and having a dense forest of cocoa-nut trees, with a sprinkling here and there of pandanus and other trees. You see no bread-fruit trees in this picture, as they were all blown down by a hurricane which swept over Jaluij a few years ago.

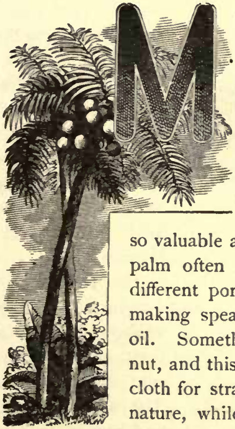
The natives are skillful navigators, and show much ingenuity in building their canoes. The body of the canoe is hewn out of the bread-fruit tree, and the parts are tied together with cocoa-nut cord. Stem and stern are just alike, and in tacking the sail is moved from one end of the canoe to the other. The outrigger, which is designed to steady the craft, must always be kept to the wind, or the sail would go over into the water. The mast simply rests in a socket, and is not secured at the foot, being held by the stays made fast to the outrigger and to the ends of the canoe. The masts and spars are usually made from drift-wood, for large trees and mill-logs, drifting probably thousands of miles, from the northwest, are washed on the shores of these coral islands.



MARSHALL ISLAND CANOES UNDER SAIL.

With these canoes, each from thirty to sixty feet long, the natives sail from island to island, with neither compass nor chart, guided only by the wind, the stars, and the wave lines. Should they be overtaken by a storm and lose their bearings they can only guess which way the land is. Sometimes they drift away, and, if not lost, are for days and weeks without food. But more important for them than even chart and compass to guide their canoes is the chart of God's Word to guide their lives. They greatly need this. You who read these words can help in giving it to them. Perhaps some of you may yet go to these isles which are waiting for God's law.

MORE NOTES CONCERNING THE MARSHALL ISLANDS.

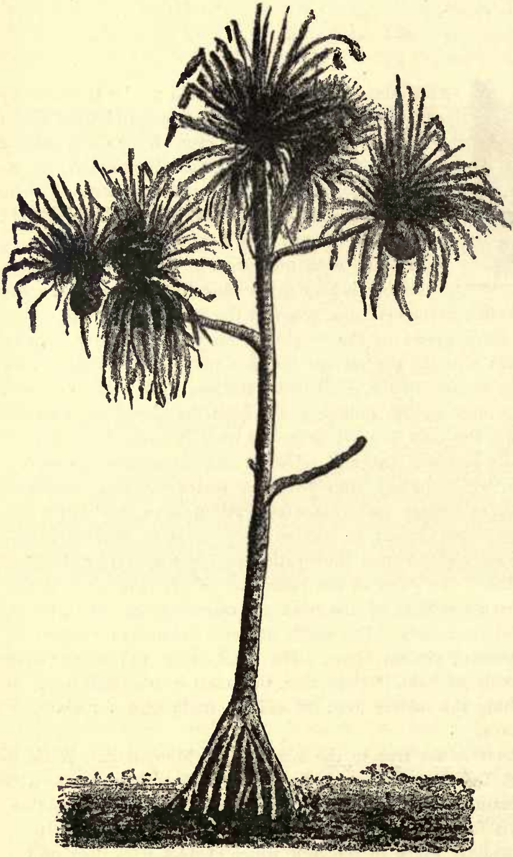


COCOA-NUT TREES.

MANY islands of Micronesia would not be habitable by men were it not for certain wonderful trees which God has made to flourish even on the sandy reefs of the Pacific. Chief among these trees are the cocoanut, the pandanus, and, on the more fertile islands, the bread-fruit. In a picture of Ebon, or of one of the better class of coral islands, the bread-fruit tree would be seen towering over all others. Though this tree is a great blessing to the people, it is not so valuable as the cocoanut, which is the staff of life. The cocoa-palm often grows to the height of sixty feet or over. From different portions the natives obtain timber for building and for making spears, thatch, door-mats, torches, fuel, medicine, and oil. Something like milk is made from the grated meat of the nut, and this milk is used in various ways in preparing food. A cloth for straining the milk is found in the tree, ready woven by nature, while the sap from the bud is a sweet and nourishing drink. This same sap when boiled fresh makes a good syrup, but if allowed to ferment a little, it gives yeast for making bread. When fermented still more it becomes intoxicating, and is the beer or "toddy" which the natives drink. The water of the young cocoa-nut makes a cool and refreshing drink. From the fiber of the husk are manufactured cords, ropes, scrubbing-brushes, and door-mats. The shells are used as bottles for water, oil, and sap, as well as dishes of various kinds. The meat of the nut when young is a very palatable article of food. When ripe, this meat is dried and sold. It is almost the only thing the natives have to sell or trade with for cloth, or knives, or needful tools.

So valuable is the cocoa-nut tree to the islanders of Micronesia. While it flourishes in the East Indies and West Indies, and in all tropical lands, it is found in its greatest luxuriance on the shores of the sea. Its wide distribution, and the fact that it is found on the smallest coral islets of the Pacific, is accounted for by the peculiar shape of the fruit, which enables it to float on the water, so that, falling from the trees into the sea, it is carried by the currents far and near, and when thrown by the waves upon any land, it becomes the seed of a forest.

The pictures on this page and the next show the pandanus tree and its fruit. It is an awkward-looking tree, but very useful. The fruit is as large as a good-sized pumpkin, and is made up of separate pieces or drupes, each about as large as a man's fist, and all growing on the pith or core at the centre, like the seeds of a blackberry. In the picture of the fruit some of the drupes are removed so as to show the pith. This fruit is of a rich golden color, and is juicy, sweet, and nourishing. The outside of these drupes is hard, but the end nearest the pith is soft. The natives chew up this soft end to get the juicy pulp, and so the sailors have given them the name of "chew-ups." They also call them shaving-brushes, for after being washed by rain and dried by sun, they make very handy little brushes.



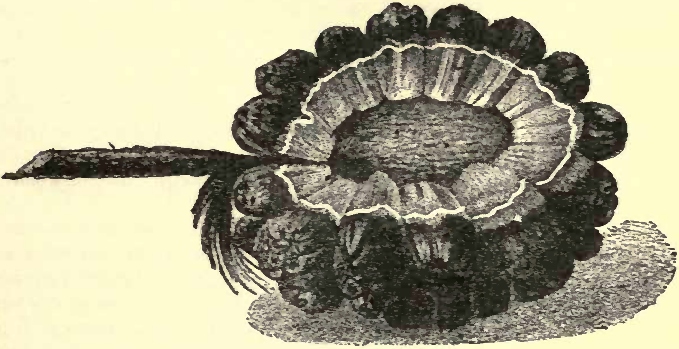
THE PANDANUS TREE.

The fruit of the pandanus when cooked makes a very good substitute for pumpkin. The natives dry it, and keep it for their long voyages, or for times of scarcity. The leaves of this tree are used in making mats, sails, thatch, hats, etc. The trunk when fully grown is hollow and makes very strong and hard timber.

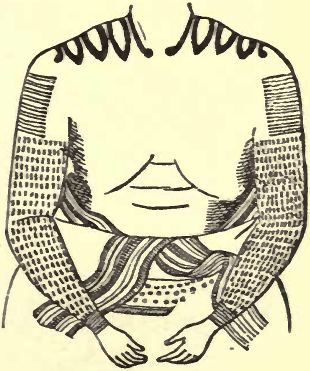
How wisely has God provided for the needs of his creatures in all parts of the earth!

Whatever may be said of the native character of the islanders of Micronesia, it is a fact that they have learned much that is bad from those who have come among them from civilized lands. We cannot here tell of all the evils which white men have added to those of heathenism. Intemperance now prevails among many of the chiefs and the people. This vice was unknown throughout the Marshall Islands until the year 1875. It is sad to think that this destroying evil has been introduced from Christian lands.

A while ago the chiefs and people at the island of Ebon enacted a temperance law, and when last heard from the law was still in force. Kabua, a chief of Ralik, whose picture you may remember having seen on another page, has forbidden foreigners to sell liquor or to give it to natives. The American and English consuls at Samoa have issued proclamations calling upon citizens of their countries to respect this command of Kabua, but at last accounts German beer was producing intoxication at Jaluij. What will not bad men do for the sake of money? On this island of Jaluij there is a little persecuted tempted band of Christians, sheep without a shepherd, with no missionary and no teacher. Do not forget to pray for them that they may not be wholly lost and given over to the evil one.


FRUIT OF THE PANDANUS.

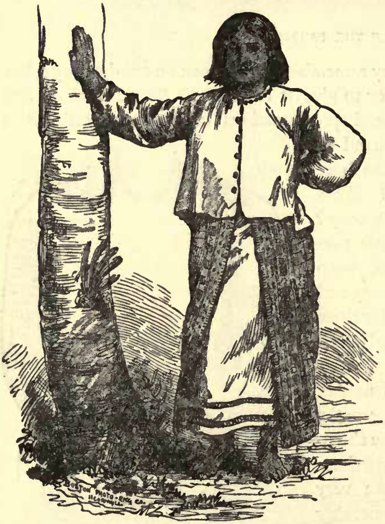
In the days of their heathenism neither the men nor women wore any clothing on the upper part of the body. See how the shoulders and arms of the women were sometimes tattooed. This tattooing was often very elaborate, and it seemed to do something toward covering the nakedness of this portion of the body. How the poor creatures must have suffered in being cut so much as was necessary to drive the coloring matter under the skin! But they have learned better now, and on some of the islands there is much improvement in dress.


TATTOO WORK.

The native dress consists of two mats, each about a yard square, fastened around the waist with a cord. These mats are a marvel of skill, and show great industry. They are braided by hand (not woven) from the leaves of the pandanus, and are soft and durable. The edge is embroidered with bark, dyed brown, black, or yellow. With these colors the natives work an endless variety of patterns, the work being equally perfect on both sides.

The picture given below shows a woman clad in the native mats, to which is added a calico sack. This sack is one of the outward results of the preaching of the gospel, and it is a sign of the change wrought in the heart. The new truth received has led to the better covering of the body, and to a better life in many ways. These outward signs of Christian work are very marked on the islands where the gospel has been received. The houses are larger and better made; the grounds around the houses are more tidily kept; the natives are more cleanly, and are clad in such clothing as they are able to procure. Like the demoniac whom the Saviour cured, they are clothed and in their right mind, while they sit and listen to the Word of God.

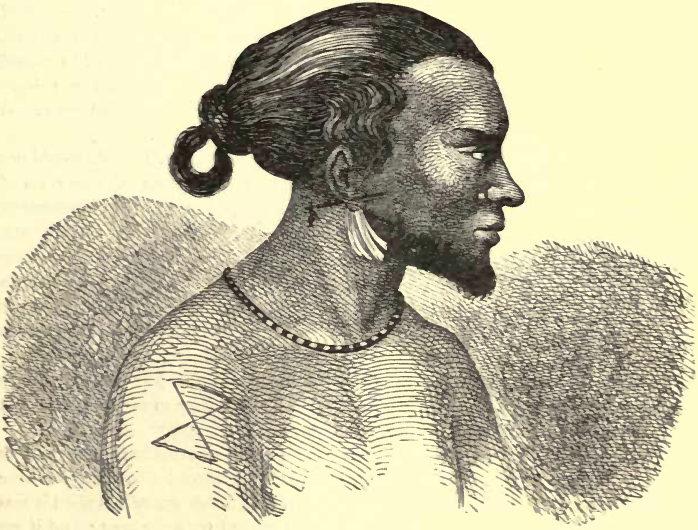
On the trunk of the cocoa-nut tree against which this woman rests her hand, you may see the scars where successive branches have grown and fallen off. The tree grows no larger round as it increases in age, but only taller; each new branch and cluster of fruit adding to its height. You may see also on this tree a curious-looking parasitic fern. In Micronesia many kinds of ferns and other plants grow in this way on the trunks of trees.


BOSTON PHOTO-ENG. CO.
A NATIVE CHRISTIAN WOMAN.

Now may this brief story of what can be seen among the far-off islands of the Pacific lead those who read these words to think more of the people who dwell there. They are a simple people, kindly disposed, and ready to be taught. God has provided food for their bodies in the wonderful trees we have described. The food for their souls he has also provided, but he has intrusted it with us to carry to them. Shall we not be ready so to carry it? Your missionary vessel, the *Morning Star*, goes through these island groups every year, generally adding on each voyage some new island to the number of those that have received the gospel. She has just sailed again on her errand of love and mercy. How many hearts will be made glad by her coming! Be sure you follow her with your prayers.

MICRONESIANS PICKED UP AT SEA.—1882.

A story of remarkable interest, relating to certain Micronesian Islanders recently cast away at sea, comes to us by way of Japan. The facts are contained in a letter from Captain Slocum, of the American ship *Northern Light*, which reached Yokohama on the 15th of January, 1883. The letter is printed in the *Japan Gazette*, of January 16, and tells the story so fully that we need add little to it except to speak of the Island of Apemama from which these waifs came.



A MICRONESIAN ISLANDER.

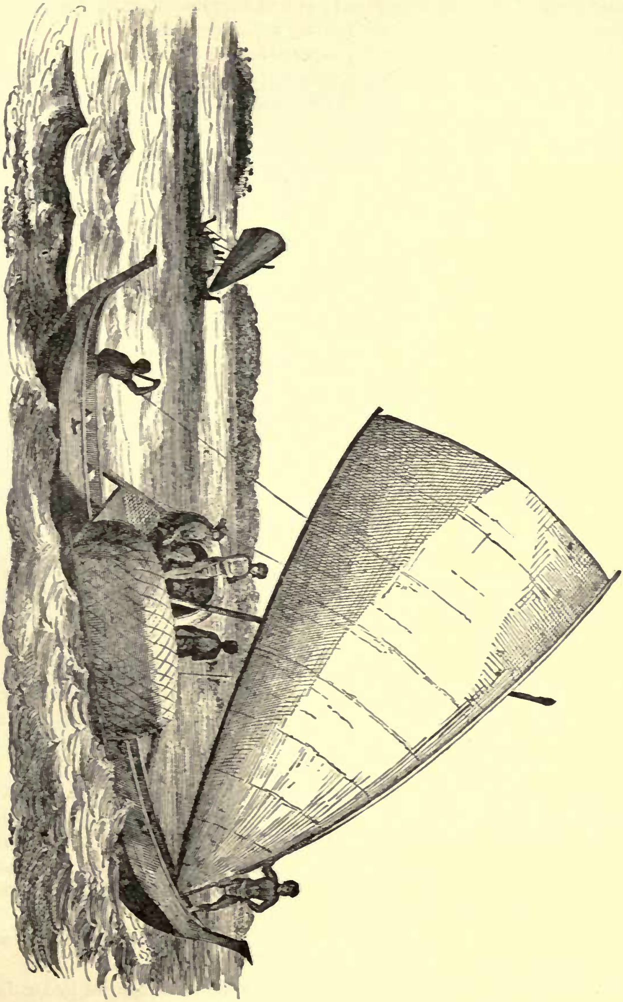
Apemama belongs to the Gilbert group, one of the three groups of islands in Micronesia where the American Board has missions. It is a low coral island on which ten years ago there was not a ray of Christian light. The people were degraded savages, naked and cruel. Nine years ago a native Christian teacher, placed on Apemama, reported that the people to the number of one hundred came to school; but the king, jealous lest any one should know more than himself, took an effective way of keeping at the head of the class, namely, by cutting off the heads of those who proved to be better scholars than himself. The work went on, nevertheless, until 1880, when, on the 15th of August, a church of seventy-one members was formed. The next year the king put away thirty-three of his thirty-four wives, and there were said to be over two hundred inquirers on the island. Last July there were three hundred persons who had expressed their desire to unite with the church. This was the last news received from Apemama prior to the coming of this story of the waifs picked up by the *Northern Light.* We know nothing of this captain who writes this letter, save what the letter itself shows of his kindness and generosity. The testimony he gives of the Christian character of those whose lives he was so fortunate as to save is specially gratifying. Here is his letter: —

"It seems that, about the end of October, 1882, twelve natives of Apemama Island (Gilbert group) left for an adjacent island of the same group. Overtaken by a storm and driven to leeward of their archipelago, they continued to be drifted about from north to south and east to west, at the scant mercy of a changing monsoon, till Sunday, the 10th of December, when the *Northern Light* picked up the surviving five, about six hundred miles from their island home. Seven of their number had in this time perished, the first to succumb being a woman. The supply of food the unfortunate waifs were possessed of was limited to a small quantity of dry pulverized banana; and their stock of water could not have exceeded more than six gallons, as their utensils would not have held more. A few bottles of cocoanut oil completed their stock of provisions.

"Speaking of these people as natives of a South Sea island, I think, would not convey to the bulk of the Christian world a proper conception of the class of people, a few of whom we had been fortunate enough to rescue from inconceivable horrors. *A more devout band of Christians, I never met.* When first hauled out of their cheerless cockleshell, more dead than alive, and placed safely on board our comfortable ship, a man who appeared to be a leader gave thanks to the Almighty with becoming reverence. They then fell on the deck in token of submission to their friends from the white man's world, of which they knew so little. Brandy and other stimulants were administered; warm tea seemed to agree very well with one or two, who refused brandy on the plea that they were Christians. They all smoked, however, and for the first time in my life, I thought that possibly there might be some virtue in tobacco. . . .

"Whaggie, the youngest of the three young men, now addressed me in very good English: 'Captain, where ship bound?' I informed him that we were bound for Japan. 'Ship no stop at Apemama?' To this query I replied it was possible we might touch at his island if winds prevailed from the west; and if we had easterly winds we should touch at Ponipete (Ponape); in any event they should be cared for as well as circumstances would permit. 'Captain,' said Whaggie, 'I thank you.'

"The change in their fortune began to tell on these waifs of the sea, three of whom were young men whose physique and manly form could not be matched by any three men among our crew. The fourth was an elderly man, the husband of the surviving woman, and a brighter eye than twinkles in his old head it would be hard to find. It was he who refused brandy, repeating his only word of English, 'Me missionary,' pointing at himself and then upwards, and we readily comprehended his meaning. The poor old fellow seemed quite reconciled in the belief that his time was about up, when we were removing him into regular quarters along with the rest. Whaggie looked at him and shook his head saying, 'Tabu!' We laughed them out of this idea, and told them that among 'howrie' missionaries there was no 'tabu.' The old man did not at first place much faith



A MICRONESIAN CANOE.

in what I said, but later on we became great friends. I never visited their quarters but he asked me by signs and gestures to sit down, invariably, too, alongside of his wife. What man could ask for greater mark of confidence? Many a worse looking woman, too, might be found; indeed her graceful figure, notwithstanding her middle age, might be envied by many a 'howrie' belle.

"About a week on board, and prospects looked like landing our protégés on their own island. We reached within forty-five miles, and I fully expected to make the land early next morning. On learning this the islanders set to rejoicing. I came on deck, as is my custom, in the middle watch, and found three young men, arm in arm, walking the decks, singing psalms. Our disappointment next day was great when we found, by observations, that we had struck the equatorial current, and had been set far to the westward. With a light easterly wind it was not practicable to pursue the course longer. The disappointment to them must have been very great; I feel conscience-smitten for having held out such high expectations, but it really looked like a sure thing to me at the time.

"Thence we shaped a course for Ebon Island which also lay in our track. We made it at night, — a dark, boisterous night, — and no time to be hovering about coral reefs in a heavy ship; so from this we took our departure for Baring's Island. Our island friends were in doubt if they would be kindly received by the inhabitants of this island; they were in doubt of its being inhabited by others than cannibals; and as night and stormy weather were again upon us, communication with the shore was cut off. I did not feel justified in simply giving them provisions and sending them off in their boat to an almost unknown island and perhaps extremely unkind people. They were evidently alarmed at the idea of being thus turned off, and I considered I had no more right to turn them adrift than I would have with people of any other nation, so thrown on our hospitality.

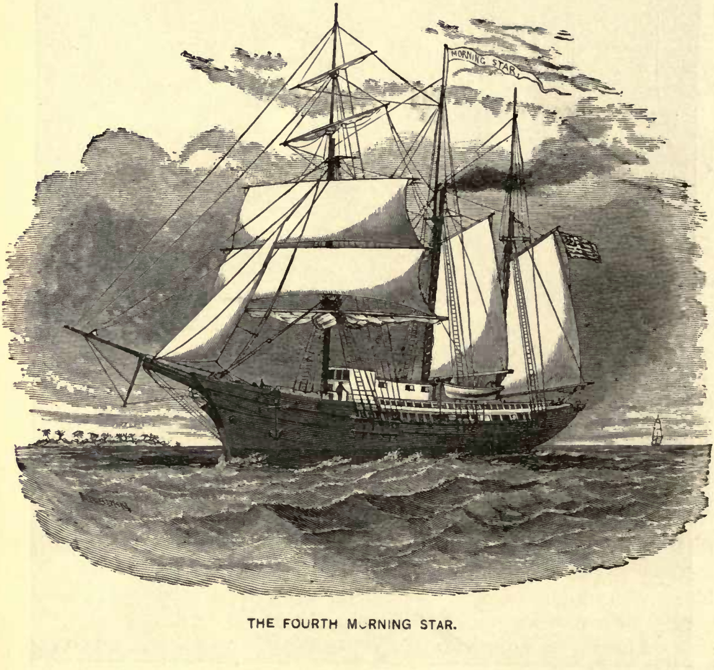
"Northeast trades now fairly opened out on us, and my mind was soon made up. Calling our visitors to me I acquainted them with what I thought best for all concerned. 'Taiban' (Japan) was the word, and I assure you their faces at once brightened up and a load was taken off my mind.

"Next morning, as our ship fairly danced along toward Japan, Whaggie asked if I thought they should ever again see Apemama. I looked at their situation now in a new light, and determined that they shall see Apemama and friends again if my interest can bring this about. I made light of their fears and told them as best I could, that one of our many war-ships cruising the ocean would very likely carry them back, boat and all. Whaggie intimated that the King of Apemama, would be pleased enough to 'pay money, to give plenty *cobre*,' etc. Perhaps he would knight one into the bargain, who knows? My opportunity was probably lost by being met with foul currents; otherwise I might now be known as Sir P. G. or Lord Bukiroro instead of plain Pil Garlic; or, better still perhaps, as 'Governor of an Island.'

"We arrived safely in Yokohama, on the 15th of January, with our strange passengers on board. What shall we do with them?"

We are glad to add to this interesting letter the fact, reported by Dr. Loomis of Yokohama, that residents in Japan were so much pleased with the account of these waifs, that they at once raised $500 to send them home. We have since heard of their arrival at San Francisco.

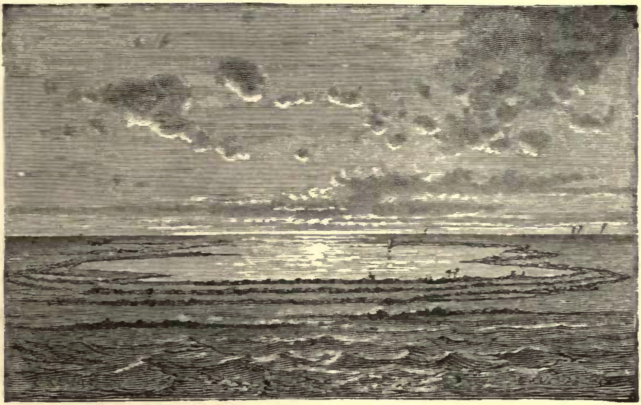
THE RESCUED ISLANDERS.


MORNING STAR

THE FOURTH MORNING STAR.

THE "MORNING STAR'S" REPORT TO HER STOCKHOLDERS IN 1879.

THE "Morning Star," after a trip of eight months in Micronesia, arrived at Honolulu, February 26. She brings her own story of herself and her trip, written in Micronesia in December, 1878. The stockholders will welcome such a direct report. Accompanying the report, we give two pictures, one of a lagoon coral island, such as the "Star" has frequently seen on her trip, and one of the cocoa-nut palm, which grows luxuriantly on some of the Micronesian Islands, like Kusaie.

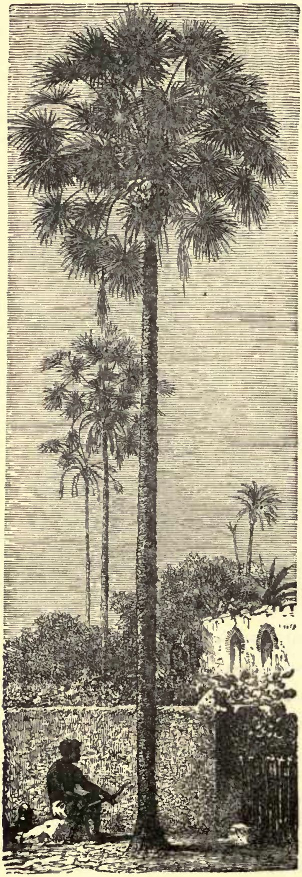


CORAL ISLAND WITH LAGOON.

"NEW MICRONESIA, *December* 6, 1878.

"*To my numerous, respected, and happy owners, the 'Morning Star' sends greeting*, — health, peace, and joy to you all : —

"I am on my eighth trip in 'Old Micronesia' and my sixth in the 'New.' I am now doing my very best to get back to Ponape, having done up all my work at the Mortlocks. I came down *flying*, making the distance of 280 miles from Ponape to Lukanor, in less than four days. I am going back 'wallowing,' for this is the only way of getting along, according to my experience for the last two weeks. I am doing the very best I can, and am glad no one on board complains at my slow progress. The only approach to complaint from any one is the rather natural remark, which rather mortifies me, 'Now is the time for a steamer.' 'Oh for the power of steam!' Well, *I* am sorry, and would gladly do better ; I am thinking of the dear ones waiting for my return, on Ponape and Ebon. I am much wanting to get up to Pingelap and Mokil, to give those good people in the East a chance to welcome me and their misssionary, as they have done in the West; but what's the use? The captain says he never had such experience before, — head winds and baffling; 'north' and 'south.' Mr. Sturges wonders if 'the winds and I are on a dodging frolic,' and suggests to the captain that he 'tack ship' without saying anything. The Captain says, 'that's just what I have been doing, but the winds are too fast for me.' And so we have it 'up and down,' 'up and down.' All on board agree that it is from the *Lord*, so there is no complaining. Only I'm a little sorry to hear there is any thought of 'laying me up' to give place to a young steamer; I think they'll rue the day when they do it. I trust you will do all you can for me, and never agree to a compromise: I have served you well, and am good for many a trip yet. Besides, it would be so hard not to come back to see these sunny isles, and the dear missionaries and their people. I was the first to bring teachers to these lovely Mortlocks. They have always been glad to see me, and never more so than just now. Oh, how I do love to see them gathered on their white beach to sing me their pretty songs of welcome. I can't help wishing I were a big phonograph; how the Honolulu people would stare and throw up their hats to hear me repeat the sounds that have come to me from the shores of these sunny Mortlocks! I am so happy too that I got along to new islands and landed Ponape teachers there. I hope next year to bring from Ponape more new teachers, for I heard the missionary promise the people on Namolik to bring them teachers, and he has also requests for teachers on dark Ruk. I hope to go there next year, and should have gone on this trip had there been anything to take.

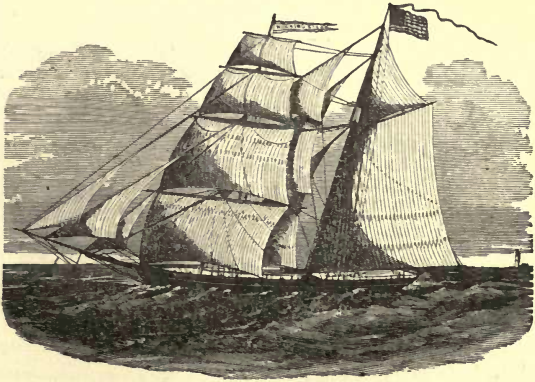


A PALM TREE.

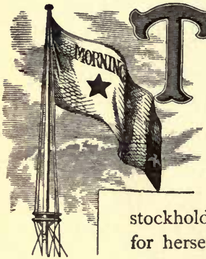
"I am very happy to bring down supplies and letters and papers to these dear good missionaries, — they all seem so happy in their work, and so blessed, and it is pleasant to take them around to see their children and grandchildren, — who are already counted by the hundreds in some of the islands. I am always happy to bring down missionaries, but am rather sad to take them away; I did so want to bring back dear Mr. and Mrs. Snow, and my favorites, the Doanes. How they are repeating themselves in the songs everywhere sung in New Micronesia! Dear good veterans, how I miss them! And now I must take back another of them. Mrs. Sturges is much needing me to help her get away into a cooler clime. And poor Mr. Sturges! he will soon be the only one of the original band in Micronesia; how he does hang on! Wonder if he plans to never give up? I love my younger friends, and shall try to keep on coming to them as long as I can. If any more want to come, I can assure them a hearty welcome and a glorious work. These isles wait for the Law of the Lord; and I can wish no one any higher good or sweeter happiness than a share in bringing to them the Gospel of Life. I shall be happy to continue in your employ, and serve you to the best of my abilities. Thanks for past favors.

"Your sincere servant,

"THE MORNING STAR."

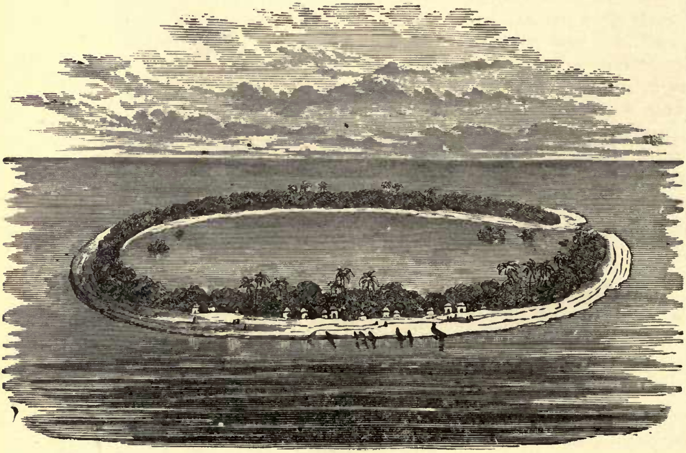


REPORT OF THE "MORNING STAR."—1880.



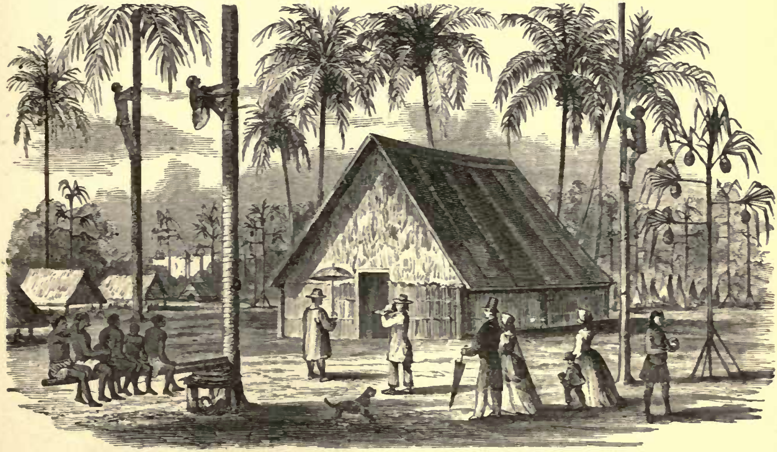
THE *Morning Star* arrived at Honolulu from her seventh trip to Micronesia on February 15. She has sent home each year a report to her stockholders. Very few vessels have as many stockholders as she has, and all will want to hear of the results of her voyage. The letters from the missionaries are very full, and too long to print here, but some one usually writes a letter in the name of the vessel telling the stockholders about the voyage. Here is what the *Star* says for herself :—

"*To the happy owners of the Morning Star,*—Peace, health, and hope to you, young and old. I am now on my return from the seventh and best trip I have made to your chosen island kingdom, Micronesia. I have the best of news to tell you. I have been all the way down through the Gilbert Islands, then up through the Marshall group, and am now on my way home from the Mortlocks, where I had just splendid times among those Ponape teachers.



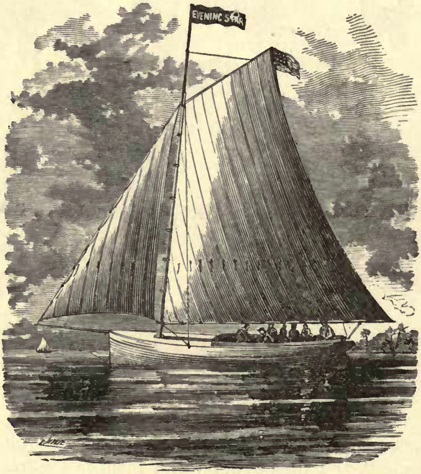
LAGOON ISLAND IN MICRONESIA.

I also took one of their choice couples on to dark Hogolu, where I have been long wanting to go. During this long voyage I have sailed over more than eight thousand miles of sea and had my anchor down in fifty-two places, — nor should I fail to tell you of the good service my little other self, my boat, has done, in saving me many a step, amounting in all to more than eight hundred miles. Do you wonder the missionaries, and all to whom I go, and all whom I serve, praise me, and call me good, and say I am just the best thing that ever was, and hope I will never leave them? And yet, who would believe it? I still hear on board whispers of a coming steamer to take my place! I take as little notice as I can of these hints, for I love to come to all these groups of islands, — all seem so glad to see me. I always keep my handsomest bows for the crowds of children that gather along the coral strands, waving their feathery palm boughs, singing just the sweetest welcomes ever sung. I was very happy when I saw teachers come on board at Ponape, to make good the promises Mr. Sturges made of teachers for the new islands we visited last year. And then how glad I was to visit those teachers I took to Losap and Noma one year ago, and to find them doing so well, — a church and parsonage at each place, and materials ready for the living church. I landed a new couple on Namoluk; took up the veteran Moses from Noma, and the Ruk chief who had come over in search of teachers, and then went on with them to the front. I must confess to some twinges of fear, as I pointed my bow into the unfrequented lagoon of the Hogolu Islands, and threaded my way down through the reefs and flats towards one of the many high islands, where such bloody deeds have been done in the past. And then how suspicious it looked that no natives came off to meet me! Only now and then a few were seen dodging through the bushes; and a canoe or two dodging in and out of the little creeks, only to see and be seen for a moment. At length. weary of trying to get somebody off, I lowered my boat, the captain, missionaries, and a few sailors got in, which was no sooner


APAIANG, GILBERT ISLANDS.

done than the little squad of natives on the beach darted back into the bushes, with my boat in pursuit, and as I saw it shoot into a cove out of sight, especially when a great shout arose, I thought perhaps I had got my friends into a tight place. It was an hour or two of solemn suspense; and never was I more glad to see my boat than when it shot out of the creek with all safe. Such a crowd of wild natives shouting and fairly carrying it! Then I knew that the shouts were a joyous welcome to the teachers who had come. And thus is accomplished what I have been so long wanting to see — teachers of the Lord of peace and life accepted and made welcome on the islands of dark Hogolu! There went up that night from my cabin, and from all on board, louder songs of praise than for a long time. So you will not wonder that I am very happy, and in the best of spirits making my way back to Ponape, where I hope to rest a few days, then to push on to Mokil and Pingelap, and so on to Honolulu.

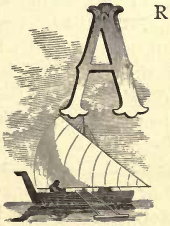
"I am, your Vessel, THE MORNING STAR."



FROM THE "MORNING STAR."—1881.

WE are favored again with a report from the "Morning Star." For nine months she has been sailing through Micronesia, touching at many islands in the Gilbert, Marshall, Caroline, and Mortlock groups. When she left Honolulu in June of last year, crowds of people came to the shore to see her off, while the steamers blew their whistles, the flags on the shipping were dipped, and the band of a Russian man-of-war gave forth stirring music. The old pilot said that no such crowd would come to see the king off as came to see the "Morning Star" and her passengers start forth on the Lord's work. All the way through Micronesia the vessel has been bringing joy to thousands of hearts. Captain Bray, who has so faithfully commanded the vessel on its recent voyages, sends this report for the young people.

The "Morning Star" sendeth greeting to her Owners.



A PROA.

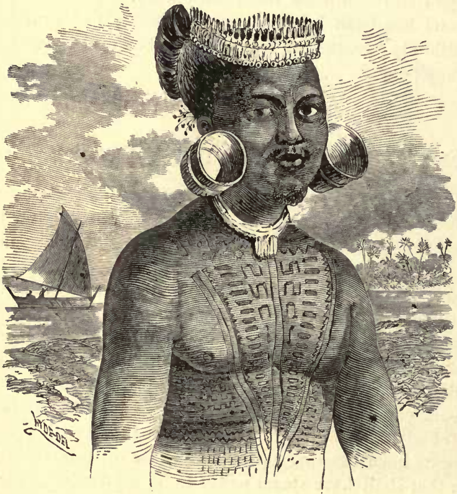
ARRIVING at Honolulu from my eighth voyage through Micronesia in your service, I am glad to hear that you have read with pleasure my former reports, and I can now send you a brief story of another year of prosperous work. But first about myself. You will remember that in my report printed in the *Missionary Herald* last year, I spoke of whispers I had heard from those on board about a steamer to take my place. There are more than whispers now, and I myself am persuaded that I can no longer do the work which your vessel ought to do in Micronesia. This is the feeling of all the missionaries, and while they speak very affectionately of me, they have been drawing up a petition on my cabin table for a larger vessel, and one that shall have steam power to be used when there are calms or cross currents.

"On this last voyage I did the best I could under the circumstances, but just think of it! In one instance, in going from one island to another, a distance of 200 miles, I had, on account of head winds and currents, to sail 1,236 miles. It took me seventeen days to do this, whereas a steamer would have gone in one day. I spent seventy-five days in doing the work among the Gilbert Islands, beating about until I had sailed 2,868 miles. If I had had steam power I could have done the work in twenty-nine days, and that by sailing only 607 miles. My poor sailors have often had to pull in a boat for hours under a broiling sun, to reach some island to which I could not sail because there was no wind. Five hundred miles of boating have thus been done on this one voyage. This is very hard and slow work.

"This has been the busiest year of my life, and such crowds of passengers I never had on my decks before. I have had so many, that at times many of them have been obliged to remain on deck through sun and storm without any protection, because my cabins are quite too small to accommodate them, while my cook and steward have been greatly troubled to get cooking enough done on my small stove to satisfy so many hungry mouths.

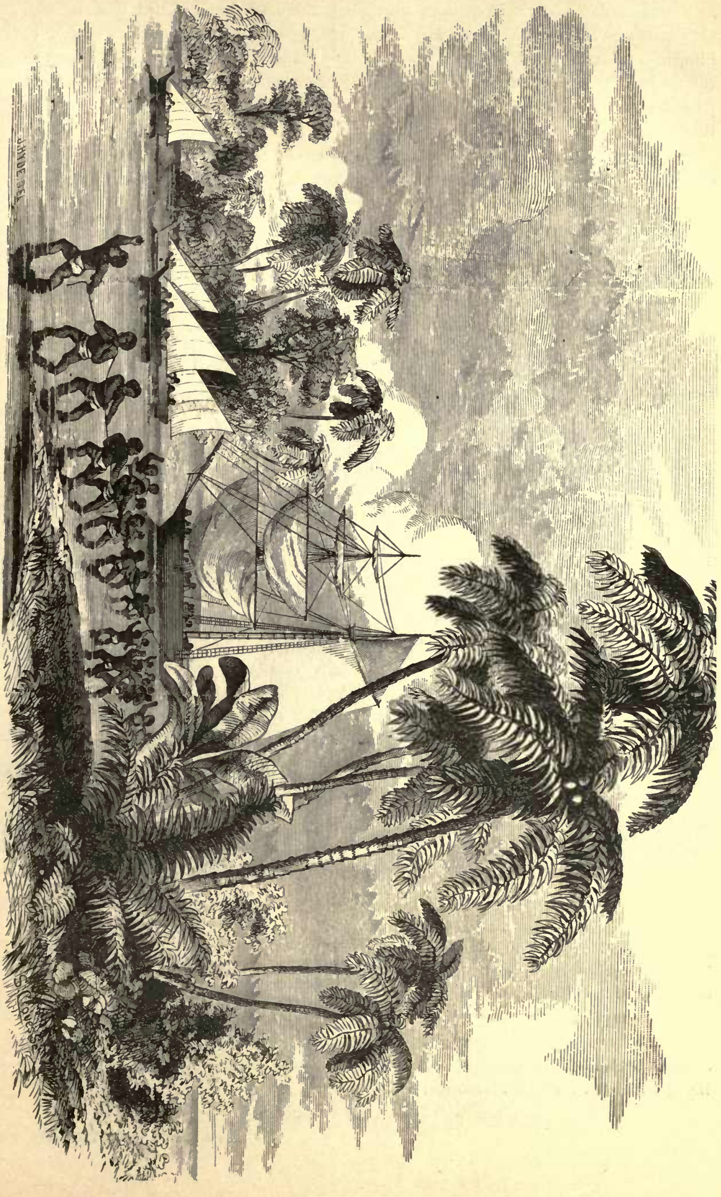
"I have witnessed some glorious sights, especially in the turning of many of the natives to the Lord. The teachers we left at Namoluk last year among a heathen people, met me upon the beach, a school of old and young people singing away with all their might. The people had listened to their teachers, and many of them had accepted Christ. There stood a new church and a nice new house which these natives had built for their teacher. Best of all, there were thirty-six natives ready to be formed into a church.

"I told you about taking on my previous voyage the faithful Moses from Noma to the wonderful lagoon of Ruk, where we left him in the midst of, probably, ten thousand heathen natives. I could but pity this faithful man and his wife as I sailed away, and left them in a corner of a large canoe house, as the most comfortable place they could find to live in. How glad they were to see me again. God had taken care of them. As my boat landed upon the beach, how different was the scene from the one I left only a year ago! A large number of children clapping their hands and singing "Morning Star," stood ready with a welcome to the missionaries, who landed upon a rude wharf which had been built of logs, and together they walked up a nice path to a pleasantly situated house built for their teacher under the shade of bread-fruit, cocoa-nut, and orange trees. A short distance from this house was a large new church.



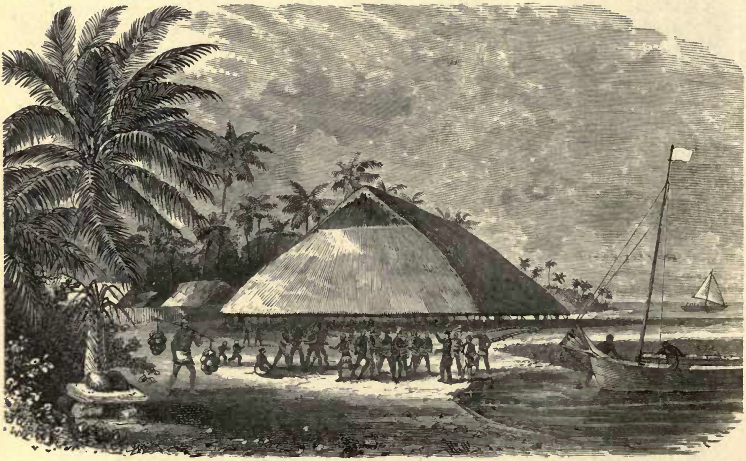
A YOUNG MAN OF THE MARSHALL ISLANDS.

"This good man's life had been in peril. Soon after I left him, a disease prevailed among the islands of the lagoon, and large numbers of people were



ISLANDERS TOWING THE "MORNING STAR" INTO A LAGOON sick and died. They said at once that the missionary brought the disease, and they came in large numbers to kill him. He quietly asked them to listen to him, and then inquired of them whether they had never before had anything of the kind. They remembered that a long time ago they did have just such a pestilence. He asked, 'Who brought it then?' After a few moments' thought they replied, 'It came itself.' 'Then,' said he, 'did n't this come of itself?' They were ready to admit that it did, and instead of carrying out their design of killing him they soon began to listen to the words of everlasting life coming from the missionary's lips. From that time there came a call for more teachers and for the words of life, from all the natives in the lagoon. I left two more teachers this year upon other islands, and expect upon my return to see as great a change upon these islands as I saw at Moses' station this year.

"I always enjoy the company of the native school boys when I get them on board, either going from or returning to school upon Kusaie and the other training school islands. They make my decks ring with their laughter and shouts, and they help the sailors haul on the ropes in such a hearty manner that when I tack ship it brings my yards around in good order. Perhaps you will be surprised to hear that a little Gilbert Island boy, born on board, has been named "Morning Star Te Kaure," in honor of me. I trust that in the future you may hear that this lad has become a great and good man in his country.



NATIVE COUNCIL HOUSE OR MANEABA, GILBERT ISLANDS.

"I should be glad before taking leave of my many owners, to give you, not only a story of my work, but also a treat from all the oranges, bananas, pineapples, bread-fruit, cocoa-nuts, etc., that I see and often have given to me by the grateful natives of Micronesia.

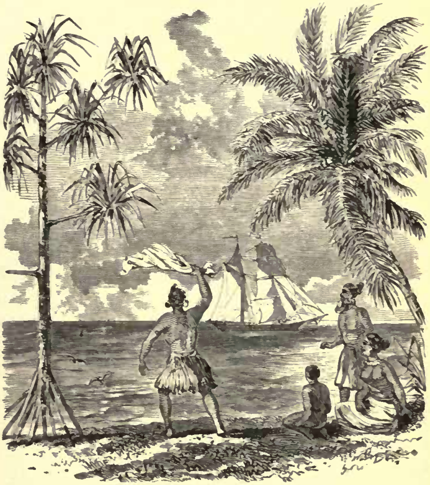
"I am your vessel,

"THE MORNING STAR."

FROM THE "MORNING STAR"—1882.

THE *Morning Star* had returned from her eleventh annual trip to Micronesia, reaching Honolulu February 2, nearly two months earlier than she was expected. The letter from the *Star* to her owners was briefer than usual, and refers to an accident which had happened to the vessel rather than to the work done among the people. The letter says: —

"I am returning home in ballast, and to all appearances as gallant as ever, but deep down below the water-line there is a silent leak, which all the efforts of my crew have not been able to stop. After three weeks of severe labor at the island of Kusaie, I am obliged to return to Honolulu for repairs. What I dislike most of all to acknowledge is that I am returning with the work on some of the islands undone. To be growing old, and to become aware that one is not equal to the service required, and so to be willing to be set aside that a younger one may fill the place, is hard. But we should be ready to be anything or to do anything for the sake of the more rapid extension of the kingdom of Christ. How well I can sympathize with many faithful pastors who have grown old in service, and who have come to realize that others must take their place.


WELCOME OF THE MORNING STAR

"I would give all praise to God for many deliverances, not only on the present voyage, but also on each previous one. On the 21st of September last we sighted Kusaie, and were on just the spot where the *Morning Star* No. 2 was wrecked in 1869. The weather was calm, and the current strong, and it seemed as if nothing could prevent my going ashore. As the current drifted me silently nearer and nearer the breakers, I gave up all hope of saving my life, and the ladies were sent away from me in boats. But just before striking on the reef my anchor took hold and held me just clear of instant destruction. But then there was only one quarter from which the wind could blow so as to save me, and we had never known it to blow from that quarter near this island. However, the Lord sent this very wind a few moments after our anchor caught. It lasted only long enough to take us clear of the land, and then died out again. Was not that a wonderful deliverance?

"Four years ago, as I remember, there were ten trading vessels sailing about among the Micronesian Islands, besides myself, and within this short space of time every one of those vessels has been wrecked and lost, except your *Morning Star*. My captain would take no credit to himself for superior seamanship, knowing that some of those other vessels were commanded by far better seamen than he. To sail a vessel through the calms, currents, and lagoons of Micronesia is as difficult as any navigation in the world. No, to God belongs all the praise. My captain has a strong argument to use with the traders on these islands as he reminds them of the protection God has granted those who sail in simple dependence on his care.

"Notwithstanding the fact that I go home without doing the work in the Marshall Islands, I have on this trip sailed 12,362 miles; have had 319 passengers; have entered 15 lagoons; and have anchored 46 times. The full results of the voyage can never be known till the great day 'when the books shall be opened.' Your faithful Ship,

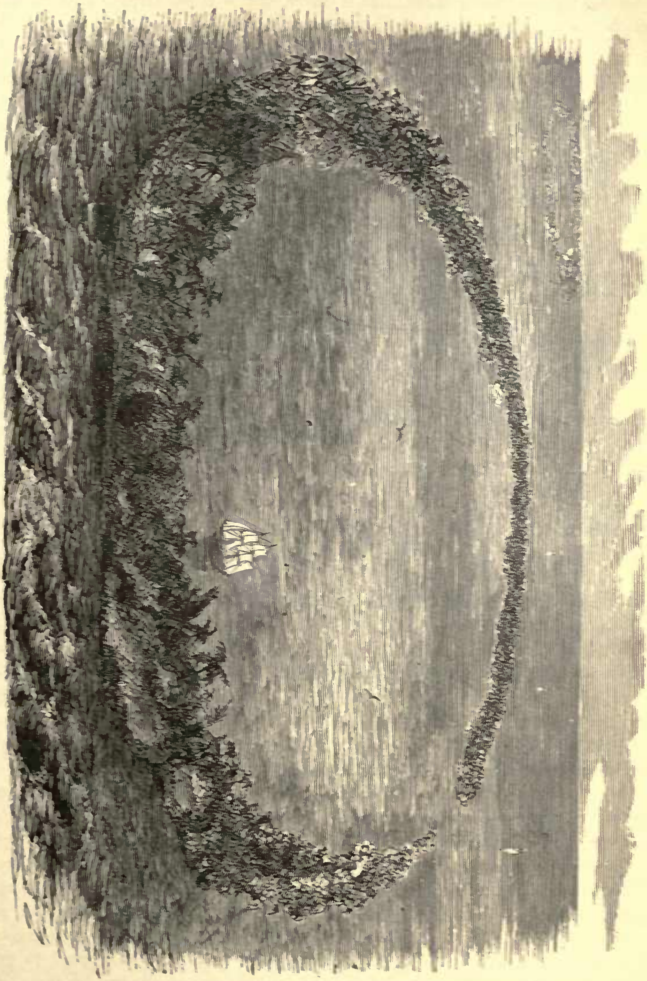
"*The Morning Star.*"

On the opposite page is a picture of a coral island, thousands of which are found in the Pacific and Indian Oceans. They are seldom so regular in form as the one here represented, most of them having the ring of trees broken by bare reefs, where no vegetation is to be seen. The water within the ring of land is called a lagoon, and there are sometimes several passages from the lagoon into the open sea. But these channels are usually narrow, and you can well imagine how difficult it is for the *Morning Star* to pass in and out in safety. It is certainly remarkable that she had sailed so long and so safely. Let us thank God for his good care. Among the letters brought by the *Star* on this trip was one from Mr. Doane, giving some account of one of the native helpers who went from Ponape to the island of Ruk, and commenced mission work there two years ago. From this account, and from what Mr. Sturges has written, we have the following interesting story: —

THE STORY OF MOSES OF RUK.

Many years since a large, strong, and active young man left one of the islands of the Gilbert group, and went on board a vessel to go, he knew not whither. After sailing some days he reached Ponape, of the Caroline group, where he met many natives from the island where he was born. Liking the people of Ponape he decided to make that island his future home. But his first thought was of his parents, and he wished them to come and live with him. He therefore returned to his native island, and easily persuaded his parents to go with him to Ponape.

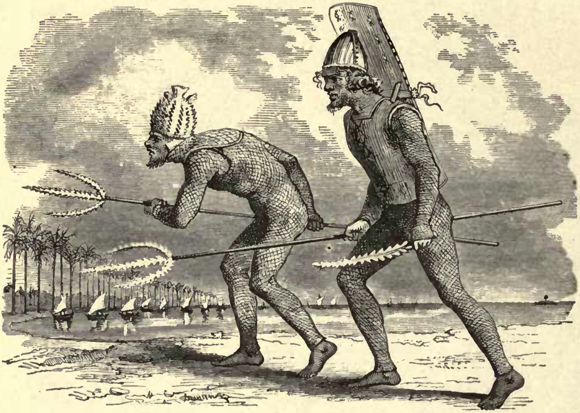
While on the voyage a baby-boy was born to the mother. When they reached Ponape matters did not move on as smoothly as they had hoped. The people of that island were then in darkness; the missionaries had just brought the light of the gospel, but comparatively few had accepted it. There was a great deal of drunkenness, with its usual results, feuds, brawls, and fighting. The people were hateful and hated one another, and they seemed to have a special hatred toward this young man who had brought his parents to live among them. They made a plan to kill him, and he was enticed away from home and murdered. Then they determined to put the parents out of the way, and so they



A CORAL ISLAND IN THE PACIFIC.

stirred up a quarrel, and during the fighting the baby-boy was dropped on the ground. The father and mother were slain, but a woman of rank rushed in and picked up the baby, taking it to her home, and protecting him for a while.

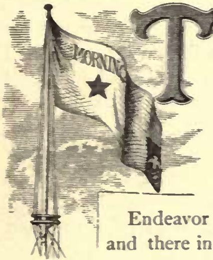
Among the natives of these islands there was in those days a custom, which had the force of law, that the child of a murdered man should, if possible, slay the murderer. Hence the men who killed the baby's father were anxious to put the child out of the way, lest when he grew up he should avenge the death of his parents. So he was hidden for a while, to save his life. Afterwards he came under the care of the missionary, Mr. Sturges, by whom he was taught to read. As he grew up he heard the Bible read, and was led to see his need of a Saviour, and to give himself to Christ.


GILBERT ISLAND WARRIORS.

During this time he was greatly impressed with the Bible-story of Moses, and it seemed to him that his own case was much like that of the Hebrew leader whose life was sought when he was a child. And so when he was baptized he took the name of Moses, and he often spoke of his wish to be like Moses, and lead out his people from their captivity in sin and heathenism. He early expressed his wish to go to the heathen islanders and tell them of Jesus.

And so Moses commenced his studies at the Training School on Ponape, where the natives are fitted to become teachers and preachers. In 1876 he went with his wife, Zipporah, to Etal, one of the islands of the Satoan lagoon, in the Mortlock Group. Here he remained two years, gathering eighty-six members into a church. He then took a new station on Noma, an island where all were heathen, and organized, after one year's labor, a church of fifty-seven members. The next year, 1879, no one could be found so suitable as Moses to begin missionary work on Ruk, and he willingly consented to go to that dark island. And there he is now, leading the people out of their bondage to sin and superstition. And he has been greatly blessed in that new mission field. How wonderfully God has led this Gilbert Island boy, whose father was like those men pictured above, making him a chosen leader to many people. Was he not well named Moses?

THE CAPTAIN OF THE "MORNING STAR" TO HER OWNERS IN 1883.



THE story of the *Morning Star*, and of her sailing among the islands of the Pacific, seemed to me, when I was a boy, and owned a ten-cent interest in her, as a pretty, imaginary tale. And now, when as her commander I look back and consider my thoughts of her, I can understand the thoughts of others. I wish I could bring her and her work before you as a *living reality*.

Endeavor to picture in your mind the vast Pacific Ocean, and here and there in it an island rising out of the wide expanse of water, appearing only a speck, yet crowded with human beings. Can you conceive the ignorance of creatures thus situated? They have not begun even to comprehend that there is any other land or that there are other people than their own. They know no other object in living than to gratify each one himself. The results of such a life are darkness, degradation, war, and misery.

If, then, their conception of this world extends no farther than around their little island and lagoon, what would ever lead them to thoughts of *a future world and life?* They could never know anything about it, and would continue in the future, as they have in the past, to live and die and be lost. Very few persons ever seem thoughtfully to consider the wretchedness of these poor creatures. If any do consider it their tender sympathies will be touched.

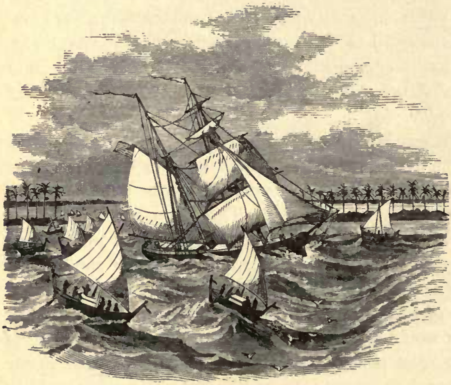
There is no way of reaching these people without a vessel especially provided for this purpose. That was the reason for building the *Morning Star*. Her white sails are seen upon the horizon. She approaches an island. Possibly the natives have seen ships in the distance before, but those on board had been afraid to venture near. This ship draws nearer and nearer, and the natives flee to the woods. As they become a little bolder, they peep through the trees. We beckon them to come on board, but the strange white men inspire them with awe. We beckon again; and a few braves enter a canoe, and cautiously leave the shore, and come a short distance toward the ship; then they beckon us to come to them. Thinking it only fair to meet them half way, we lower a boat and go slowly towards them.

We have brought along a Christian native from another island, who speaks their language, and this native shouts out to them the astonishing intelligence of *other* countries and peoples, and a God, and a heaven, and informs them that we will leave a teacher with them, to tell them all about these things, if they will promise to care for and protect him.

Then the missionary family take their life in their hands, go on shore with their goods, and the *Morning Star* sails away, leaving them to begin their work of learning the language and teaching the natives of God and a future life. Can you imagine the astonishment of those heathen as they listen to all the wonders of this world, and of the world to come, for the first time?

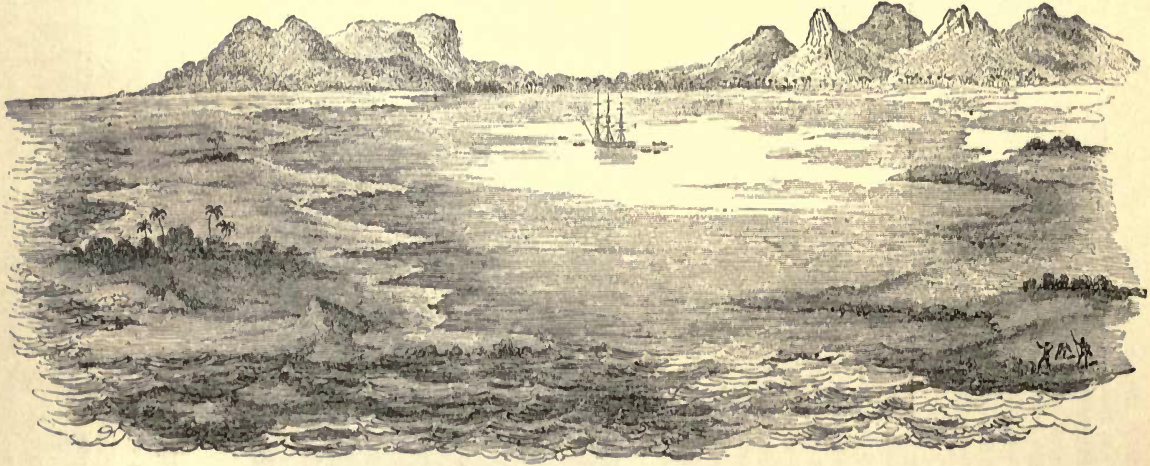
And now follow in thought the missionary family through their long year on that lonely island—a whole year without sight or sound of the world outside. At last the time draws near when the *Morning Star* may be expected. Eagerly the missionaries scan the horizon from day to day, and often in fancy see something in the distance, but it is only fancy. "No *Morning Star* yet!" But the day comes when a speck is seen afar. There is no mistake now; it is really a sail! Then the fortunate one who has been first to see it cries out "Sail, ho! Sail, ho!" and the shout is taken up by others, and passed on in wild excitement, until there is no part of the island where the sound is not ringing through the cocoanut palms.

The *Star* draws nearer. The spy-glass of the missionaries is pointed toward her with eager gaze. Her flag is run up in the breeze, and hats, handkerchiefs, and branches are vigorously waved in return. We who are in the ship are now near enough to see the missionaries on the beach, and we strain our eyes to count. "One! two! three! Yes, thank God; they are all there!" Neither sickness nor death have kept any of that dear number from standing ready to welcome us. But how slowly the vessel seems to move! The missionaries cannot wait. Their boat is launched and is soon alongside, and their joyous faces are looking up into ours. We assist them on board, and once more they are with sympathizing Christian friends. Their hearts are too full for utterance, but with happy tears, embraces, and hearty hand-grips they show forth their unbounded joy.



NEARING A LAGOON.

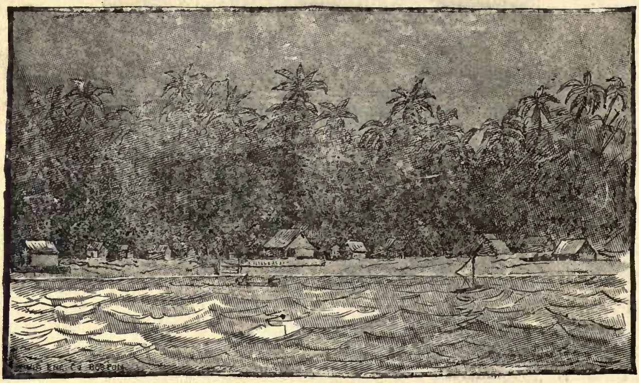
These moments are the most satisfactory of my life. The delight of the missionaries at the annual visit of their ship repays me a thousand-fold for any privations I have endured in a sea life, to qualify myself to command the vessel, and be the instrument in God's hands of carrying them such wonderful cheer and blessing. And you must multiply this joy by twenty-five, for we now never visit less than twenty-five islands each year. Even this gives



DISTANT VIEW OF KUSAIE.

no idea of the glorious work your little Gospel ship is doing, or of the salvation she is bringing to the poor islanders.

It ought to be a source of gratitude that the Gospel has spread so rapidly in Micronesia, and been so wonderfully successful that the *Morning Star* is now too small for the needed work. We are cramped for room for the missionary passengers, their houses, provisions, mail, etc., and for the transportation of pupils to the training-schools on Ponape and Kusaie. We must charter another vessel to assist, or lay the little *Morning Star* aside, and ask the children to come forward and build us a larger ship — (or steamer?). How cheerfully every one of you would assist us, if you could know the importance of our vessel to carry on the work. The work is not done without great cost. For, after a voyage of ten months or more of active service, without time to keep her even in necessary repair, she must return to Honolulu and go into the hands of carpenters, riggers, sailmakers, and stevedores, to prepare her for another trip. Besides, the officers and crew must be paid, and provisions laid in for the long voyage. All which, together with the numberless expenses attending the sailing of a vessel like this, amounts in a year to about ten thousand dollars. But just compare the cost with the salvation of only one soul, and which will appear of most importance when at last we stand before our Father in heaven? The soul will then show as *priceless* and the money as *useless.*


ENG. CO. BOSTON.

NOINAWA, ON PONAPE.

If I had untold riches and could purchase the greatest happiness of life, I would purchase the joy of the moments when the missionary ship reaches the islands of Micronesia. You cannot share this joy, but, if you have ever helped the *Morning Star* on her course, the time *will come* when you will thank God that He permitted you this high privilege!

From her present commander,

Isaiah Bray.

THE "MORNING STAR" IN 1884.

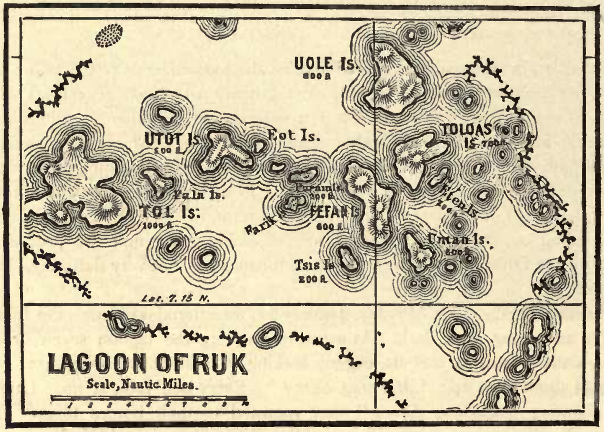
BY REV. F. E. RAND, OF PONAPE.

[*Morning Star* No. III was wrecked on the island of Kusaie, February 22, 1884. (See the next article.) The last work done by the *Star* prior to her wreck was to make her annual voyage westward from Ponape, to visit the islands in the Mortlock group and the archipelago of Ruk. She took with her from Ponape, as the visiting missionaries, Messrs. Sturges and Rand. Mr. Rand's brief report is here given, and we are sure that the account of the wonderful progress of the work will interest all the young people.]

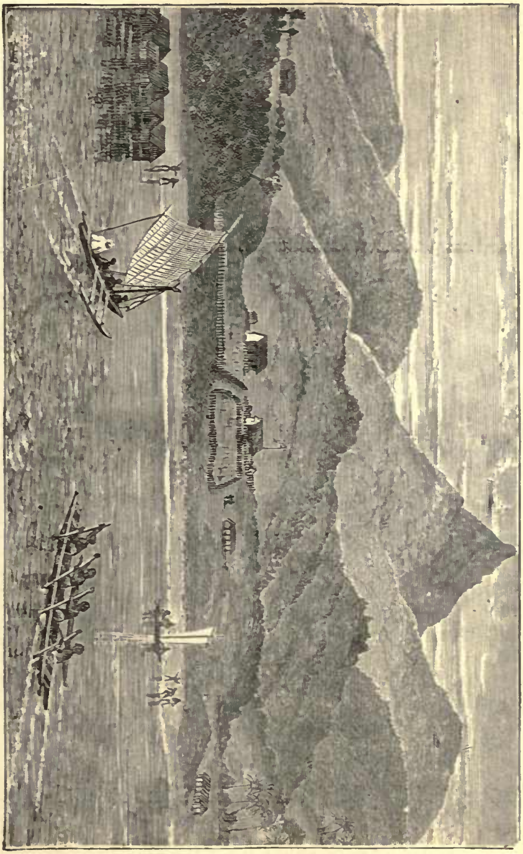
The eleventh voyage of the *Morning Star*, the messenger of peace to the Mortlocks, has been wonderfully blessed. On January 19, 1883, at 3 P.M., we left Ponape for the west; visited all the ten islands and the fifteen stations in the Mortlocks and Ruk, and cast anchor again at Ponape February 13, making just twenty-four days. The Lord has not only blessed us with quick dispatch, but has strengthened our hearts by permitting us to again behold his work prospering in the hands of his servants, our Ponape brethren. We rejoice that the work is still going on, though the workers are becoming fewer and the prospect for filling up the ranks from Ponape or the Mortlocks is not very flattering, just at present.

After two days' sail, on Monday, January 21, we entered, at sunset, the Lukanor lagoon, anchoring after dark. As we were entering the lagoon seven or eight canoe-loads of natives met us, eagerly seeking to find out who we were. Soon the glad shout went up: "*Morning Star!*" Every one took it up. Laughing and shouting "*Morning Star!*" they returned to their homes to spread the news. Shortly after anchoring, many natives came aboard, and the first question they asked was: "Where is our teacher David?" The second question was: "Where is Captain Bray?" Waiting till Wednesday morning for Opataia and Opatinia, we spent three busy and pleasant days in visiting three of the four churches under their care, Lukanor, Ta, and Satoan, and also Oniop, one of Caleb's out-stations. On Saturday we were off for Mor, another of Caleb's out-stations, spending the Sabbath there. Monday we passed at Etal, where Caleb lives. Tuesday we were at Kutu, one of Opataia's churches; the most prosperous one in his field. Just at sunset we left the lagoon and were off for Namoluk. The report from Opataia's field is encouraging; no falling away during the year, with additions to each of the four churches. On Wednesday we reached Namoluk, where there has been little advance since the close of the year in which the gospel was first preached to the natives. Thursday we spent at Losap, finding more outward signs of progress than at any place yet visited. The neat appearance of the parsonage and church, and everything around it, the bright faces and clean clothes of the numerous children who greeted us, assured us that Solomon and Susan had not been idle. Solomon ordained, also, one deacon. On Friday we were at Nama, where one of Solomon's deacons has had charge.

We reached Uman, one of the islands of Ruk, on Saturday. Very pleasant meetings were held on Saturday and Sunday. Moses, who has now been here four years, has seen fruit a hundred-fold from the seed he has sown. Some of the visible fruits are the large church, the neat and large parsonage, the long stone wharf, the little village of neat houses which has taken the place of the usual low thatch huts with dirt floors; the large Sabbath congregations, and the daily meetings well attended; the large school, with 175 or more pupils; a church of seventy or more members, and a large Sabbath-school. These are some of the most manifest of the fruits ot the gospel of Jesus as taught and exemplified by Moses and Jepora. But the grandest proof that the gospel of Christ is the power of God for good is found in the fact that, while many resist the light and do not follow some of their associates into Christ's fold, they yet so far feel their influence that fifteen hundred natives on this island of Uman are at peace among themselves, and, though strongly tempted to war with the neighboring islands, they firmly refuse. This little flame of light that has been burning steadily for four years, scattering its rays of peace over Uman, has reached other islands of Ruk, having a gracious influence over them, and from all these islands they are calling for the light, saying: "Send us teachers, that we may learn the good way and give up fighting." This is the first thing which the gospel does tor them, teaching them to love one another.

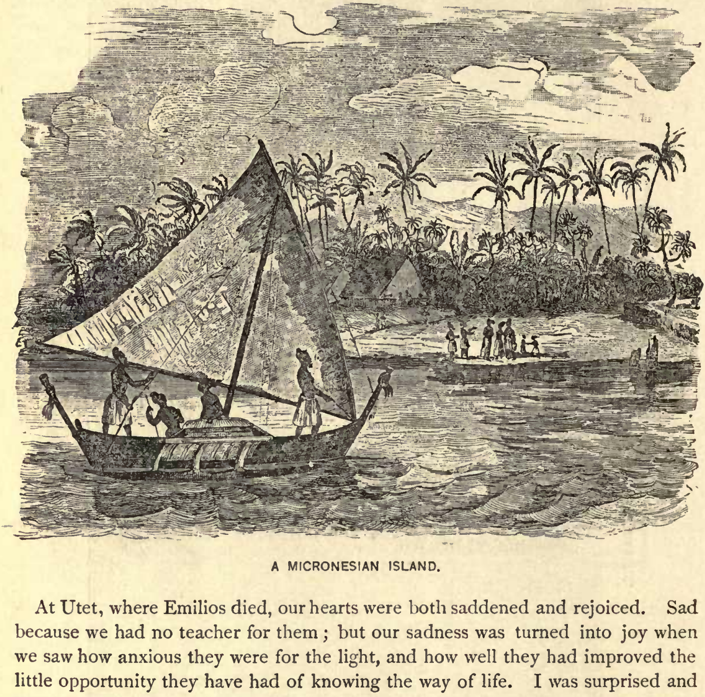


A good illustration of this is shown by what the gospel has done for the people of Fefan, another island of Ruk, during the past year. In December, 1882, the *Star* left one of our Ponape teachers on Fefan, at the village of the chief who had killed a white man a few months before. The chiefs of this island were at war among themselves and with the other islands. This white man, Hartman, and his sons took sides with the chiefs where they lived. Hartman severely wounded a man, and his son killed one belonging to the chief of the village where our teacher is now located. The chief watched his opportunity, and killed Hartman in revenge. In this village, where the head man was a murderer, all his people being eager to follow him to war, our Manasah and wife were stationed, they not knowing a word of the language. Our present visit is just thirteen months after the date of their landing. During these months a great battle has been fought and a great victory won. The weapons of warfare were not carnal, but spiritual. The sword of the Spirit won the victory. What a wonderful change has taken place! The neat church, the best in the Ruk lagoon, and the



A CHRISTIAN ISLAND IN THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC.

parsonage, are signs of good; but the change in the people, both in appearance and action, shows what the Lord has done for them through his servant Manasah. After dinner the natives filled the church, and we had a very pleasant meeting. Twelve presented themselves for baptism, among them the chief (the murderer). We did not form a church, thinking it best, for several reasons, that they remain on probation a year.

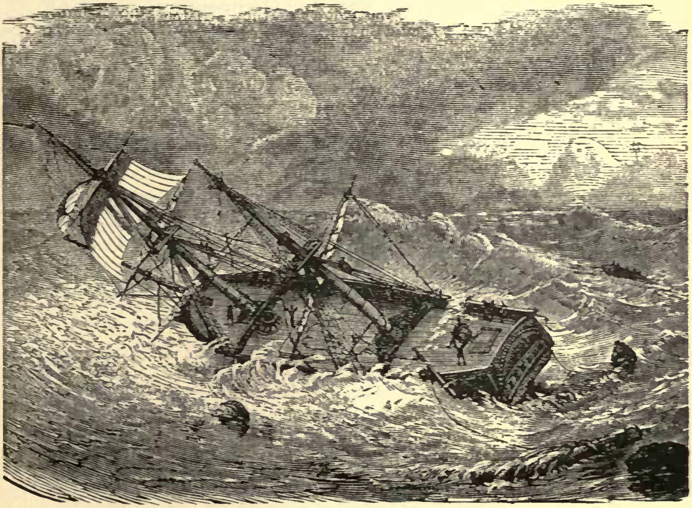


A MICRONESIAN ISLAND.

At Utet, where Emilios died, our hearts were both saddened and rejoiced. Sad because we had no teacher for them; but our sadness was turned into joy when we saw how anxious they were for the light, and how well they had improved the little opportunity they have had of knowing the way of life. I was surprised and pleased to hear their prompt, correct answers to many questions about Jesus and heaven. With a promise to send them a teacher as quickly as possible, we bade them farewell, and were off for Ponape.

THE LAST WORDS OF "MORNING STAR" NO. III.

WHEN the *Morning Star* No. III was wrecked on Kusaie in February, 1884, Mr. and Mrs. Rand and their daughter, whose mission home is on Ponape, were on board, and were safely landed with the captain and crew. By the vessel that took the place of the *Star* for the work of last year in Micronesia, which arrived in Honolulu last Christmas day, letters came from the missionaries, one of which will be found on another page. Mr. Rand also sends a letter from the wreck. The news it gives came to us long ago, when Captain Garland returned, but it will be pleasant to read this "Imaginary Letter," forwarded by Mr. Rand, even at this late day: —



THE MISSIONARY SHIP "JOHN WESLEY," WRECKED IN THE SOUTH SEAS IN 1866.

KUSAIE, March 21, 1884.

DEAR OWNERS, — If you could see me lying helpless on my back, on this desolate reef, with the beautiful surf blowing over me, you would mourn, I am sure. These terrible breakers give me no rest, day or night. They will be the death of me. I cannot hold out much longer. Many of my bones are already broken, for I have lain here a month. A great many people come to see me and I get a great deal of sympathy; still it is hard to lie here when there is so much work to be done. And then you will have a long time to wait before hearing about what I have done this year. I want to make a confession: I was beginning to get proud! After finishing the work at Mortlock and Ruk, and coming back to Ponape in three and a half weeks, I thought: "If some of the people who condemn me as a *slow-poke* could only see how I flew from Ponape to Mortlock and Ruk, and back again, they would change their minds and not be so anxious to get rid of me and have a steamer.'

But now, my dear young friends, I too am in favor of steam. If I had had a few teakettlefuls, I should not be lying here useless. Be sure to have steam in the vessel you build to take my place. I want to give you a little more advice. Don't permit the old folks to bear the *running expenses* of your ship. It will only take a few pennies a year from each of you.

I wish you could see how sorrowful the Kusaieans are when they come on board. The king and many of the people look as if they were going to cry, and say, in their broken English: "Me, too, much sorry *Morning Star* broke; no come back to us any more!'

When the Mortlock people hear that I am gone, they will be very sorrowful. They loved me very much and were always delighted to see me coming.

Trusting that this, the last labor of love which I shall be able to do for you, will be successful, I send on to Ponape my long boat with the mail, and with the missionary who is detained here.

Hoping you will soon send out a steamer *Morning Star*, I am,

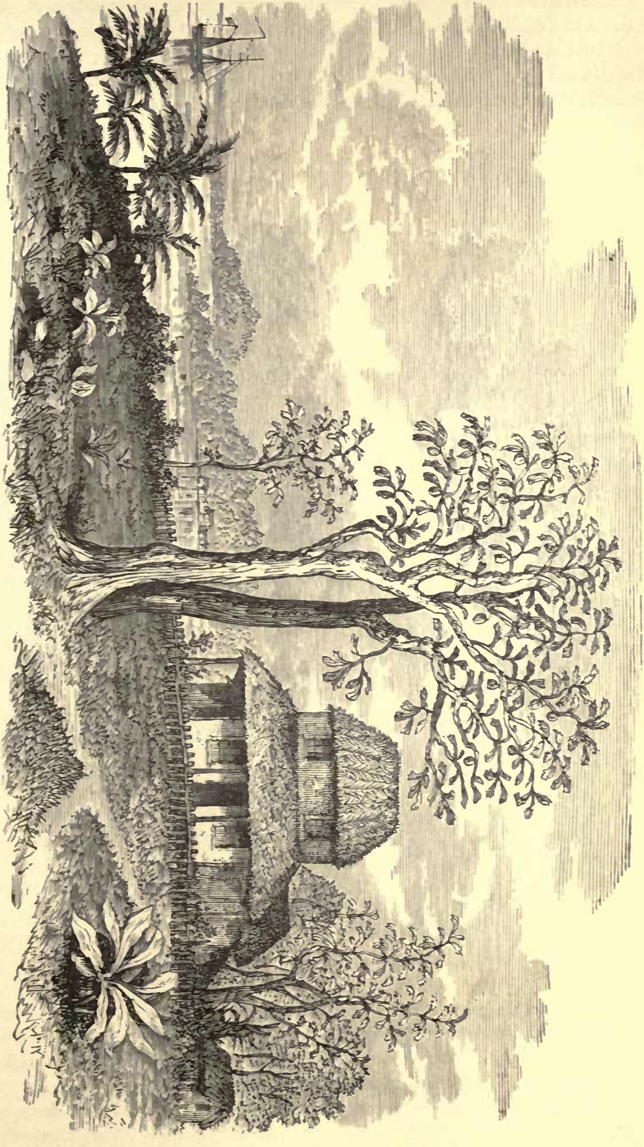
Your Morning Star Number Three.

This venturesome trip of the long boat was most successful, as we all know. It was provisioned for two months; for no one could say beforehand how long it might be driven about or lie becalmed. But the 300 miles between Kusaie and Ponape were made in less than three days. Mr. Rand sends a letter from the long boat also.

Ponape, June 23, 1884.

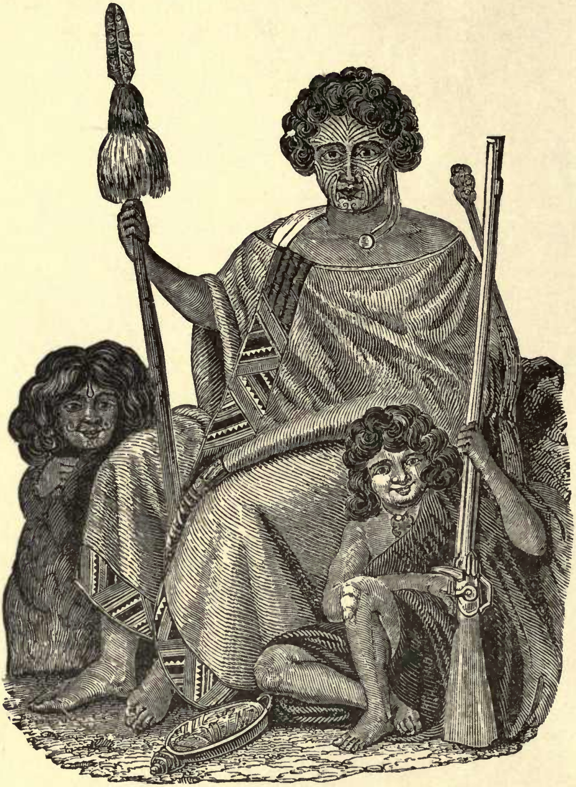
Greeting! Dear Masters, — When you read the foregoing letter, you will all exclaim: "What! is that our dear *Star* talking to us again? We thought she was gone!" Yes, your beloved *Star* has set, and there is nothing left except her bones, which are doing good service at Kusaie and elsewhere. But I, her old long boat, which served her so well, am still alive and strong, ready for any good work.

When your *Star* went on to the reef and was not able to finish her work, every one felt sad, thinking that the Ponape missionaries on board would have to stay away from their work five or six months, and that the children and other friends in America would have to wait long months before hearing of the loss of their vessel. But Captain Garland, who knew me well, said: "While the long boat holds together we won't wait for a ship to come and get the mail; we will rig up the boat and take the mail on to Ponape. If there is no vessel there, we will take it on to Bonin Islands. The news must be sent home with dispatch, so that the children can build another *Star!*"



MISSION HOUSE ON KENAN, ISLAND OF PONAPE (in which Messrs Logan and Doane have lived).

So he decked me over, and with him, the missionary, and three others on board, I came to Ponape. It was rather rough for them, but I did not tarry on the way, and landed them on Ponape, sixty-seven hours after leaving Kusaie. The Captain has gone to China; and you will soon hear of your loss. I am still at Ponape, doing what I can. If I had a little engine to bear me about, I should still be able to do a great deal of good, going not far from twenty-five miles every Saturday, with one of the missionaries and some of the young preachers of the islands, to spend the Sabbath at some one of the five or six out-stations, where there are a few Christians, but no church in successful operation.



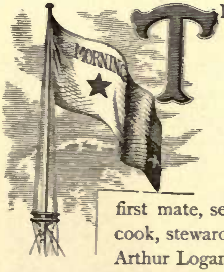
A MAORI CHIEF, FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Hoping to be the first to greet your new *Morning Star*, I am, fraternally yours,
THE LONG BOAT

VOYAGE OF THE "MORNING STAR" NO. IV TO HONOLULU.

BY CAPTAIN ISAIAH BRAY.

To the Owners of the Morning Star:—



THE *Star* sailed from Boston on November 5, 1884, a bright, sunny day, with a fair wind, a goodly company of friends accompanying us to return on the tug. Before these friends left us they gathered at the gangway and sang: "Waft, waft, ye winds," etc., and we had a parting prayer. When we were left alone our decks seemed deserted, for there were but fifteen of us left. These were: the captain, first mate, second mate and engineer (one man), chief engineer, cook, steward, and six seamen, the captain's wife and daughter, and Arthur Logan, who was returning to his parents at Ruk. But our hands were at the plow and we were starting about our Father's business and we must not look back. But for all that, many a glance was directed to the towboat as we rapidly separated in opposite directions and we saw the boat and friends fast going out of sight.

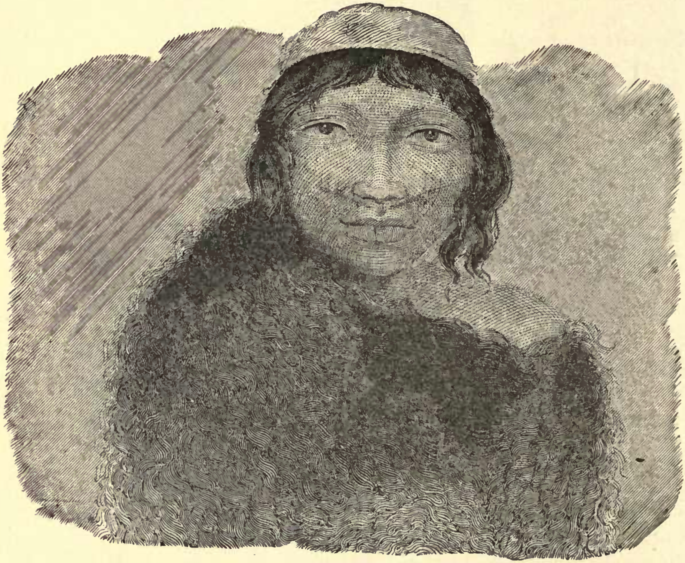
Could those friends have seen the vessel twelve hours later, how thankful they would have been that they were on shore. A strong northwest gale was chasing us with a fury that seemed eager to overwhelm us. Large waves rolled on board threatening to founder us, but the noble vessel would shake them off and again leap ahead under the close-reefed topsail, the only little sail she could carry, and, as the wind screamed through the rigging, it seemed as if even that would blow from the bolt-rope. All that night we watched and worked in the waves, doing our best to keep the *Star* from foundering. We were glad to see the daylight, when a scene of wild grandeur was presented to our view. Land was no longer in sight, and no other sail could be seen, nothing but the vast ocean, and that lashed into a fury around our little vessel that seemed only a toy upon it.

For three days the gale continued, and when it abated we had left Boston five hundred and forty miles astern. We then directed our course to the northeast trade-winds region. But we found very light and variable winds, and we did not reach the equator for thirty-three days after leaving Boston. We could not tell whether we had a fast-sailing vessel or not. One thing, however, we were delighted to learn concerning the sailing qualities of the *Morning Star*, that in light winds she could sail faster and easier than any vessel any of us had ever sailed in. That was one of the most important points we could have gained for

Micronesia, as there is little else than these light winds there. Down through the region of the southeast trade-winds we had the same light, variable winds.

We saw the Brazil coast in the distance as we passed Cape St. Roque. The next land seen was the coast of Patagonia, near Cape Blanco, in latitude 46° S. Then we sailed down the coast only a few miles from the land, and kept it in sight till we entered Magellan Straits. It is a barren, desolate-looking country, apparently without people or vegetation.

The voyage became more interesting from the time of sighting the Patagonia coast, January 12th until the 16th, when we reached the entrance of the Magellan Straits. We did not wish to enter at night and came to anchor. The nights were short, however, and the days long in that region. It was not dark till between nine and ten o'clock in the evening, and light again at two o'clock in the morning.



A PATAGONIAN.

As soon as it was light on the 17th all hands were called, for the *Morning Star* was then to be transformed from a barkentine to a *steamer*, and we were to have the first advantage of steam power in our missionary packet. As a sailing-vessel we had been steering with the wheel at the after-end, but now we changed the gear to the wheel in the pilot-house forward. The sails were all furled in a snug manner, top-gallant and royal-yards sent on deck, the fires started, anchor hove up, and we steamed into the Straits against a head wind.

On the shore, at the entrance, sat a large flock of penguins, and over our heads soared a noble great albatross, and here and there a seal would show his head above the water. It was a perfect day in all respects. Upon each side of the Straits large volumes of smoke rose high in the air from hundreds of fires, the object of which we could not imagine, but from the appearance it seemed that Terra del Fuego had well been called "the land of fire." Just before dark we entered the "First Narrows," steaming five knots an hour, and having a fair tide of seven knots more. We were soon rushed through these narrows into Philip Bay, sixty-five miles from the entrance of the Straits, where we came to anchor a short distance from the Terra del Fuego side.

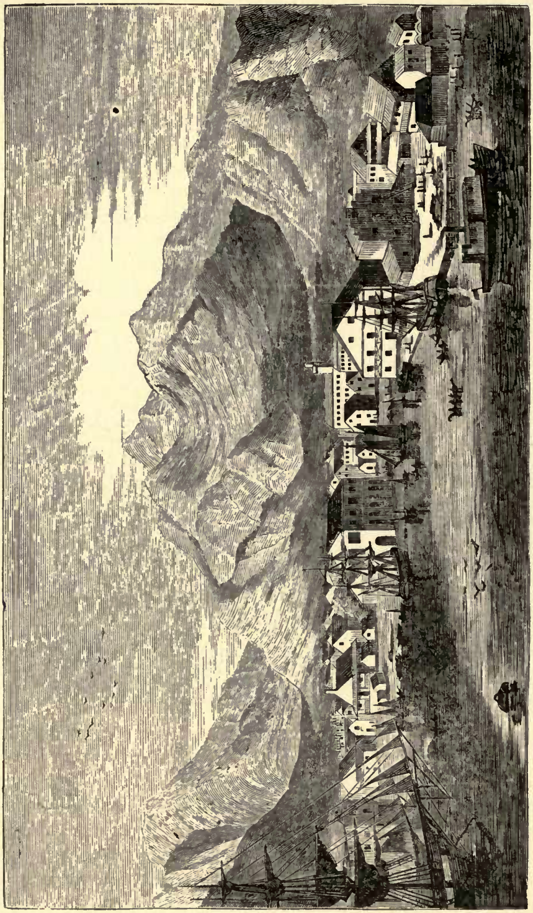
The next day was Sunday, and we lay at our anchorage and had a day of rest indeed. Monday morning, January 19, with fair tide, wind, and steam, we rushed, rather than sailed, across Philip Bay, through the Second Narrows, and at 3 P.M. reached Sandy Point, the only foreign settlement in the Straits belonging to Chili.

To the eye of even a sailor there is but one indication that the *Morning Star* is anything but a sailing-vessel, and that is the pilot-house forward. Having hard coal, not a particle of smoke appeared to escape through the long iron mast. As we passed around Sandy Point and came in sight of the steamers and the town we took in the lower topsail, the last sail we had set, and steamed to the anchorage without even the noise of a whistle, a wonder to all observers, as there was still no smoke to be seen. The harbor-master soon came on board and his first words were: "Captain, what are you, anyway? — the Phantom Ship?"

Remaining two days at Sandy Point, from which place we sent letters home by way of Valparaiso, we brought fresh water on board, obtained fresh beef, mutton, and vegetables, and started on our way again. All that night we steamed through a fog and rain, only occasionally getting a view of the land on one side or the other. The next day, January 22, it blew another gale, and all that day we were in about the same position, sometimes gaining a few ship lengths, and again losing it. Passing from Sandy Point to the western entrance of the Straits we look upon high mountains covered with grass and trees; great valleys, with waterfalls and cascades; beautiful sheltered harbors; upon other ranges of mountains high in the clouds and covered with snow and ice. Beautiful glaciers of immense length wind down the valleys to the water, where they break and float away. I could not help thinking what a splendid coast it would be for some of our owners if they could slide down those long, blue, icy glaciers.

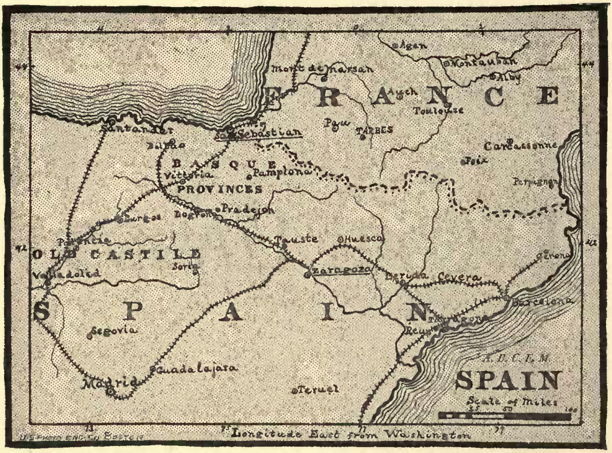
Just before dark, January 23, we passed Cape Pillar, the western point of land on the Terra del Fuego side, and the *Morning Star* steamed gracefully into the Pacific Ocean, where we hope she will spend a useful life, shedding her bright rays over the darkness of this ocean. By eleven o'clock we were a good distance from the land, and, having a strong breeze, set sail, let the fires go down, put the steersman at the wheel on deck and again became a sailing-vessel.

We entered the Straits from the Atlantic Saturday morning, January 17, and left them to enter the Pacific the following Friday evening, January 23. We had steamed seventy-five hours of that time, and anchored only twice. We were both surprised and delighted to find ourselves through that difficult part of the voyage, in less than *half the time* we had expected. We soon entered the delightful southeast trade-winds region, where we were not disappointed in finding moderate, steady trade-winds, that took us to the equator in the Pacific in thirty-five days from the Straits; and in fifteen days more we steamed safely into Honolulu, after a passage of 130 days. Here we anchored about noon on Sunday, March 15. As we came into the harbor a great many friends drove down upon the wharf, as they were on their way home from church, to get the first look at the new missionary vessel, and quite a number came on board to greet us. Thus ended the first voyage of the new *Star*, and as she now goes forth upon her future work we are assured that thousands of prayers from her owners will follow her still.



HONOLULU HARBOR THIRTY YEARS AGO.

PAPAL LANDS.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Bilbao
San Sebastian
BASQUE PROVINCES
Vittoria
Pamplona
Pradejon
Logroño
Burgos
Palencia
OLD CASTILE
Soria
Valladolid
Tauste
Huesca
Zaragoza
Lerida
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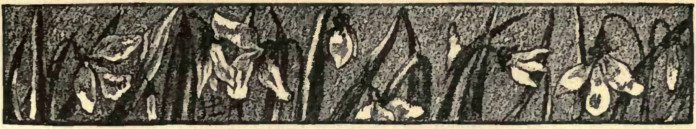
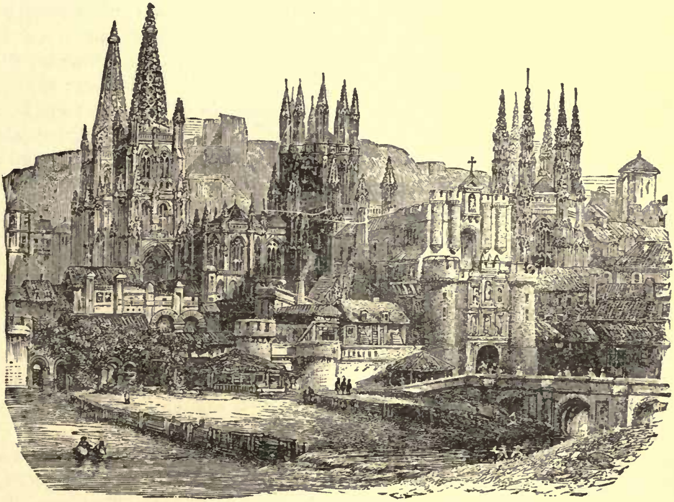


AN EVANGELIST IN SPAIN.

BY REV. WILLIAM H. GULICK.

WERE you to take the coach at Bilbao and ride in a southwesterly direction for six hours, you would cross the boundary of old Castile, and entering the province of Burgos you would find yourself in a valley of fifty-two villages, called the *Valle de Mena*. In this valley the Bilbao pastor and a colporter had often during their visits scattered the good seed, and though the Romanists were most bigoted and intolerant, many listened gladly and believed. About five years ago a prominent and wealthy man in the valley, on whose aid much reliance was placed, died very suddenly, and the work was seriously checked. In two years a tried Christian helper at Bilbao undertook to resume the work. At first the people were cautious and reserved, but Don Manuel by tact and gentleness won the confidence of those he met.



THE CITY OF BURGOS.

By the time of his third visit, in March, his errand was well known throughout the valley. Each time that he had returned to Bilbao the priests had declared that he had gone for good, so that when he came back the third time it was to their intense disgust. It was a cold day, and when he left the coach he went into the kitchen to warm himself, as is the custom in the country inns. The village priest, coming over to see who were the passengers and little thinking whom he was to meet, went to the kitchen — to find himself face to face with the Protestant evangelist! He could not conceal his disgust, but had the good sense not to express it in words. The next day, Sunday, he harangued his flock from the pulpit: "My dear children, the Protestants are among us again; again they are among us. They surround us as a hostile army surrounds a beleaguered city. My dear children, do not go near them; they are excommunicated, and they will deceive you with their heresies."

Not heeding the alarm of the priest, who had only announced to them the arrival of the Protestant, his "dear children" came in large numbers to the inn that afternoon, thinking Don Manuel was to preach. Though no public meeting could be held he spent all the afternoon in talking with the now considerably interested villagers. That evening the wife of the innkeeper, who was absent at the time, and her sister and several neighbors, who had not wished to talk with him too publicly, sought a private interview, in which they said: "We really do not know what to believe — the priests say that you do not believe in God, or in Christ, or in the mystery of the incarnation, and that you are not baptized and that you preach immoralities — and we do not know what to believe; nor can we believe all that they say about you." Whereupon he explained to them from the Bible our belief. And when they exclaimed, "But this being so good, why do the priests prohibit it?" he still further showed why they dared not put even their own Scriptures into the hands of the people, as by them they would be condemned in many of their practices.

On the following evening, when the innkeeper had returned from Bilbao, he and his family were engaged in the study of the Scriptures until midnight. During this visit of five or six days, besides conversations with scores of individuals in many different villages, the evangelist distributed several hundreds of tracts and copies of the religious periodicals printed in Madrid.

On a later visit he was one day in his room in the inn, singing to himself some of our hymns, when a gentleman of the valley being in the room below happened to hear him, and asked the landlady's sister who it was that was singing. She said, "The Protestant pastor who is stopping with us."

"I like what I can hear," he said; "I am going up-stairs to see if I can understand it better." So he went up-stairs and placed himself in an adjoining room to listen. While still he was up-stairs the priest of the village came in, and he too asked: —

"Who is singing up-stairs?"

"The Protestant pastor," was the answer.

"No doubt," said the priest, "he is singing what they always sing — those heretical things full of poison."

"No, sir," replied the woman, "they are beautiful verses that speak of God and Jesus Christ, and of faith and charity, and of other very good things. It was only the other day that, when the servant was arranging his room, she called me to see the beautiful things there were in his books, and I read the very hymns that he is now singing. And he has a book called the Bible in which are things such as you preach on Holy Week. Do you wish to see them? If you do, come here to-morrow morning after nine o'clock, for he goes away at that hour and does not return until evening; but promise that you will not tear up any of the books and make the gentleman angry with us!"

"Ah! yes, I see," replied the priest, "you, too, are becoming as much of a heretic as your brother-in-law. I declare! each day the Jews in this inn increase in number."

"Oh! *señor cura*, what evil thoughts! Just see here, Don Federico is up-stairs this very minute listening to the Protestant. Why won't you go up, too?"

"O, go along, Jewess; you are making fun of me. That person singing up-stairs can't be the Protestant, because we know that he is a married man, and that voice is not the voice of a married man, but of a bachelor."

"But — and married persons — cannot they have good voices?"

"Now, really," he insisted, "is that the Protestant?"

"Yes, surely."

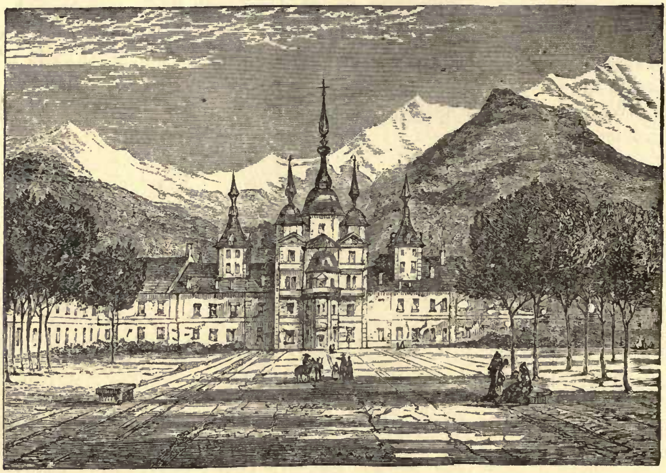
"Well, then, I will go and stand under his window and see if I can hear what he sings; but I know well enough it is nothing good." And he went into the garden and took his stand near the window, and there he remained until the singing ceased; and then he went straight home instead of coming into the house to bid them "Good-night." All this, and much more, was recounted to our young friend by the people of the inn.

SPANISH PEASANTS.

After great effort and long waiting, Don Manuel succeeded in securing a house in one of the less central villages, and now, with his wife and two young children and mother-in-law, has pitched his tent in a wilderness indeed, in many respects. He has established a good reputation, for when I asked the innkeeper, on one Saturday evening as I reached the place, if the work was done on the room which was to be used as a chapel, he answered: "I think it is, and if it is not, you had better believe that Don Manuel will do no work on it on Sunday."

When Don Manuel went to the mayor's office to give notice according to law of the meeting he was to hold, he dreaded to meet the mayor's secretary, who had been bitterly hostile to the Protestants. But somehow this secretary did not seem inclined to prolong the struggle. He asked Don Manuel to sit down, and in the course of conversation said to him: —

"You must have a large salary to pay you for the insults you have to bear, and the abuse you so frequently receive, for leaving the religion of your fathers."



PALACE OF LA GRANJA, NEAR SEGOVIA, SPAIN.

"By no means," replied Don Manuel, "I have only enough to live on, and I certainly could not endure the life you describe if it were not for my faith in God, whose will I feel I am doing, and for the love I have for my countrymen and my desire to bring the gospel to the people of this valley."

"O, faith and love!" exclaimed the secretary bitterly. "Who has faith? Who has love? I have yet to see the man, priest or layman, who has a particle of it. The priest pretends he has it because it is his trade; and the rest of us pretend that we have faith, but faith in *what*, I should like to have some one tell me."

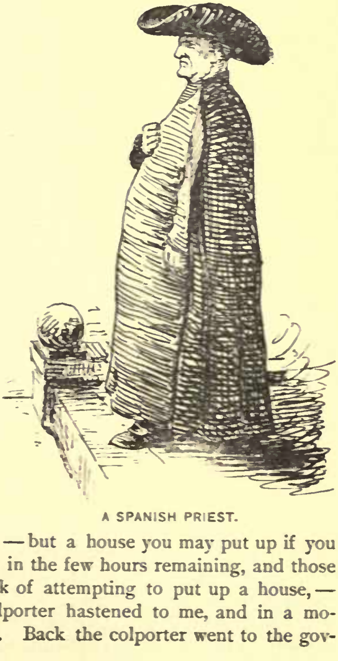
It is among these bigoted Romanists, many of whom are hopeless infidels, that our good evangelist and his wife are now laboring. Do not forget them when you speak to Him who can hear and help.

THE BIBLE STAND IN THE FAIR OF SANTANDER.

BY REV. WILLIAM H. GULICK.

THIS is the most important provincial fair, and is attended by people from all parts of the north of Spain. Eight years ago I applied for permission to erect a Bible stand in this fair, to the commission that grants the licenses and assigns the places. The commission sent me to the mayor, the mayor turned me over to the governor, and the governor sent me back to the commission, — and so on in a continuous round for three weeks, when the commission blandly told me that the time was up, and that there was no more room on the fair grounds!

Two years after, at the last moment, the colporter proposed that we repeat the application, but, this time, to place only a table on the grounds. I assented, as it could do no harm to make the request, but I did not have the slightest hope of its being granted. He made the request of the mayor, who at once replied that no one would be permitted this year to place any open tables in the fair, and that license would be granted only for the erection of stalls or of little houses. "What do you wish to sell?" he asked. The colporter showed him a copy of the Bible. "This book, in different forms and bindings." The mayor looked it over for a moment: "Well, as I have told you, I do not allow you nor anybody else to place tables on the grounds, but you may put up a house [*casita*] if you like." "But there is not time for that." "That is your lookout. It is not my fault if you have come too late with your application, — but a house you may put up if you will." The mayor had no idea that in the few hours remaining, and those mostly of night time, we would think of attempting to put up a house, — hence his great liberality. The colporter hastened to me, and in a moment we decided to accept the offer. Back the colporter went to the gov-

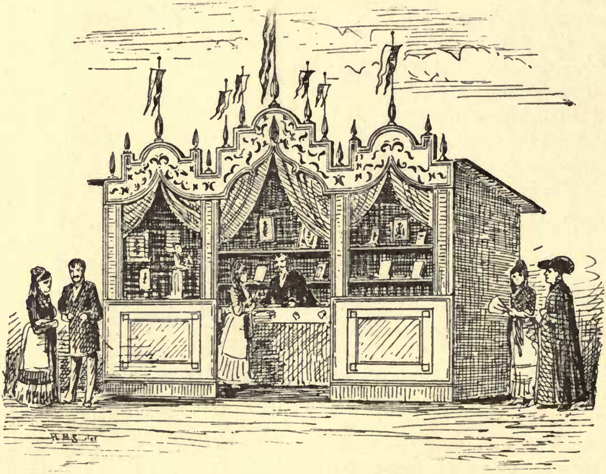


A SPANISH PRIEST.

ernment house. The printed permission was filled in, the locality assigned, and we went our way rejoicing in the providence that had so unexpectedly favored us.

THE WORK BEGUN.

It was now two o'clock in the afternoon of the day before the fair. We hired two intelligent carpenters, bought boards and materials, and, to the amazement of those who had already completed their stands, and of the numerous frequenters of the beautiful grounds, began work at four o'clock in the afternoon. Our Catholic carpenters caught the enthusiasm of the rest, and set themselves to the work as though their honor was at stake in finishing it within the allotted time. The happy company worked *all night*, and at ten o'clock next morning the little house was complete! The carpenters, out-doing themselves, had not only made a safe and commodious stand for the books, but finishing the open front of about fifteen feet in columns and arches, and with sundry adornments, had produced a really beautiful and striking effect. By a singular providence the location was the most conspicuous one in all the fair, — in the very front of the great half-circle around which centered the most brilliant illumination, and in which, on all occasions, the people gathered in largest numbers.



THE FINISHED STAND.

When at noon of the appointed day the commission passed up the *alameda* to inspect the grounds and stalls, and to open the fair, what was their astonishment to find on our allotment the elegant *kiosk* that had sprung from the ground during the night! After looking at it a little while with ill-concealed disgust, they turned away muttering to themselves, — but not without hearing some good-natured exclamations and laughter from the amused by-standers. It was too late now for them to undo their blunder. Our beautiful stand, brilliant with light at night, the inside walls adorned with Biblical pictures, and the counter and shelves covered with the volumes of varied size and form in which the Scriptures are offered to the Spanish people, attracted the attention of thousands.

WHAT THE STAND ACCOMPLISHED.

Many interesting scenes occurred during the following five or six days of the fair, — conversations with curious callers; interviews with priests, of whom there were those polite and those furious; talks with buyers; excitement when a rough fellow of the baser sort bought a Bible (with half a dollar given to him by a priest, who lingered at a distance down the *alameda*, watching him), and deliberately tore out the leaves and burned it in front of the stand; and visits from the authorities, who, in spite of the closest watch all the week, found no cause to molest us nor pretext for closing our doors. The colporters and their volunteer aids from our church did not leave the stand, day nor night, for five days, during which time the wide front, with its display of Bibles, was not once closed. The sales were small in themselves, but contrasted very favorably with the sales on like occasions, generally, in Madrid and elsewhere.

The boast of our enemies had been loud and bold, that our work was on the point of being stopped, and our chapel closed, by the government, and that in only a little while more Santander would be rid of us and of our teachings. In the midst of these threats and boasts, lo and behold! a Bible stand in the great fair of Santander. It has been of great benefit to the evangelical work in this city and province.

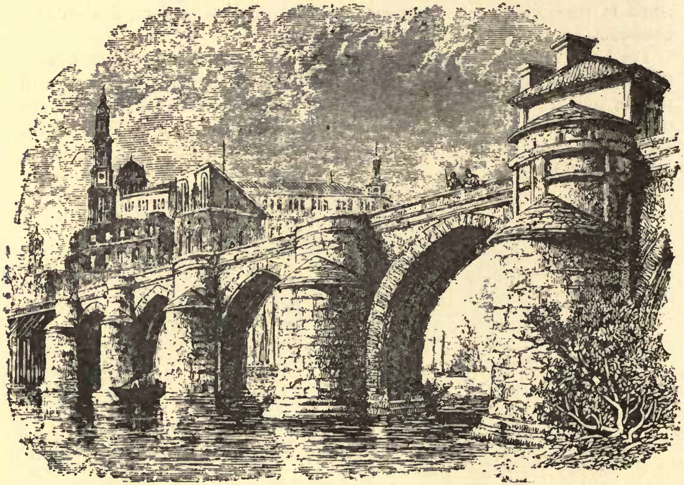
ZARAGOZA.—THE CITY AND THE MISSION.

BY REV. THOMAS L. GULICK.

◆

In 1880, when I was located in Zaragoza, it was the last station of the youngest mission of the American Board. At present there is no American missionary there, and the evangelical work in the place is in charge of a native pastor.

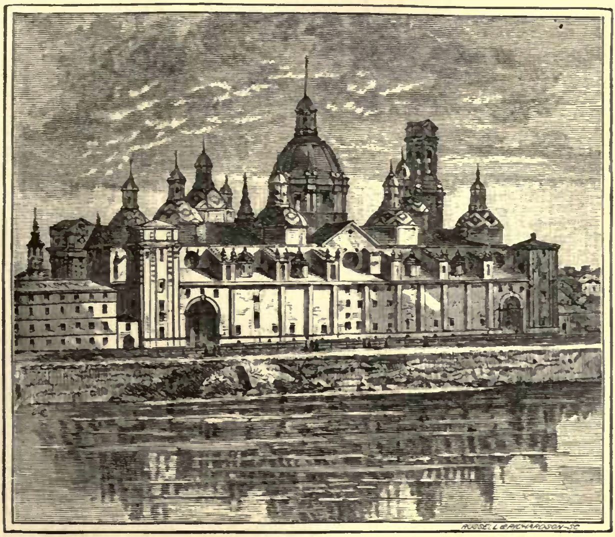
The city was named for Cæsar Augustus. You see how the change came; first Cæsar Augustus, then Cæsarea Augusta, then C-sara Agusta, and so Saragossa, as the English write it, or Zara-goza. The city has about 90,000 inhabitants, and is situated about 176 miles northeast of Madrid, the capital of Spain. Let us take a stroll over the quaint old town.



BRIDGE AT ZARAGOZA.

Here is the massive old stone bridge over the Ebro, the largest river in Spain, as yellow and as swift as the Tiber. Only four of the seven arches of the bridge are represented in the picture. It was built in 1437 A. D., fifty-five years before Columbus sailed from Southern Spain in search of a new world. That spire you see at the farther end of the bridge is part of La Seo, one of the two ancient cathedrals of which Zaragoza boasts. La Seo has stately gothic pillars within, and as the cathedral is dark and lofty, it looks like a dim and solemn forest of majestic trees.

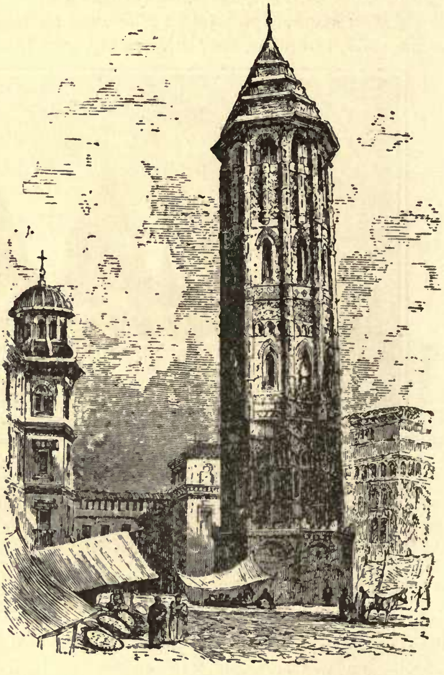
In four minutes walk from La Seo, on the banks of the Ebro, we come to "La Catedral del Pilar," so called because it has in it an ugly little image of the virgin Mary standing on a jasper *pillar*, and holding a child in her arms; which virgin, child, and pillar, the Catholics say, were brought from heaven by angels, the virgin herself coming with them to the Apostle James, who happened to be sleeping on this very spot. Of course she told St. James he must build a church there, and afterwards this great cathedral with eleven domes and two towers, said to be the largest in Spain, was built on the same spot. The domes are covered with green, yellow, white, and blue glazed tiles which glitter in the sunlight with Oriental splendor.



THE CATHEDRAL OF THE PILLAR, ZARAGOZA.

The image, surrounded by ever-burning lights, and enclosed in a magnificent shrine, is the greatest object of superstitious veneration in all Spain. Hundreds of girls in Spain are named "Pilar," from the "heaven-descended" image and pillar. Thousands of pilgrims come every year from all parts of the country, give their offerings of silver and gold, and kiss the small portion of the jasper pillar which is left exposed for the purpose. The jewelry and fancy shops of the city are full of wood, copper, brass, silver, and gold imitations of virgin and pillar. She is another Diana, and "Great is Diana of the Zaragozians," at least in the opinion of the silver smiths. The oil of the lamp kept burning day and night by the shrine of the virgin, is said to be miraculous. Cardinal Retz says that he saw here, in 1649, a man who had lost his leg which grew again on being rubbed with this oil. There is a picture of this miracle in the cathedral, with an inscription giving all the circumstances. The 12th of October is the anniversary of the descent of the virgin, and on this day 50,000 pilgrims have been known to flock into Zaragoza. "God alone," says Pope Innocent III., "can count the miracles which are then performed here!" There is a fine organ in this cathedral, and some beautiful carving in wood and stone. It makes one sad to see so much art used to adorn so many falsehoods. We thank God that many thousands of the people now do not believe a word of them. Perhaps more than half confess that Protestantism is better than Romanism, though most of them do not yet have the courage to break away from the church of their fathers, and openly join with us.

A few steps from the cathedral is the ancient leaning tower of Zaragoza, which, like the tower of Pisa, leans far out from the perpendicular. From its summit there is a fine view of the many-towered city, the olive and vine-clad plains around, the canal lined with poplars and willows, the winding Ebro and the snow-crowned Pyrenees to the north.

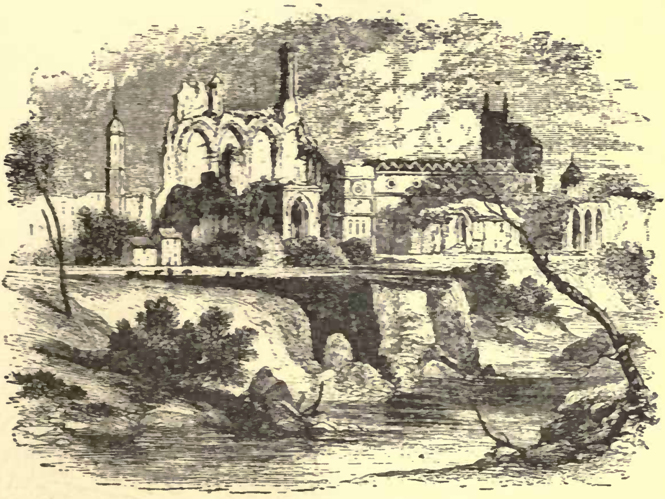


LEANING TOWER.

CHURCHES AND THE CHAPEL.

Zaragoza has a street called St. Paul's, and on it stands a church of the same name. The church is not so imposing as St. Paul's of London, but it is much older. Its floor is about ten feet below the level of the street, the street having gradually filled up during the centuries that have passed since the church was built. On the great carved doors there are representations of Paul being let down in a basket from the wall of Damascus, and of his falling from his horse when he heard the voice from heaven. Yet few of the children who go to that church know anything about the history of the Apostle Paul!

A few steps from here, on the same street, are the Protestant chapel and schools, in which I am sure the children have learned more about Christ and his apostles in three years than the children who have gone to St. Paul's have learned in three centuries. The other day the priests brought out of St. Paul's church a large image of "St. Anthony," who is represented with pigs running down his legs. Forming a procession they marched with the image, carried on the shoulders of four men, to our chapel. Then halting and turning the back of Saint Anthony to the chapel in disdain, they set him down, while one of the priests kneeled on the sidewalk before the door and pronounced an exorcism to frighten the people away from us and to drive out the evil spirits.



THE RUINS OF SANTA ENGRACIA.

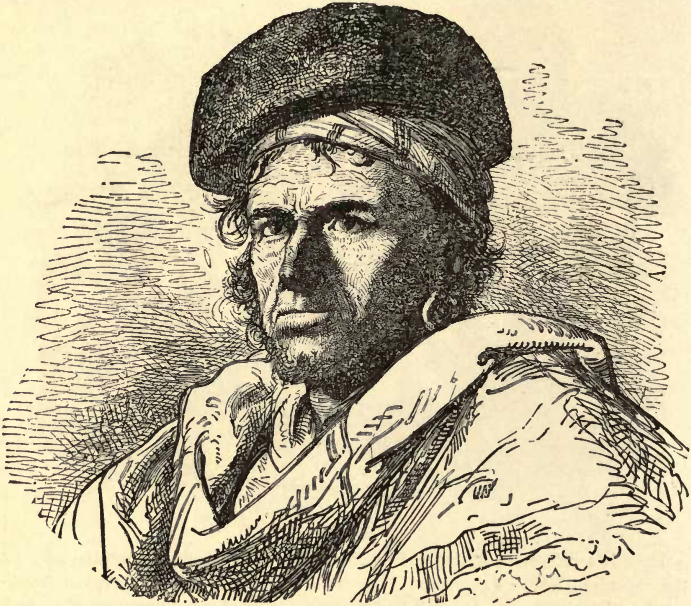
Here is a picture of what the French cannon in the siege of 1808 have left of the church of Santa Engracia. This church was begun in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, and finished by Charles V. in 1507, one year after the death of Columbus. Above ground only the façade and side walls are now left standing. Over the great door are two arched rows of exquisite cherubs' heads and wings, of pure marble, and as perfect as the day they came from the sculptor's hands. They look the very picture of immortality smiling upon the ruins around them.

The city is surrounded by a wall, and one of the gates, the Portillo, was defended during the war with Napoleon, in 1808, by the "Maid of Zaragoza," of whom you have so often read in your geographies. The old cannon-battered stone gate has been torn down within a year.

AMERICA AND SPAIN.

The old castle of Zaragoza was built by Moorish kings, and it was afterwards the palace of the kings of Aragon. Here the good Queen Elizabeth of Hungary was born in 1271. Ferdinand the Catholic afterwards gave it to the *Inquisition*, and its dungeons have held many a doomed victim of that terrible institution. One of its chambers has a gothic inscription bearing the memorable date 1492. The first gold brought from America was used by Ferdinand in gilding this room.

Again, after centuries, America is sending gold to Spain, and you may be assured that the gold you are now giving to send the pure gospel to Spain, will do more good than all that was plundered and brought back by Cortes, Pizarro, and her other warriors. The gospel gold will give her sons a celestial city, and build them nobler palaces than all the " wealth of Ormus and of Ind."



A SPANISH GYPSY.

Notwithstanding all the opposition on the part of the priests and the bigoted and superstitious portions of the people, many are leaving the Romish church and are coming to our services. There are several gypsies, like the one represented above, who attend quite regularly. A family of gypsies lives close by our chapel. One of this class, who has been present at our meetings, owns several city houses worth thousands of dollars. From the castle of which I have just spoken, three black-eyed, rosy-cheeked Senoritas, daughters of an officer, come to our school. A soldier comes every morning to bring them to school, and in the evening to take them home to the castle. They are comparatively rich, and always come well dressed. The older one shows much interest in her Bible, and we hope she is a true Christian. But her father, because he is a "liberal," and sends his children to our school, has had his salary greatly reduced, and he has been sent off to the farthest extremity of Spain. It costs something to follow Christ in Spain, even if one is an officer and lives in a castle.

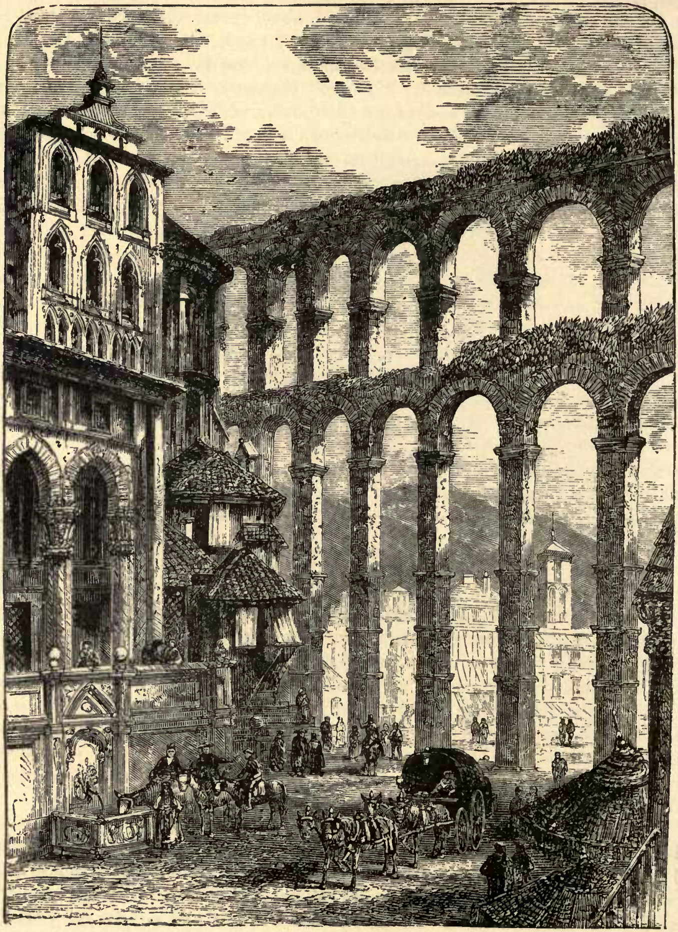
Do you see that bright, smiling little girl, about seven years old, just coming out of our school, carrying a big book under her arm? Her name is Angelita, "Little Angel." Her father has five children, and he earns only thirty-five cents a day, five cents each for his family of seven. But she was so anxious to buy a Bible that for *six months* she carefully saved, and took to her teacher, every half cent and quarter cent which she could gain, or which was given her by father or friends, denying herself all the little playthings she would like to have had, till at last she was able to buy that greatly-coveted Reference Bible which she now carries so joyously under her arm. If you will question her, I think you will find that she knows by heart twice as many texts as some more favored Sunday-school scholars in America of twice her years. She is a tiny thing; straight as an arrow, clean as a pin, and as lively as a bird. Let us follow her and her two brothers, who also come to our school, up into the garret where they live. Here is their good and loving mother working hard to keep her children clothed and fed. We see the signs of extreme poverty on every side; but these beds, and poor little rooms are as clean as many a rich man's parlor. This poor mother, so gentle and lady-like in her manners, has a Catholic sister who is very well off, but because she is a Protestant her sister will not give her a cent or even speak to her. Four of her beautiful and tenderly-loved children have died, chiefly for want of enough nourishing food. The uncomplaining, cheerful way in which she bears her great trials is a lesson to us all.

ROMISH PERSECUTIONS.

While there is still a very bitter spirit shown by the Romanists towards all who are inclined towards Protestantism, such persecutions as have been witnessed in Spain in former years are not now permitted. The famous German painter Kaulbach has painted a remarkable picture representing Pedro Arbués, the terrible inquisitor, on the steps of La Seo, condemning a girl of noble family to the stake, while the assistant monks gather up the gold they have stolen from the family. This Pedro Arbués was a rival of Torquemada in blood-thirstiness. At last the people could endure him no longer. Though he used to go surrounded by a strong guard of soldiers, the infuriated populace rushed upon him and killed him in this cathedral, September 15, 1495.

Though the spirit of Arbués is still to be found in Zaragoza, no one can now be condemned to death for refusing to obey the priests. Some of our Spanish helpers have been imprisoned for a brief time, and all the people, young or old, who came to our chapel or schools, are subject to insult and reproach of every kind. Yet we have many who gladly endure abuse and poverty for Christ's sake. Will you not all pray for Spain, and especially for the children in your schools in Santander and Zaragoza?

Here is a picture showing a beautiful specimen of the old Roman aqueduct such as still exist at Terragona, Pamplona, Segovia, and many other parts of Spain. In this aqueduct of Segovia I drank from the stream of limpid water still running along its summit, ninety-four feet above the valley, as it has now done for sixteen hundred years. This aqueduct was probably built by Vespasian, though the Segovians call it the work of the devil. Here we have combined grace and strength, solidity and softness, beauty and utility, the old giving life to the new. May the gospel streams flow as steadily during the coming centuries for the thirsty millions of Spain.

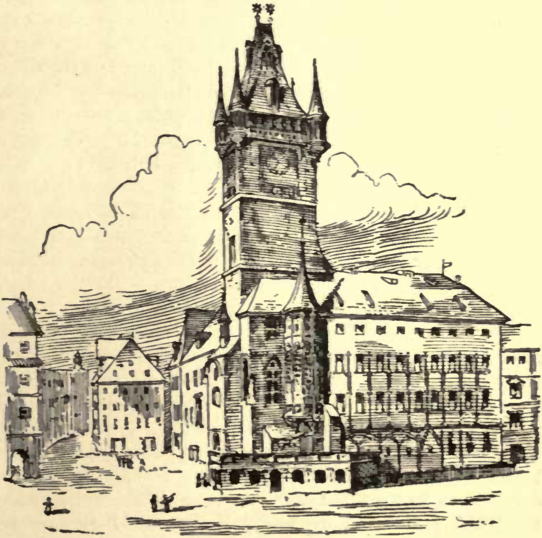


ANCIENT AQUEDUCT AT SEGOVIA.

OLD-TIME PROTESTANTS OF PRAGUE.

BY REV. H. A. SCHAUFFLER, BRÜNN, AUSTRIA.

PRAGUE, the "hundred-towered" capital of Bohemia, with its many fine palaces and bridges and churches adorned with high towers and curious turrets and spires, is one of the most picturesque cities in Europe. What strange stories many of those old stones could tell us. For instance, on the Charles-Bridge, which you see on the left of the picture on page 337, is a stone with a metal cross set in it, which tells you that a priest named John Nepomuk was once thrown into the river there by command of King Wenzel, because he would not tell what the Queen had confessed to him. His body was said to swim on the water, while five blue stars surrounded his head. The people believed this "fish-story," and now they go in crowds from all Bohemia to that spot, and to the cathedral on the hill overlooking it, where is the costly silver coffin said to contain Nepomuk's body. Poor deluded people! to believe such lying wonders instead of God's Word; to put their trust in dead men rather than in a living Saviour! It was not always so. Bohemia was once a Protestant country. Listen to the story of another stone!



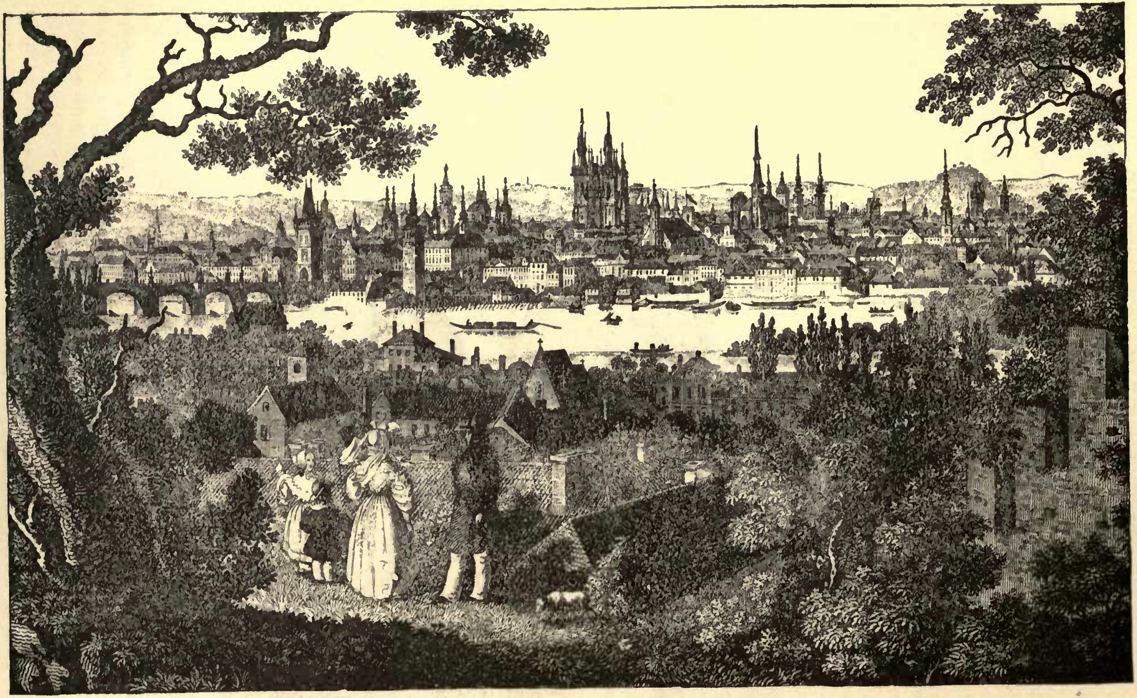
THE RATHHAUS.

Here is a picture of the *Rathhaus*, or city-hall. Behind it, out of our sight, is a plain-looking house, one of whose stones bears an inscription which tells us that John Huss once lived there. He was one of the greatest and best men that ever lived. In his time the Roman Catholic church had become fearfully corrupt; the Pope ruled over kings and emperors, and, in order to enrich himself, he corrupted whole nations by setting a premium on sin and sending out priests to sell indulgences, or the pardon of sins, for money. What Christ said to the Pharisees was true of the Pope and his clergy; they made the Word of God of none effect by their traditions. John Huss loved and studied God's Word. He eagerly read the writings of the great English reformer, Wyclif, who gave us the English Bible. His compassion was stirred by the state of ignorance, sin, and spiritual slavery to which Rome had reduced his countrymen. With fiery zeal he exposed the errors and corruptions of Rome, and denounced the sale of indulgences; with holy eloquence he proclaimed God's Word as the only authority in questions of religion, and preached salvation through faith in Christ.

Multitudes thronged to hear Huss. Many accepted his teachings. Rome became alarmed, and the Pope summoned him to appear before a council of the whole Catholic Church in Constance in Switzerland. King Sigismund guaranteed his safe journey to Constance and back again. But once in the power of his enemies he was cast into a dismal dungeon, dragged before the Council, which would not allow him to defend himself, condemned to death for heresy, burned at the stake, and his ashes thrown into the Rhine. Rome thought she had conquered. But "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." The teachings of Huss became more popular than ever in Bohemia and Moravia. Desperate wars were waged by Catholic powers against the Hussites, whose one-eyed leader, Zizka, never lost a battle. Rome's influence over the Bohemians waned. A noble Christian Church, that of the Bohemian and Moravian Brethren, pure in doctrine, strict in discipline, and vigorous in life, sprang into being. The greater part of Bohemia and Moravia received the Word of God, and renounced allegiance to the Pope. Scarcely one fifth of the population remained Roman Catholic.

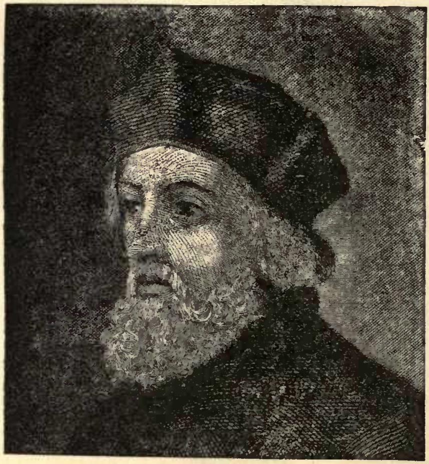
When the Emperor Ferdinand II., a docile pupil of the Jesuits, came to the throne, he determined to uproot Protestantism. He declared that he would rather rule over a wilderness than over heretics, as he called those who were not papists. The Protestants had risen in defense of religious liberty against his predecessor, Matthias, who had persecuted them in violation of his solemn pledge. Ferdinand continued the conflict. The excitement in Bohemia was tremendous. It was a desperate struggle for life. The Bohemians had no longer any Zizka to lead them to victory. They chose an incompetent king, and in 1620 they suffered near Prague an overwhelming defeat at the Battle of the White Hill, which became the grave of Protestantism in those lands. Through Bohemia and Moravia resounded the dreadful cry, "All is lost!"

Look at that Rathhaus again. It seems as though its very stones must have cried out at the scenes of horror they witnessed on the 21st of June, 1621. A large scaffold was erected in front of the Rathhaus. On it sat the judges; a strong body of soldiery guarded it, while all around surged a dense multitude of horror-stricken spectators. One by one the bravest, noblest, and most pious sons of Bohemia were led out to execution. In vain had Jesuits and monks offered them life and riches and honors if they would renounce their faith. They could die, but they could not deny Christ. To these tormentors one aged



PRAGUE, FROM THE WEST.

nobleman, Wenzel, of Budova, answered: "I know whom I have believed. I know that a crown of righteousness is laid up for me." "Hm!" replied the Jesuit, "Paul speaks thus of himself and not of others." "Thou liest!" cried the nobleman, "for it is also written, 'And not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.'" When he stepped on to the scaffold, he passed his hand over his head and long beard, and said: "Now my gray head, see what honor is put on thee, to be adorned with a martyr's crown." Once more he prayed for the church, his country, and his enemies, and commending his soul to Christ, sealed his testimony with his blood.


JOHN HUSS.

Otto, of Loss, a nobleman of keen intellect and high resolve, said, when his turn came, "Already the Lord Jesus comes with his angels to meet my soul, and conduct it to the heavenly marriage-feast, where I shall drink with him out of a new cup,[1] the cup of joy, through all eternity. Oh! I know it, this death will not sever me from him." Absorbed in prayer, he mounted the scaffold, then lifted his eyes, pointed upward with outstretched hand, and exclaimed, "I see heaven open!" Before the block he fell on his face and prayed, then kneeling cried out, "Into thy hands, O Lord, my God, I commend my spirit. Have mercy on me through Jesus Christ, and receive me that I may see thy glory." The sword flashed, and one more noble soul was added to the great army of martyrs. Thus fell twenty-seven heroes of faith, — the flower of the nation.

This was but the beginning of horrors. Prince Liechtenstein's dragoons swept through the land with fire and sword, and compelled those who did not flee into exile to turn Romanists. All Protestant pastors were banished, shot, or burned. The most awful atrocities were committed. To make sure that the "heresy" would not revive, Bibles and Protestant books were searched out and destroyed. It was made a crime to be a Protestant. Over 30,000 Protestant families fled to other lands.

Ferdinand's wish was fulfilled. He ruled over a desert, a land desolated in the name of religion, and emptied of two thirds of its once prosperous and happy population.

And now, if you would like it, we will take a look at missionary work in Bohemia and Moravia.

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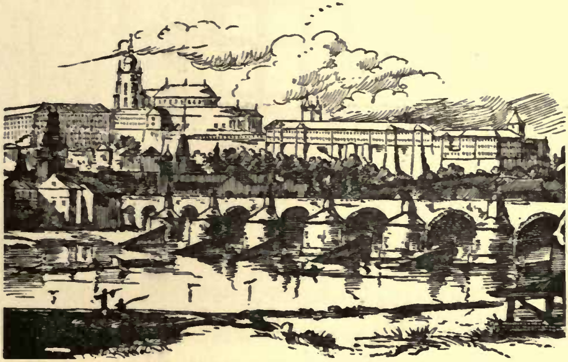
[1] The cup was the cherished emblem of the Bohemian Protestants.

MISSIONARY WORK IN BOHEMIA.

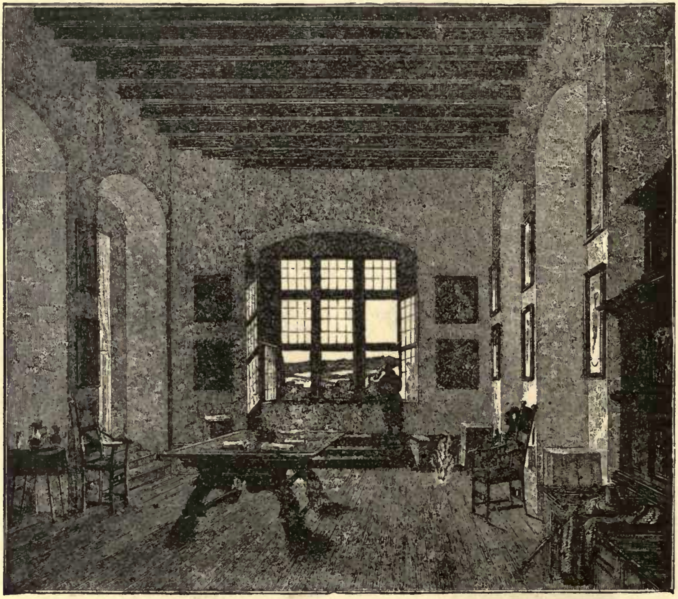
BY REV. H. A. SCHAUFFLER.

You have now been told something of the old-time Protestants of Prague. In that same city, in the year 1618, began the famous Thirty Years' War, which was so fatal to Protestantism. The first blow in that war was struck in the Hradschin Palace, on the height opposite Prague, represented in the picture. Two of the high officials of the Emperor were thrown out of the window of a chamber of that palace by men whose religious liberties had been violated. (See the picture on page 340.) Bloody persecution of all Protestants followed, and twelve victims' heads were exposed for ten years in an iron cage on the Charles-Bridge Tower. (See page 342.)



THE HRADSCHIN PALACE.

By these awful persecutions Rome thought she had destroyed Protestantism root and branch, but some rootlets remained out of sight. So strongly did the hidden truth work in the hearts of some in Northern Moravia, in the first part of last century, that, to find liberty of conscience, they fled into Prussian Silesia, where the pious Count Zinzendorf gladly gave them leave to settle on his estates. There they founded Herrnhut. This was the beginning of that religious body called in Germany "Herrnhuters," and in this country "Moravians," remarkable for the extraordinary zeal with which they have carried on foreign missions. They are now helping to carry the gospel to Bohemia, where they have two mission stations. In Moravia there are as yet none of these Moravians. Your missionaries are very glad to coöperate with them, as with the pious Austrian pastors. The Herrnhuters once lent us an evangelist, a plain working man, whom we placed in Tabor (south of Prague), which means "camp," and was once the center of the one-eyed Zizka's military operations. Eight years ago I saw nothing Protestant in that wholly Catholic city but the great Zizka's coat of mail. One evening last year I met there over twenty adults to whom I spoke the Word. Ten of them had joined the mission church. The gospel has gained a footing again in that former stronghold of the Hussites.



CHAMBER IN THE HRADSCHIN PALACE FROM WHICH THE NOBLEMEN WERE THROWN.

PARTIAL LIBERTY GRANTED.

One hundred and three years ago this year, the Emperor Joseph the Second allowed Protestants again to exist in Austria. Many shook off Rome's chains, and seventy Protestant congregations sprang into being. This was the dawn of a better day. For, though in consequence of influences which we have not space here to consider, the great majority of Austrian Protestants are content with dead orthodoxy or cold unbelief, and show either indifference or opposition to spiritual life and missionary work, there are a few pious pastors who long for, and are laboring for, the spiritual regeneration of their churches. Then the influence of Protestantism, such as it is, has tended to increase religious liberty. And yet of this there is little enough in Austria. We found no Protestant churches legally recognized but the Lutheran and Swiss Reformed, and that all other Protestants were registered as "confessionless," and denied the very name of "Christian." We had no right to hold public Divine service. The law forbids the distribution of tracts and Bibles. In 1879 the Governor of Bohemia forbade our brethren holding any religious meeting whatever, and ordered the exclusion from their family devotions of every one not a member of the household. In two villages near Prague policemen with fixed bayonets sorely molested inoffensive farmers, and even threatened violence, only because they read the Bible and prayed together. But God caused the very wrath of man to praise him. Moved by the tale of such wrongs inflicted by officials boasting the name of "Christian," the Evangelical Alliance six years ago appealed to the Emperor of Austria, who promised and gave redress and a limited liberty to hold public and private religious meetings.

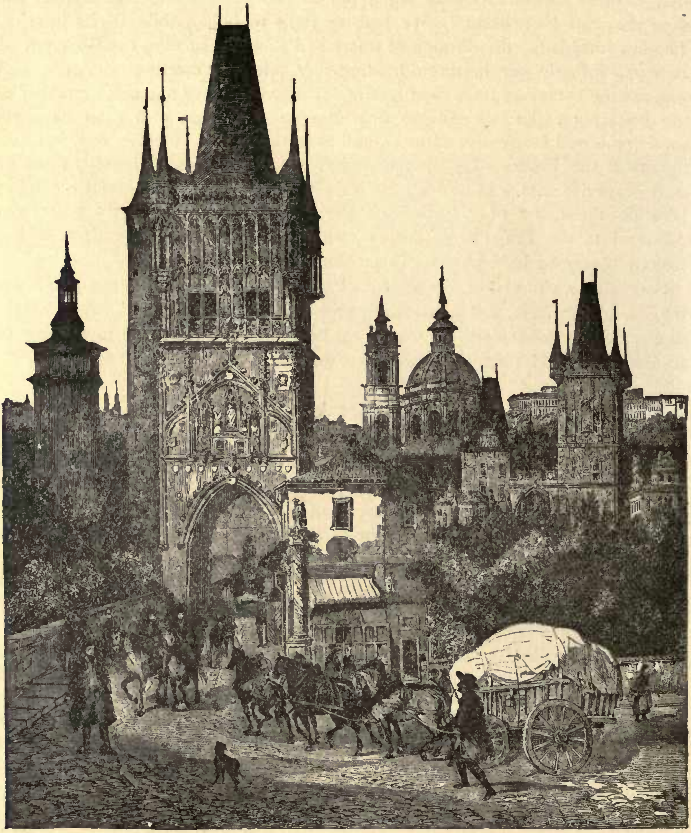
Soon after a church was formed, with Prague as its center, which last year numbered 116 members, and is constantly growing. It is a living and active church, and is doing a noble work. I cannot do better than to introduce to you one of its members, and let him tell how he was won and what he is doing for others.

A COLPORTER'S STORY.

"My former life," he says, "was a life without God. My parents led me as they had been led themselves, that is, without the Bible. My mother was often angry when I did not repeat the rosary prayers fast enough. I went to Vienna to learn a trade, where, in consequence of a shameless question put to me in the confessional, I lost the last vestige of religious feeling, and went off without receiving absolution. Now I condemned everything, good or bad. After serving as soldier in the war of 1866, I became fireman on the railroad. Having a good income, I belonged to those who say 'Let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die.' Card-playing was my especial delight.

"The Lord called me in a terrible way. I scalded both hands so that the flesh fell off. A pious man with whom I lived told me that whom the Lord wishes to make his child he chastens, but I laughed at him and told him, 'I am no Beran' (*i. e.*, lamb, an old nickname for Protestants); "there is no God, let me alone with your religion.' Thereupon something happened to me again. I fell while smoking and stuck the stem of my pipe deep into my throat, which brought on a severe sickness. The doctors doubted whether I should recover, but God wished, not my death, but my life. I was already married and had two children. When I recovered health, I again went my sinful ways as before, left my wife and children alone at home, though I had a good wife, and went to the tavern and stayed there all night. I was then dismissed from the railroad, and was appointed to levy taxes.

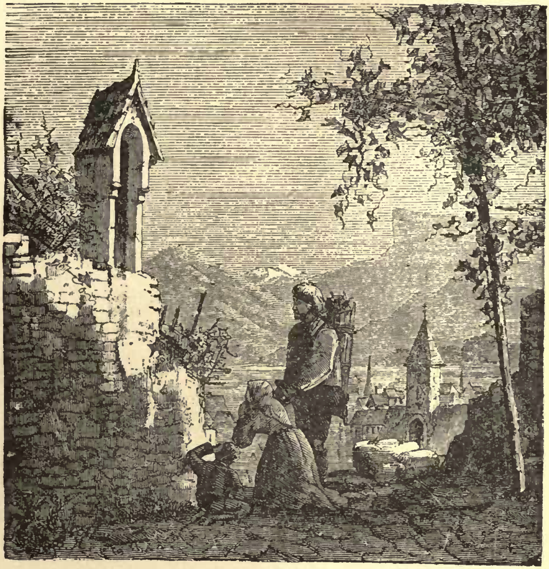
"At this time the Lord called me in a special way. I heard of Mr. Novotny (the mission's evangelist in Prague), as preaching the Word of God well. I said 'that is a newfangled Jesuit.' Still I went to hear him, and for the first time I was hit by the Word I heard. It seemed as though some one had stirred up Mr. Novotny against me, but I went again, and that in the morning. The door was closed. I heard that they were praying. I thought, 'then they don't pray only in meeting before other people, but also when no one hears them.' I saw that it came from his heart, and that he himself believed what he said. Anxious to be present at such a prayer, I went the next morning, and attended family devotions. Then my business became difficult for me. I could not be severe and coarse. I was dismissed with a good character. When I told the tax official something about the Lord Jesus, he remarked, 'You have become a fool,' and really some of the people whose property I had seized came to see whether it was not so. Some of them are now brethren in the Lord. I had no prospects. Mr. Novotny advised me to mend shoes. I succeeded so far as to support my family, for the Lord blessed me. Then Mr. N. proposed to me



TOWER OF CHARLES' BRIDGE, PRAGUE.

to become a colporter. He promised me little wages, 15 florins ($6.32) a month, and a little percentage on my sales. This money was given by the brethren in Prague who had recently come to a saving knowledge of Christ, and were ready to support one of their number who would scatter the Word of God.

"At the very start I was arrested because I had sold a Bible (colporters may only take the names of purchasers to whom the books must be sent by mail), was imprisoned, and had to pay 5 florins ($2.12) fine. When I complained of this among my brethren, they said they envied me my suffering for the Lord Jesus. After some months, when we were assembled at Mr. Novotny's, came a police inspector and policeman, and our names were all taken down. This drove many away, but also confirmed many. Then I moved to ——, and now there visit me sometimes as many as thirty people, but sixteen come regularly, with whom I study God's Word. Among them are some who were drunkards, fallen girls, and also a thief, once eighteen months in prison. Him I fished for as he was catching fishes. I was afraid of him, but the Word of God took hold of him. This man now loves the Lord Jesus. His sister, too, loves the Lord now. With joy I can also say that my mother, who had previously opposed me, confessed the Lord Jesus before her death. It is a peculiar pleasure to me that I have a believing wife, who was before an opposer."



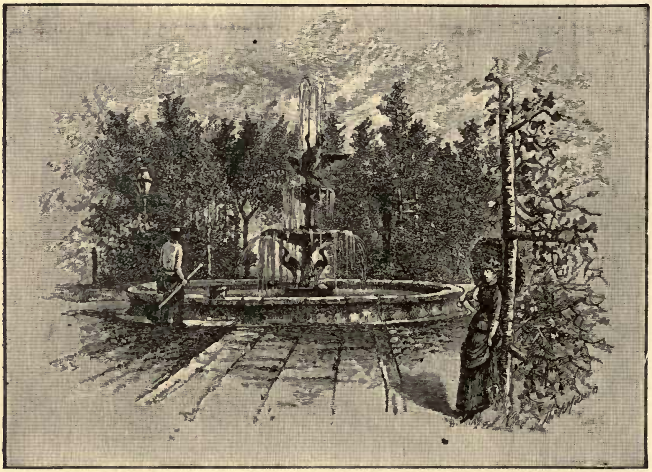
WAYSIDE CHAPEL IN BOHEMIA.

In this simple quiet way, one soul after another is being won for the truth. It is a small beginning; a mere mustard-seed; but it has in it *divine life and power*. It will yet grow to fill the land. Will you not pray that it may grow speedily?

BIBLE SCENES IN A LAND WITHOUT THE BIBLE.

BY REV. J. D. EATON, CHIHUAHUA, NORTHERN MEXICO.

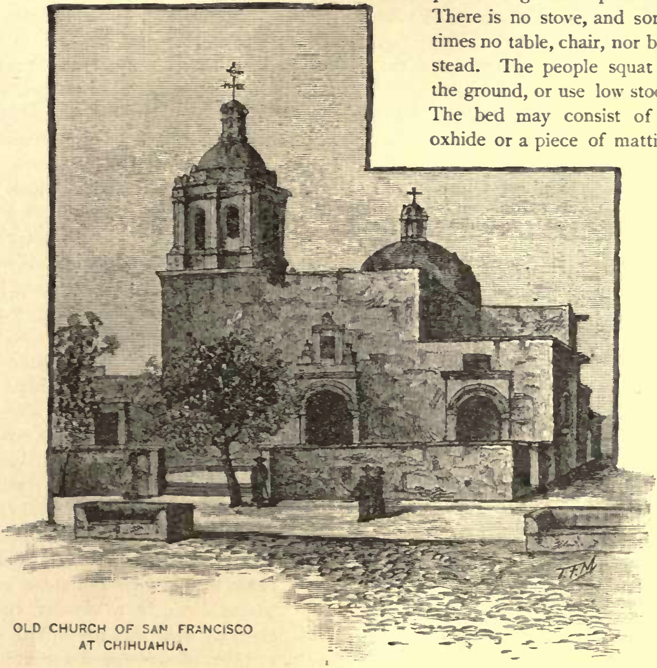
ONE need not brave the dangers and discomforts of a sea voyage, and of tent-life amongst the Arabs, in order to visit a land where many things are done almost as they were done in the time of Christ. In this Mexican city of Chihuahua, and in the surrounding fields, are many novel sights which seem to belong to Egypt and Palestine.



FOUNTAIN AT CHIHUAHUA.

The Missouri Pacific Railroad Company kindly furnishes us with some pictures of our city. The one above represents the principal fountain to which, all day long, come the poor people with pitchers and jars to carry the precious water to their homes, and to the better houses of those who can afford to pay for having it brought. (Rev. xxi, 6.) The women, and even little girls, after filling their earthern jars, will deftly lift the heavy burden to the waist, then to the shoulder, and often to the head, and walk away under it, with wonderful steadiness and grace. (Gen. xxiv, 46.) The water for the mission house, distant a block and a half, is carried in a small barrel slung on a pole between two men, who keep step in a kind of slow trot, and receive three cents apiece for each trip.

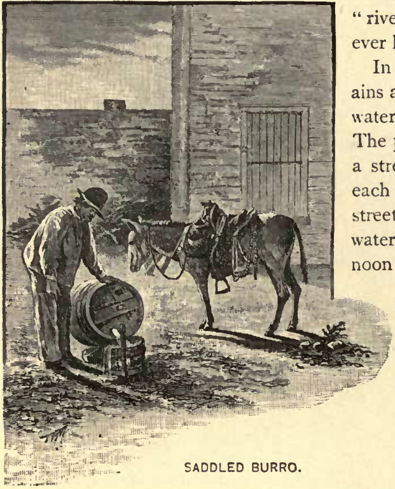
While there are grand houses for the wealthy classes, provided with fine carpets, furniture, and pianos, the homes of the poor generally consist of but one room, in which is done the cooking, eating, sleeping, and work of an entire family. The floor is the beaten earth; the walls are built of mud bricks, mixed with straw and dried in the sun (Ex. v, 7), and the roof is flat, made also of mud supported on rafters. Window there is none, the light and air having to pass through the open door. There is no stove, and sometimes no table, chair, nor bedstead. The people squat on the ground, or use low stools. The bed may consist of an oxhide or a piece of matting, lying upon which the Mexican wraps himself in the blanket which has been worn during the day in place of coat or shawl. In the fireplace is cooked the simple meal, consisting of a thick soup of vegetables and meat, and perhaps some *tortillas*, or griddle-cakes. These are made of boiled and hulled Indian corn, which is ground by women, between two stones (Isa. xlvii, 1, 2), mixed with water and fried without seasoning. The pale-looking cake is torn in pieces with the fingers, and a piece bent into the shape of a rude spoon is used to dip up some of the pottage (John xiii, 26), both spoon and contents being passed into the mouth. Firewood is too precious to be used for heating a room, and the cooking for the day is often done with two small sticks, costing about a cent apiece. (1 Kings xvii, 12.)



OLD CHURCH OF SAN FRANCISCO AT CHIHUAHUA.

In the country sometimes we find little round ovens, like a hemisphere, built outside the hut. For heating them, nothing comes amiss: grass, weeds, brush, dried dung. (Matt. vi, 30; Ezek. iv, 12, 15.) There are no fences to divide the great farms, or *haciendas*, but landmarks are built of stone or brick, often placed on high points of land, and whitewashed so as to be seen from a distance. (Prov. xxii, 28.)

The mixed flocks of sheep and goats are watched all day by shepherds, who bring them home at night to the fold. Other folds there are for the cattle, which during the day have also been herded in "green pastures," and sometimes led long distances to the "still waters." In this "dry and thirsty land" a stream of water or a "pool in the desert" is a great treasure. Not only the "garden of herbs," but fields of grain, before being planted, are covered with a curious network of furrows so that afterward they may be watered evenly and thoroughly in sections. Openings are made or closed often with the naked foot (Deut. xi, 10), and so the "rivers of water are turned whithersoever he will." (Prov. xxi, 1.)

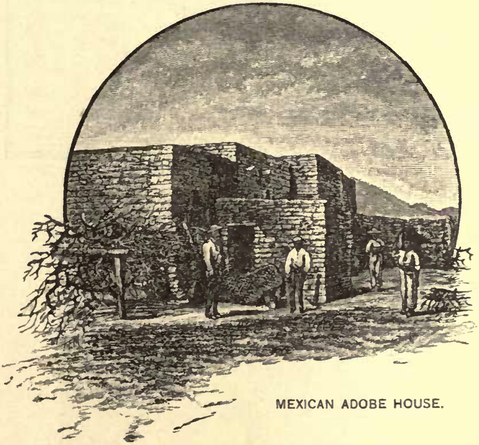

SADDLED BURRO.

In and around the city "the fountains are dispersed abroad and rivers of water in the streets." (Prov. v, 16.) The price of a garden includes pay for a stream of water for so many hours each week. Down one side of a shaded street this morning runs a little brook watering a row of trees. In the afternoon it merrily rushes along the row of shade-trees on the other side. To-night it will be found in still another street or making glad an orchard or garden. (Psa. xlvi, 4.)

The harvested grain is carried to the threshing-floor of stone or beaten earth, in a circular enclosure. Into this are driven a number of unmuzzled cattle or horses (Deut. xxv, 4), to "tread out the corn." For winnowing, a breezy day is chosen, and a long-handled wooden fan is used, like a huge snow-shovel. With this the contents of the floor are tossed up, and "the wind driveth away" the chaff, leaving the wheat to be gathered into the storehouse. (Ruth iii, 2.) When Ruth (iii, 15) held her veil to receive the six measures of barley, she did as does her sister here with the *reboso* which is wrapped about her head and shoulders. So does a man often carry home the corn or beans he has bought, in the blanket, or *serape*, which was worn over his shoulders. This is often put in "pledge" for money, and there is left him but little "raiment" to sleep in. (Deut. xxiv, 13.)

The great burden-bearer is the ass. He carries leathern bags full of water, jars of milk, bricks, stones, and earth, wood from the mountains, ore from the mines, straw, grass, corn-stalks, coops of fowls, crates of fruit and vegetables, children, and even a whole family! For I have seen father, mother, and two children, besides many odds and ends, loaded on one patient ass plodding cheerfully along at his even and rapid pace. Sometimes there will be met in the way a woman mounted on an ass, her face partly veiled, while a baby lies folded snugly in her arms, and her husband, carrying a staff in his hands, walks at her side. It is a living picture of the Holy Family going into Egypt. Very likely the baby's name may be Jesus, for that sacred name is given to many of the boys here, and even to the girls; and there are many Marys and Josephs.

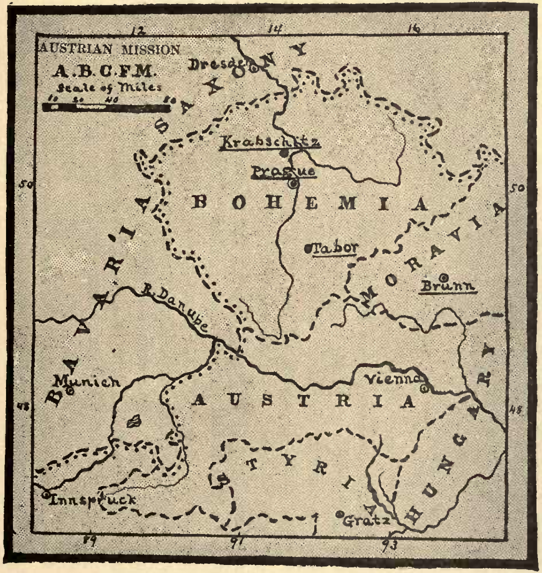
But these people who show in their country and habits so many pictures of the Bible lands from which some of their ancestors came, by way of Spain, have most of them never seen a Bible, and of course know but little about the Saviour whose story it contains. In their churches they have horrible bloody images of the Crucified; but the image of the Virgin Mary is given the place of honor above the altar, and to her and to the saints they pray more than to God.



MEXICAN ADOBE HOUSE.

In this whole State of Chihuahua there are but four or five copies of the Roman Catholic Bible for sale, at a price ranging from sixteen to thirty-five dollars. It is very wonderful to this people that they can buy of the missionary a copy of the Psalms or a Gospel for five cents, a Testament for fifteen, and a whole Bible for thirty-five cents. Not half of the men and women know how to read, but the children are learning, and many of the old and young together are finding great joy in studying and committing to memory the words of the Book.

The central *plaza*, or square, of the city is named for "La Constitucion," which gives to all the right of reading the Bible and worshiping God in the way that seems best, no matter how much the priests may oppose. The two main streets which bound this *plaza* are called "Progreso" and "Libertad." The mayor sends us a policeman every Sunday night, and on other evenings when we have meetings, to keep order, to protect us from those who sneer and mock, and who might throw stones if they were not watched. And so the government helps the gospel light to shine, knowing that a free Bible will make "liberty" and "progress" in Mexico more sure.


AUSTRIAN MISSION
A.B.C.F.M.
Scale of Miles
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14
16
50
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Dresden
SAXONY
Krabschitz
Prague
BOHEMIA
Tabor
MORAVIA
Brunn
BAVARIA
R. Danube
Munich
AUSTRIA
Vienna
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STYRIA
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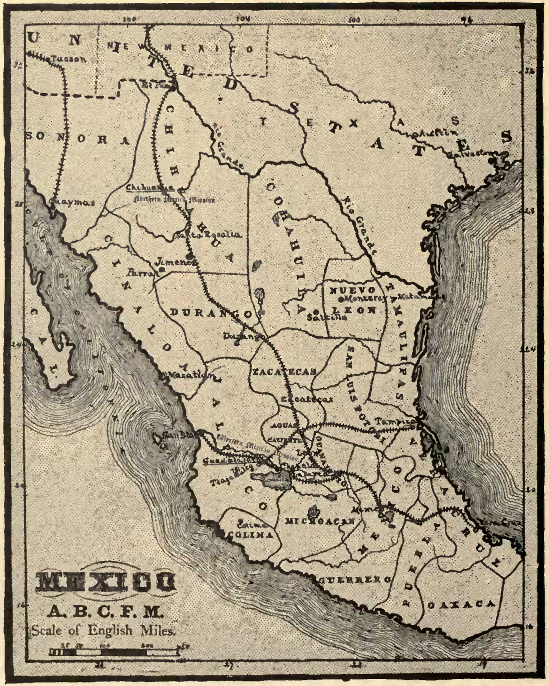
MEXICO
A. B. C. F. M.
Scale of English Miles.
UNITED STATES
NEW MEXICO
TEXAS
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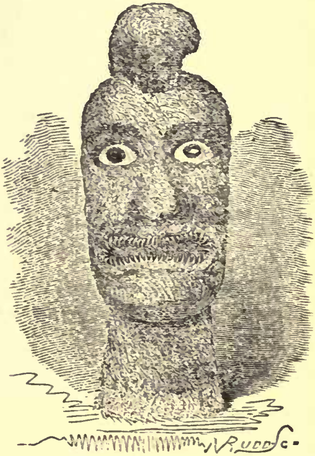
Rio Grande
SONORA
Guaymas
CHIHUAHUA
Chihuahua
Santa Rosalia
Jimenez
Parral
COAHUILA
NUEVO LEON
Monterey
Saltillo
Matamoras
TAMAULIPAS
DURANGO
Durango
SINALOA
Mazatlan
ZACATECAS
Zacatecas
SAN LUIS POTOSI
Tampico
JALISCO
Guadalajara
Tlajomulco
San Blas
COLIMA
Colima
MICHOACAN
GUERRERO
Mexico
PUEBLA
VERA CRUZ
Vera Cruz
OAXACA
CALIFORNIA

OTHER LANDS

AND ISLANDS.

HENRY OBOOKIAH.

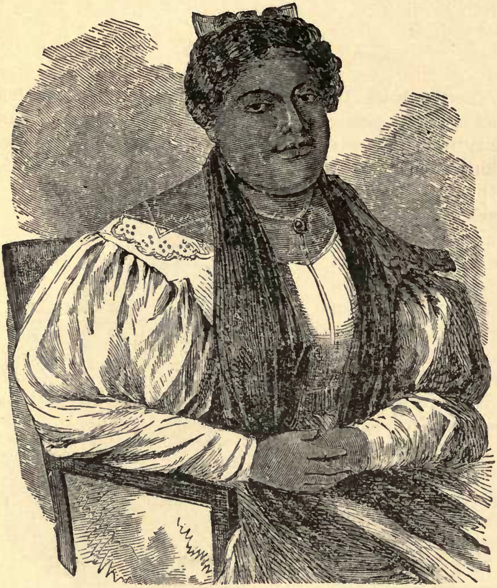
The people of the Sandwich Islands are now known as a Christian nation sending their own missionaries to the heathen of Micronesia. But sixty years ago they were themselves savages and idol-worshippers, who had received nothing from civilized lands but the sins of wicked sailors, whose ships touched their shores. Their idols were hideous and ridiculous, as you may see by this engraving of one of the specimens which are kept as curiosities at the Missionary House in Boston. Christian people knew little about the islanders till there landed in New York, in 1809, a Sandwich Island boy named Obookiah. This boy's parents and brother had been killed before his eyes, in one of the native wars, and he was left sad and lonely. When an American captain asked him if he would like to come to this country on board his vessel, he gladly said yes. Our young people have, perhaps, hardly heard the name of Obookiah, which was a household word to their grand-parents. They ought to know, and we will tell them, the short story of his life, for it was one of the first things in our missionary history.



HAWAIIAN WAR-GOD, KAILI.

Obookiah was about seventeen years old when he came here, an untaught boy, clumsy, dull, and heavy-looking. But the captain took him to his New Haven home, and soon after he was found weeping on the steps of one of the buildings of Yale College. "Why are you crying?" asked a kind gentleman. "Because there is no one to teach me," answered Obookiah. He was immediately taken into a Christian family, and eagerly began to study. After a few months Mr. Samuel J. Mills, who was then full of missionary zeal, invited him to his father's house at Torringford, Conn. There Obookiah went, and there he was taught to work as well as study. He made surprising improvement, and soon wrote to a New Haven friend: "You know I came one morning to your room in college, and you tell me read. You say what c-a-p spell? then I say c-a-p *pig*. I spell four syllables now, and I say 'what is the chief end of man.'"

In 1811 Obookiah went to Andover, Mass., and there, as he said, "My wicked heart begin to see a little about the divine things, but the more I see to it, the more it appear to be *impenetrability*." Yet when a friend prayed with him one day, and said before they rose from their knees, "You may pray too," Obookiah uttered these words: "Great and eternal God, make heaven, make earth, make everything — have mercy on me, make me understand the Bible, make me good. Great God have mercy on Thomas, make him good, make Thomas and me go back to Hawaii, tell folks in Hawaii no more pray to stone god. Make some good man go with me to Hawaii, tell folks in Hawaii about heaven, about hell. God make all people good everywhere," and he closed with: "Our Father which art in heaven." Still he afterwards said that, at this time, he wanted to get religion into his head more than into his heart. "Sometimes when good people talked with me on this subject, I was but just hate to hear it."

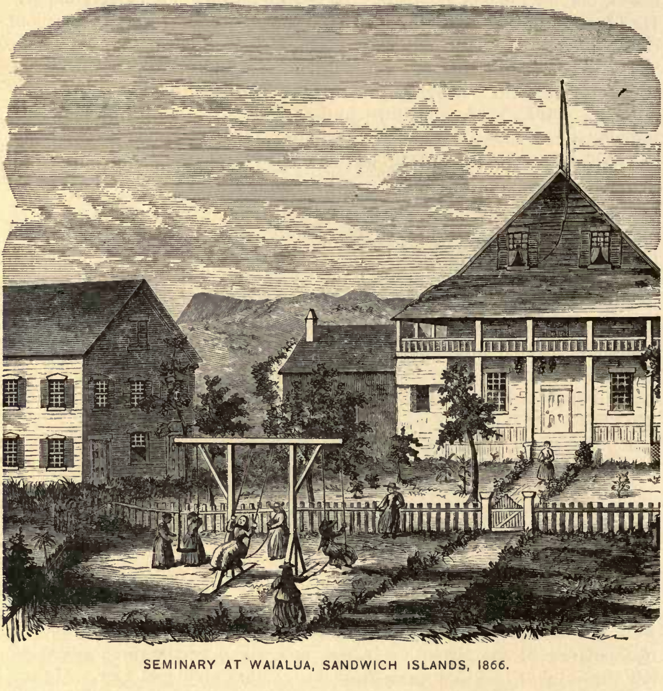


KEKAULUOHI, A HAWAIIAN RULER IN 1840.

In 1812 Obookiah spent several months at Hollis, N. H., and he wrote: "I thought now with myself that I have a change of heart. It was so if I mistake not. For the Lord Jesus did appear as the chiefest among ten thousand and altogether lovely, and his mercy appeared to be welcome to a sinner as I." He returned to Torringford, and there a friend asked: "How does your own heart appear to you?" "Oh, black, very black," he replied. "But you hope you have a new heart; how did it appear before it was changed?" "*Mud,*" he said; "*all mud.*" He now grew rapidly in wisdom and in grace. "I seeked," he said, "for the Lord Jesus a long time, and found him not. But still I do think that I have found him on my knees. Everything grows very clear to my own view. Oh, what happy hours that I had in the night-season! I thought before that religion was a hard thing to get it; making many excuses for *pray-hour*, and kept putting it off. But this kind of feeling led me far beyond all happiness. I cannot help think about heaven. I go in a meadow, work at the hay my hands, but my thought no there. In heaven all time, then I very happy." He began to talk of returning to Hawaii to preach the gospel to his poor countrymen. "Suppose your countrymen should kill you?" said some one. "If that be the will of God, I am ready, I am ready," answered Obookiah. After this he went on studying in various places. His industry was remarkable. With the help of a friend he tried to reduce his own language, which had never been written, and was a mere chaos of sounds, to writing, and "made a kind of spelling-book, dictionary, and grammar." He kept a diary, and wrote a history of his past life. They show a bright mind and a loving heart, and are full of penitence for sin and joy in Christ. In 1815 he was received to the church in Torringford. He asked beforehand that he might speak a few words to the people at the time of his admission. Mr. Mills, the pastor, readily said yes, but forgot it when the time came. At night, Obookiah, who was now called Henry, came to Mr. Mills with a broken heart, and said: "You no let me speak, sir; I sorry." Mr. Mills was much affected, and asked: "What did you wish to say, Henry?" "I want to ask the people, what they all waiting for, they live in gospel land, hear all about salvation; God ready; Christ ready; all ready, — why they don't come and follow Christ."

A FOREIGN MISSIONARY SCHOOL.

In 1816 a school was started in Cornwall, Conn., for the education of heathen youth who had come to this country. It was thought from Obookiah's case that they might be there trained to become helpers in the Foreign Missionary work. The experiment was tried under the care of the American Board. Some of the pupils were Chinese, some Greeks; there were many Indians and several Sandwich Islanders. Obookiah went with a friend on a tour through Massachusetts to collect funds for the maintenance of the school. He was now about twenty-three years old. All the old dull look had gone from his bright, intelligent face. He was nearly six feet in height, and his manners were animated and graceful. He was a living answer to the great objection made in those days to Foreign Missions. Here, before the eyes of everybody, was an ignorant heathen transformed into a wise, loving, and faithful Christian. It seemed as if he were to be the best of missionaries to his race. But he was to help them only through others, whose interest he aroused in their needs. In February of 1819 he was taken sick of a fever, and after several weeks of suffering, he died. The lady who had charge of him said it was one of the best and happiest times of her life. Obookiah was patient, and even joyful. After a suffering night, the lady said: "You are glad of the morning after a dark, distressing night." "Oh," he replied, "some light in the night, some light of God." Once his eyes seemed fixed as if on a delightful object, and when questioned about it, he said: "Oh, I can't tell you all; it is Jesus Christ." As he grew worse, it was hard to give up the hope of preaching Jesus in Hawaii. "But God will do right," he said, bursting into a flood of tears. "It is no matter where we die. Let God do as he pleases." At the last he bade his friends farewell, and with a heavenly smile, such as those who watched him had never seen before, he fell asleep in Jesus.



SEMINARY AT WAIALUA, SANDWICH ISLANDS, 1866.

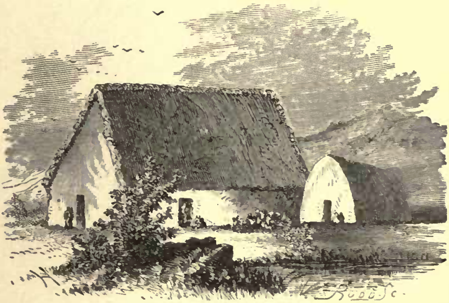
The Cornwall school was kept up only till 1826. It proved wiser to train teachers from among the heathen in their own lands. But the life of Obookiah and of the school were not in vain. They were the immediate occasion of the wonderful mission to the Sandwich Islands which was begun in 1820, and was closed in 1863, because it had become a Christian land. The pictures of Kekauluohi and of the Waialua school indicate the marvelous change wrought among the once barbarous people.

A HEROINE OF HAWAII.

How many of the young people of to-day have ever heard of Kapiolani, of Hawaii? Probably not many; yet she ought not to be forgotten, for she was a true heroine.

One of the superstitions of the Sandwich Islanders was, that certain places and things were *tabu*, or sacred, and the penalty for touching the *tabued* article was death. Certain kinds of fish and swine's flesh were tabu for women, but not for men. There was a tabu upon the eating together of a man and his wife, or of a mother with her son. This superstition was, in large measure, overthrown just before the missionaries reached Hawaii in 1820. The people had supposed that if men did not kill whoever violated the tabu, the gods would certainly do so. But when they saw the sailors from foreign countries paying no regard to the prohibition, and eating the forbidden articles without harm, they suddenly lost faith in the power of their gods, and all at once they overthrew their idols and gave up their system of tabu.

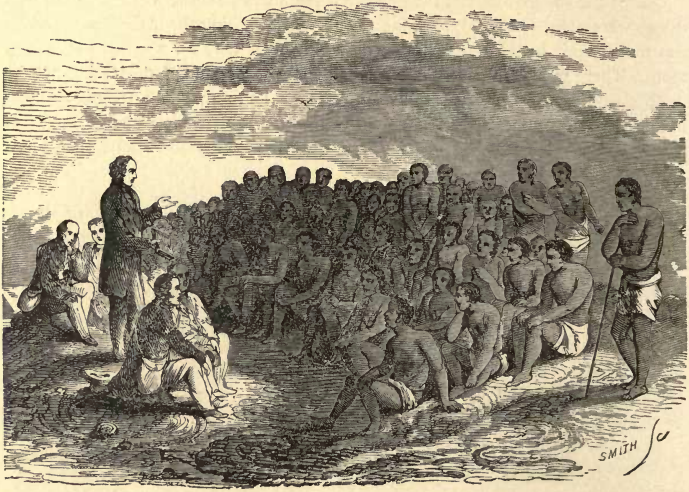
But while these false gods were removed, and their prohibitions were disregarded, there remained for some years a great fear of one goddess, Pele, who was supposed to inhabit the volcano of Kilauea; and no one ventured to violate the tabu upon her dominions. It is not strange that the natives had a great terror in connection with Kilauea, for all travelers to-day unite in saying that no earthly scene can be more awe-inspiring than is the near view of this volcano. Some years before the missionaries reached Hawaii, an army was marching across the island by a path which led near the base of Kilauea, and during the night-time a terrible eruption took place. While the hot lava rolled down the mountain-side, the red and blue flames shot up into the air, and the ground shook so violently that it was impossible to stand. Over a part of the army a shower of sand and cinders fell, so that when their comrades came upon them, they found them, some lying down and some sitting upright, clasping each other, but all dead!



NATIVE GRASS HOUSE, HAWAII.

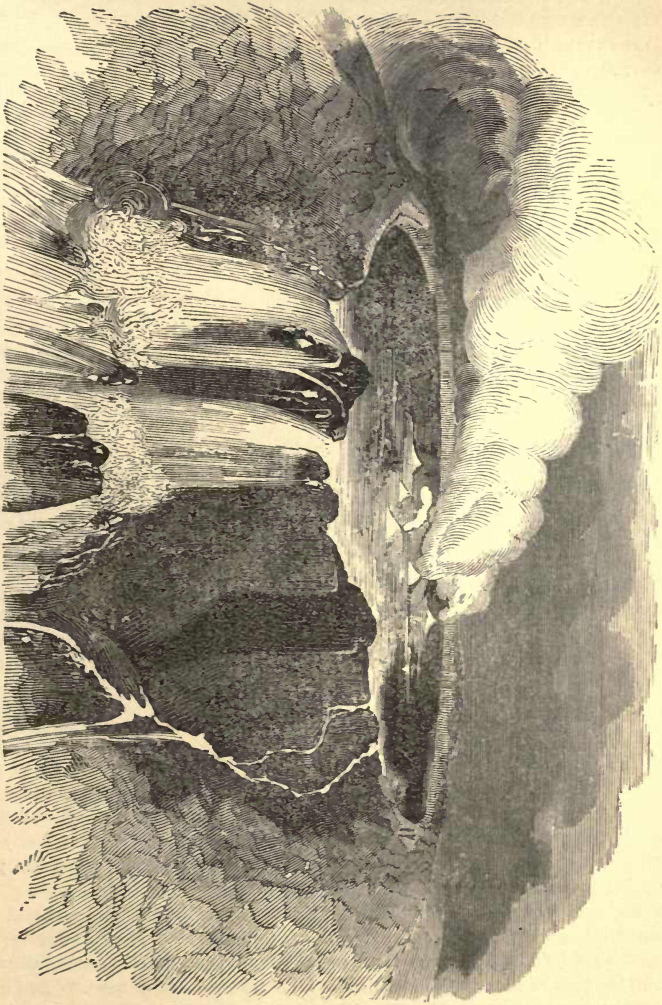
It was this mountain which Pele was supposed to inhabit, reveling in the flames and hurling them forth against all who offended her or dared to trample on her domain. The natives paid her the greatest reverence, throwing into the crater of the volcano vast numbers of hogs, both cooked and alive, as offerings to the dread goddess.

Kapiolani was the daughter of a chieftain, and the wife of Naihe, who for a time was governor of Hawaii. When the missionaries first knew her she had two husbands, and she was said to be intemperate. But she was soon impressed by the truth, and built a church at her home, which was near the spot where Captain Cook was murdered, so that the people need not worship in the way represented in the picture below. In the year 1825, only five years after the missionaries landed, and before the people had in any great numbers been brought under the power of the gospel, Kapiolani determined to show them how vain was their superstition about Pele. A missionary had just gone to Hilo, one hundred miles across the island, and the rough and dangerous path lay directly by Kilauea. Kapiolani resolved to walk over the mountain and to break the tabu of the goddess. Her husband sought to dissuade her, and men and women along the way implored her not to anger Pele and risk her own life. She answered them: "If I am destroyed, you may all believe in Pele." A woman who claimed to be a prophetess of the goddess came to meet Kapiolani, and warned her against approaching the mountain without an offering to Pele. But instead of manifesting any fear, Kapiolani opened her Testament and read to her of the true God, and Jesus Christ, as the Saviour of men.



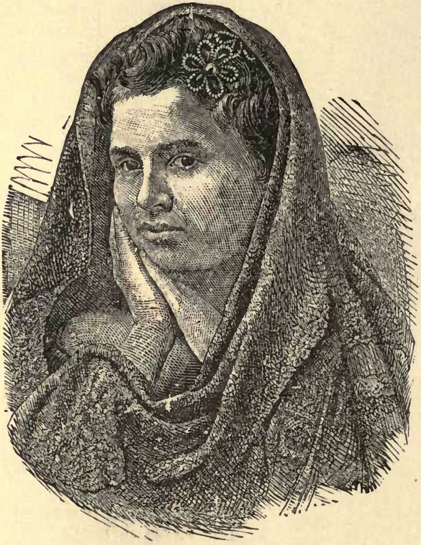
NATIVE CONGREGATION IN 1823.

When they reached the crater of the volcano, there were about eighty persons in the company. This crater, said by some to be half a mile in breadth, is filled



CRATER OF MAUNA LOA AS IT APPEARED DURING THE ERUPTION OF 1843

with molten lava, sending up its sulphurous smoke, and occasionally shooting a mass of flame thirty or forty feet into the air. From the picture above, which represents the crater of Mauna Loa, a volcano near by Kilauea, you can get some idea of the terrific scene; only you must remember that what looks like foam is fire, and that this surging mass, as it rolls from side to side, roars like a tempest, accompanied with explosions like the discharge of numerous cannon. Down to the brink of this crater Kapiolani went, eating some of the berries which were sacred to Pele, and threw stones into the vortex. This latter act had been regarded as peculiarly offensive to the goddess. Standing very calmly in the midst of scenes naturally so appalling, Kapiolani said, in the hearing of her people: —



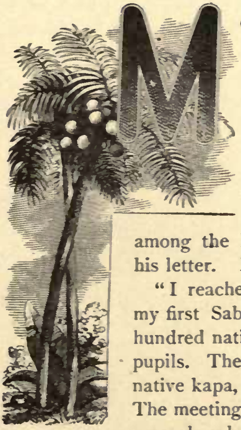
HAWAIIAN WOMAN, 1876.

"Jehovah is my God. He kindled these fires. I fear not Pele. Should I perish by her anger, then you may fear her power; but if Jehovah save me when breaking her tabus, then must you fear and serve Jehovah. The gods of Hawaii are vain. Great is the goodness of Jehovah in sending missionaries to turn us from these vanities to the living God" Then she called for a Christian hymn to be sung. What a grand organ they had to accompany them! After a prayer was offered, she went on her way to Hilo. The power of Pele was broken. The mass of the people learned from this brave act that the tabus of the goddess were vain.

Was not Kapiolani a genuine heroine? She lived ever after a brave and yet humble Christian life, dying in 1841, honored of all the people. In speaking of the happiness of the Hawaiians in receiving the gospel, she once said, with her hands clasped and tears in her eyes: "Our happiness is the joy of a captive just freed from prison." How many prisoners in all parts of the earth are yet waiting for the gospel which shall make them free!

A Christian gentleman, who visited the Sandwich Islands in 1829, speaks of Kapiolani as winning respect and sincere friendship. "She is so intelligent, so amiable, so lady-like in her whole character, that no one can become acquainted with her without feelings of more than ordinary interest and respect." And yet this was not ten years after the time when she was a naked and drunken heathen woman. Is not the gospel the power of God in changing human hearts and lives?

GLAD DAYS AT WAIMEA.



COCOA-NUT TREES.

MOST of the readers of the *Missionary Herald* know something about the great changes that have taken place in the Sandwich Islands within sixty years. Rev. Lorenzo Lyons, who has now been a missionary for above fifty years at Waimea, in the northern portion of the island of Hawaii, has sent a letter describing some of the bright days in his experience. Mr. Lyons has been not only the Sunday-school man but also the sweet singer among the Hawaiian churches. We wish we had room for all his letter. Here is part of it: —

"I reached Waimea, where I now am, on July 16, 1832. On my first Sabbath here there was a congregation of some twelve hundred natives, and a Sabbath-school of some seven hundred pupils. These, with not a dozen exceptions, were clothed in the native kapa, and seated on the floor of earth covered with mats. The meeting-house was a large grass building with open doors, a rough pulpit, and one window behind the pulpit.

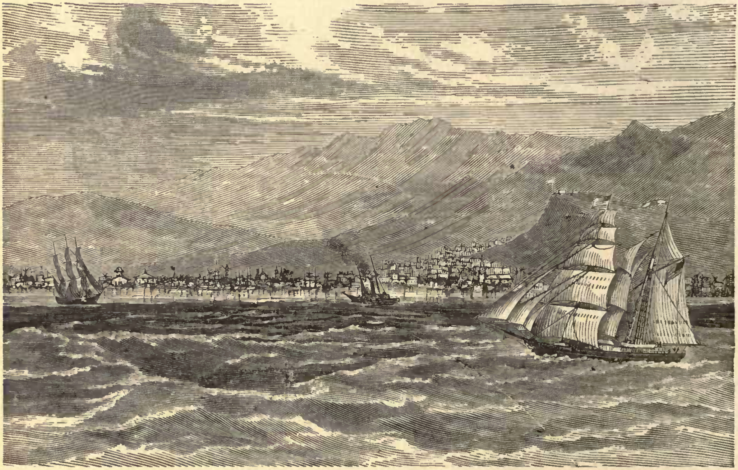
"On July 16, 1857, when I was fifty years old, came my first jubilee. The old grass meeting-house and its two successors had disappeared, and in their stead stood a meeting house that would compare well with country churches in the United States. In it the people assembled with representatives from the fifteen out-districts, all clothed in European style. No sign of a native kapa dress appeared. It was dedication day. The exercises customary on such occasions were performed. It was a good and joyful day in Waimea.

"On May 16, 1872, after a residence of forty years in Waimea, the people made a love feast for their missionary and pastor, a thing which he did not desire, but was obliged to yield to. In the midst of my historical address I was requested to stop, while a beautiful gilt Hawaiian Bible and hymn-book were presented me. After meeting the whole assembly joined in a festival. That day will long be remembered at Waimea."

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL FESTIVAL.

"On the first day of January, 1880, an interesting sight appeared in our meeting house. The Sabbath-schools of North Hawaii were assembled at Waimea for a review of the International Sabbath-school lessons studied in these schools for the past seven years. These lessons had all been prepared in the native language by me, and printed in the Hawaiian newspapers, and studied more or less in all the Hawaiian Sabbath-schools. I had previously recommended a seven year review celebration, not only in Waimea, but in other central places throughout the islands. My recommendation was favorably received, and such a review celebration resolved on for the first day of the year. It was a great work to prepare a suitable and a comprehensive review lesson on the whole Bible. When the day came the review passed off well in Waimea. We had had Sabbath-school celebrations before in our meeting house, but none like this.

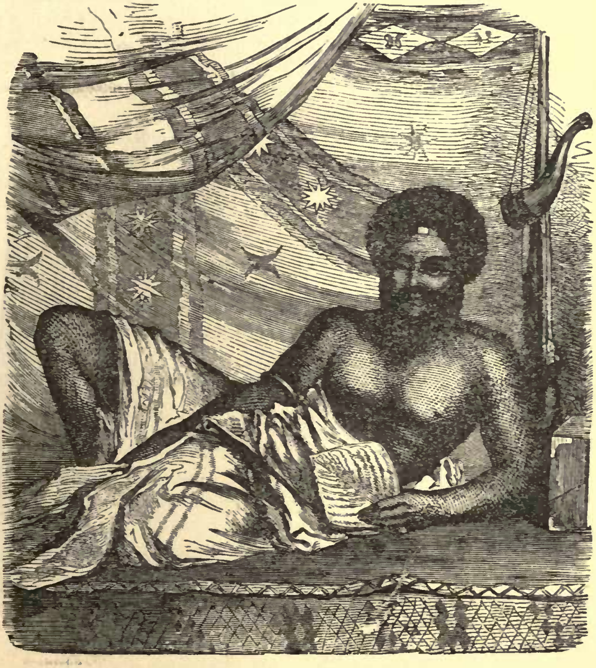
"In the midst of the review exercises a committee, sent from Honolulu, presented to me the contributions of the Hawaiian Sabbath-schools as a testimonial of their love and regard in view of my services in preparing their lesson-papers and hymns. The names of the schools, some forty-five of them, and the contributions of each, were engraved in gilt letters, and placed in a gilt frame, covered with glass. The largest contribution was $295, the smallest $1.75. Total contribution some *twelve hundred dollars.*


THE "MORNING STAR" APPROACHING HONOLULU.

"Twelve hundred dollars! I never before owned at one time such an amount of money. I wish the American Board and all the American people, young and old, to see that Hawaiians, who are often said to have no gratitude, nor word for gratitude in their language, have still something akin to gratitude, and are capable of appreciating in some degree services done for their good."

THAKOMBAU, A KING OF FIJI.

THERE are few spots in all the earth where such sudden and marvelous changes have been wrought by the preaching of the gospel as have been witnessed among the Fiji Islands within the last forty years. These islands are over two hundred in number, though some of them are very small. The scenery in various portions of the group is described as being of wonderful beauty, but the people were notoriously brutal and vile. They were cannibals



THAKOMBAU, KING OF BAU.[1]

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[1] **This and two other cuts in this article are taken from Figuier's *The Human Race*, by kind permission of the publishers, D. Appleton & Co.**

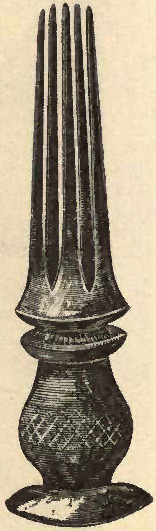
of the worst sort, and every kind of iniquity flourished on every island. What we may be able to tell in a few pages of the life of one man, Thakombau, King of the island of Bau, will well illustrate what the Fijians were before the gospel reached them, and what they have become since they *lotued*, as they say, that is, received the Christian religion.

Thakombau was widely known, and Miss Gordon Cumming, in her entertaining book of travel, *At Home in Fiji*, describes him as a very fine old man, stately and chief-like in his bearing, and with clear, penetrating eyes. She heard him on New Year's morning, in 1876, offer the first prayer in a great assembly of natives gathered for worship, and she speaks of his prayers as striking and very touching. But what of his youth?

HIS CRUELTIES.

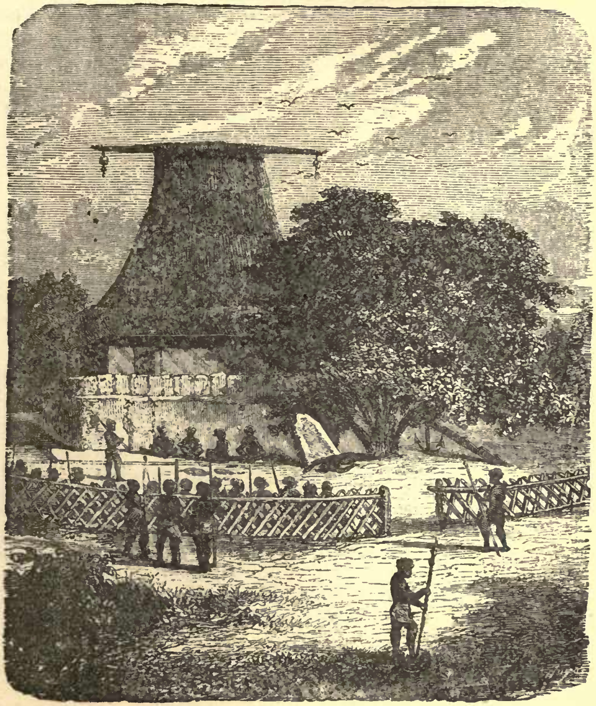
He was born in 1817, and was the son of Tanoa, the savage and bloodthirsty ruler of Bau. In his childhood he was called Seru, and when six years old was taken on one of the warlike expeditions which in those days were of frequent occurrence. The party to which he belonged was victorious, and after fifty men had been killed a lad about two years older than himself was captured and held down before Seru, while he beat him to death with a club. This was the young chief's first victim, and the lesson in cruelty which he so early learned was not forgotten. We are loth to repeat some of the stories of his cruelties, and yet how else can it be known what has been accomplished in him and among his people through the gospel of Jesus Christ?

Among the terrible facts narrated by Mr. Waterhouse, an English missionary, who, after years of unavailing effort, was at last permitted to reside at Bau, are the following. While the old king, Tanoa, was living he encouraged his son to put to death all who might be suspected as enemies. Thakombau was not slow in following out the suggestion. On one occasion, a rebel having been captured, the young chief had the tongue of the offender cut out, which he devoured raw, and while the sufferer was begging for speedy death Thakombau was laughing in high glee. On another occasion, when two men were taken alive in a battle at Viwa, Thakombau's brother tried to prevent their being killed, and offered him a canoe if he would spare their lives. Thakombau replied, "Keep your canoe; I want to eat men." He made the doomed men dig a hole in the earth for an oven, and cut the fire-wood. He then had their arms and legs cut off, which were cooked and eaten in the presence of the men who were yet living. After this, even, he tortured them in ways which are too horrible to describe.


CANNIBAL FORK.

TANOA'S WIVES.

Among the customs prevailing throughout Fiji was one which required that at the death of a chief several of his wives should be strangled, under the notion that his spirit would want company in the unseen world. The missionaries exerted all their influence to put a stop to cannibalism and wife-murder. They would often go into the presence of a savage chief, and beg for the bodies of the dead that they might decently bury them. They were particularly anxious that when the old chief Tanoa should die none of his wives should be put to death, hoping thus to break up the horrible custom. Thakombau at that time was not ignorant of his duty, and he was persistently urged both by the missionaries and captains of English and American vessels to take a stand against the custom. He promised nothing, yet it was hoped that he would yield to remonstrances and entreaties. But when Tanoa, his father, died in 1854, the missionaries were temporarily absent, and as they hastened back on receiving the tidings of his death, they saw six biers at the door of the house where the dead man lay. On entering, they found two of the wives already dead, and Thakombau assisting in the process of strangling others. When the missionaries cried out, "Refrain, Sir! That is plenty. Two are dead," the chief replied, "They are not many — only five! But for you missionaries many more would have been strangled." In spite of all remonstrances the

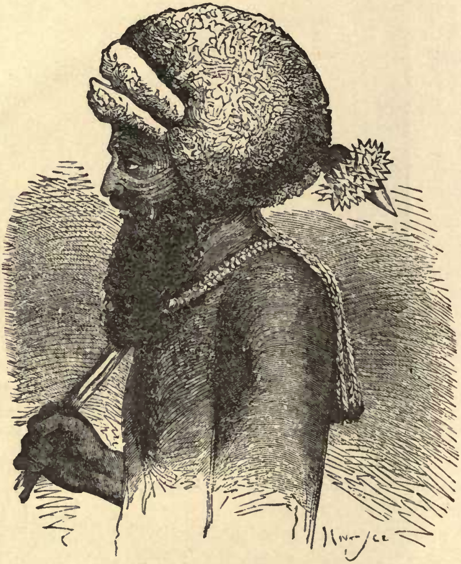


A FIJIAN CANNIBAL TEMPLE WITH VICTIMS.

other three were killed, and the pride of Thakombau was gratified at having maintained a Fiji custom against all opposition.

THE MISSIONARIES RECEIVED.

When Christianity began to win many converts on several of these islands Thakombau was greatly irritated. The missionaries, on occasionally landing at Bau, would plead with him very faithfully, but he would rebuff them, saying "I hate your Christianity." "When you have grown *dalo* on yon bare rock then I will become a Christian, and not before." Once, in a scoffing tone, he exclaimed, "Wonderful is your new religion, is it not? But will it prevail? Will it prevent our having men to eat? Not it." It seemed for many years as if this chief, whose royal name was now Vuni-valu, or Root-of-War, would succeed in keeping the Christian faith out of his dominions. He slew and ate his enemies without number. The ovens of Bau, used only for cooking human bodies, were said to be seldom cool. Of such atrocious deeds Thakombau made little account, saying on one occasion, "White men make good eating: they are like ripe bananas." There would certainly seem to be but little hope of reaching a heart so hard as his. But the missionaries were not at all discouraged. Though not welcomed by Thakombau, he yet, in 1853, allowed them to live in Bau, and begin their labors among his people. The savage king heard much about the religion of love and peace. Other chiefs, and especially the Christian King George, of Tonga, urged him to renounce the false gods and accept the religion of Jesus. A series of misfortunes extending through a long period had humbled in some degree the pride of his heart, and he suddenly declared that the Christian religion should take the place of idolatry in his kingdom. On Sunday, the 30th of April, 1854, he caused the two great wooden drums of Fiji, which had never before sounded any call except to war or a cannibal feast, to be beaten as a summons to a great service in which heathenism was renounced, and Christianity embraced. Bales of cloth were brought out and distributed, for the outward sign of a change from heathenism was the putting on of some clothes.

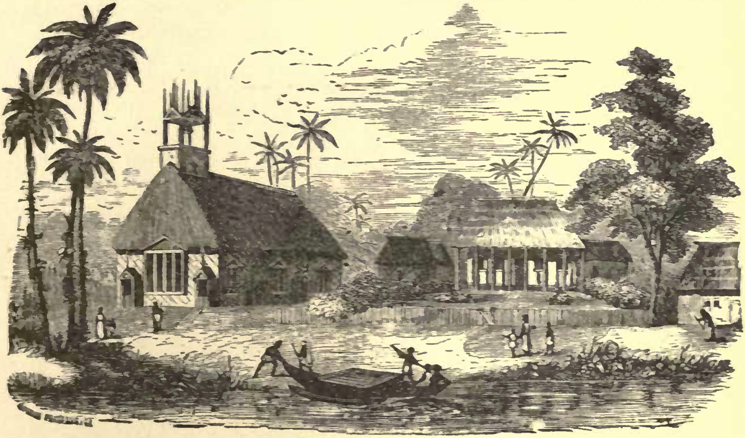


A FIJIAN.

The Christians were called "dresses," to distinguish them from the pagans, who wore only the least strip of cloth. Hundreds of the people at once embraced the Christian faith and commenced family prayer. Thakombau, though favoring the new faith, did not become a Christian in heart until some time after this, but he yielded more and more to the power of the gospel and the cruel practices in which he had indulged were totally forsaken.

A NEW MAN WITH A NEW NAME.

In 1857, three years after the missionaries were received, Thakombau having put away his many wives, was publicly baptized, taking the name of Ebenezer. He stood up in the presence of "widows whose husbands he had slain; sisters whose relatives had been strangled by his orders, relatives whose friends he had eaten," and made most humble confession, saying, with broken voice and with tears, "I have been a bad man, I disturbed the country. The missionaries came and invited me to embrace Christianity, but I said to them, 'I will continue to fight.' God has singularly preserved my life. I desire to acknowledge him as the only and true God. I have scourged the world." This was twenty-eight years ago. Thakombau still continued to honor the Christian name. He and his people had become loving and gentle. They have altogether ceased to be cruel. One's life is as safe in Fiji as it would be in any part of the world, and the kindly people care most thoughtfully for all who come among them. The missionaries who have labored there with such marvelous success have been English Wesleyans, and they have churches, with crowded congregations, on every island, and there is scarcely a house in which may not be heard daily morning and evening prayer in the family. There are 1,400 schools and 900 native preachers in Fiji. Old Thakombau, the once treacherous and bloodthirsty cannibal, died in 1884, a faithful, gentle, intelligent, and devout Christian, who was greatly respected and loved by all who saw him. The lion had become the lamb. Is not the gospel which has wrought this change the very power of God?



SCHOOL-HOUSE AND CHAPEL AT MBUA, FIJI.

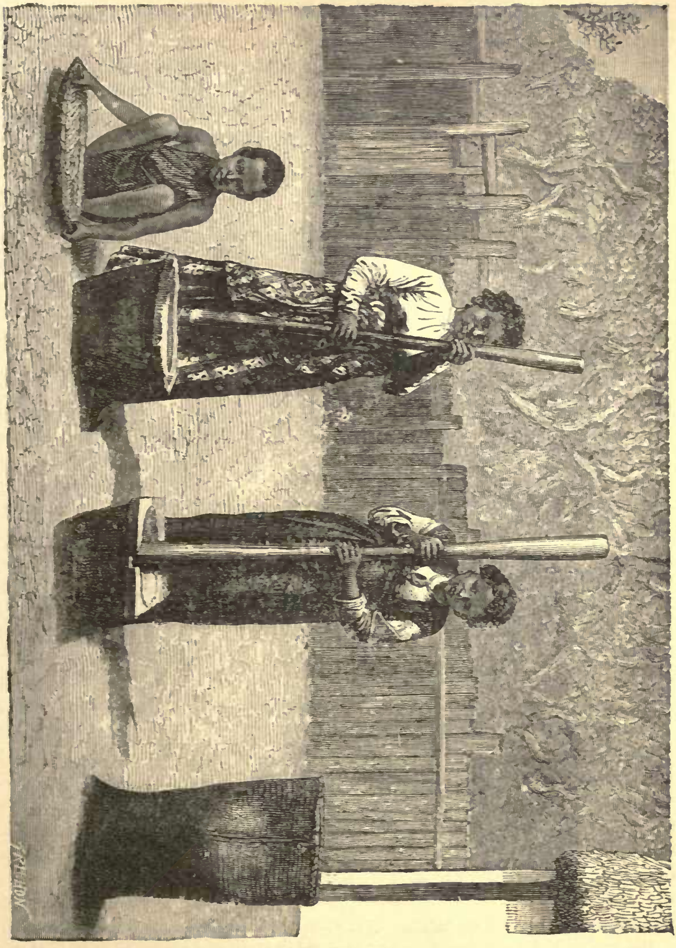
TOIL AND TRIUMPH IN MADAGASCAR.

THE Island of Madagascar, lying two hundred and fifty miles east of the coast of Africa, is about one thousand miles long, and from two to three hundred miles broad. Its area is larger than that of the New England and Middle States, with Virginia, or about twice that of Great Britain and Ireland. Little was known of this vast island until the early part of the present century, when the English sent a friendly embassy to King Radama, a wise and able ruler, who welcomed the foreigners.

The first missionaries landed in Madagascar in 1818, but they retired, and the mission was not begun till 1820. The first comers found a singular people, busy and shrewd, but ignorant and superstitious. They are called the Malagasy. They had no written language, and, of course, no books. Most of the people were filthy and half-naked, and their morals were shocking. They worshiped idols, and were subject to cruel superstitions, among which was one that certain days were unlucky, and that children born on these days must be put to death, or evil will come to their parents. In one of the tribes all the children born on Tuesdays were destroyed. Multitudes of lives were also destroyed by the *tangena* ordeal, a trial by poison which was supposed to test the guilt or innocence of one accused of crime or of witchcraft. The trial was conducted in the following way: The suspected person was made to swallow three square pieces of a fowl's skin, and after a time a portion of two nuts of the tangena tree, an active poison, was administered. If, in the vomiting which followed, the pieces of skin were thrown up uninjured, the person was pronounced innocent of the charge. But even then the poison was often fatal in its effect, so that the victim died, whether the ordeal pronounced him innocent or guilty.

King Radama, who welcomed the missionaries in 1820, allowed them to open schools, and the next year he sent his nephew and ten other young men to England to be educated. At the time of his death, in 1828, there were four thousand pupils in the schools, but neither Radama, nor any of his people, had accepted the Christian faith. He sought only the education which the missionaries could give. His Queen, Ra-na-va-lo-na, after murdering all who stood in her way, seized the throne and commenced her long reign, marked by bloody persecution of those who had anything to do with the Christians.

At her coronation, in June, 1829, Ranavalona took two of the national idols in her hands, saying, "I received you from my ancestors. I put my trust in you, therefore support me." At first she permitted the missionaries to teach and preach, seeing the advantages of the education they imparted; and in 1831, thirteen years after the first missionaries had landed, the first converts were baptized, and what has well been called the "Martyr Church" of Madagascar was formed. But the permission was soon withdrawn and the most violent persecution began.



NATIVES OF MADAGASCAR POUNDING RICE

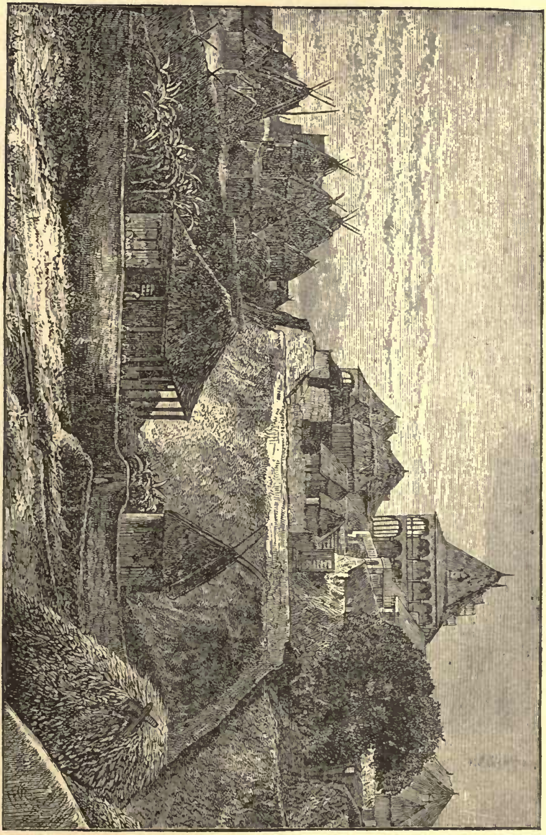
All who refused to worship the national idols were declared criminals. Many suspected persons were compelled to submit to the tangena ordeal. The Queen summoned an assembly at the capital, at which it is said one hundred thousand people were present, and death was declared to be the penalty to be visited upon all who should not within one week renounce the Christian faith. It appeared that twenty-four hundred of the Queen's own officers were more or less implicated, and she so far relaxed her decree that four hundred of them were reduced to the ranks, and two thousand were simply fined.

Under this persecution many of the people fell away from the faith, but thousands of them remained steadfast. They would meet secretly in each other's houses, or they would go twenty or more miles for a midnight meeting in some secluded valley or on a rocky mountain side. Here they would read from God's Word, and sing their hymns of praise. Strangely did their numbers increase during this "Time of Darkness." Ranavalona reigned for thirty-two years, and ten thousand Christians were punished, either by death, or exile from home, or by a heavy fine; and yet at the end of her reign, there were many more Christians in Madagascar than there were at the beginning. The oppressed disciples had not the support of the English missionaries, for they were obliged to leave the country in 1836. The first martyr, a young woman named Rasalama, fell by the executioner's spear, August 14, 1837. In the years which followed, hundreds met a cruel death in one form or another, because they would not deny Christ. Some were thrown head-foremost into pits and were drowned in boiling water, others were cut in pieces, or were burned. Some were stoned. There was a high precipice at Antananirivo, the capital, near the Queen's palace, to the top of which some of the victims were taken, their arms and feet tied, and they were hurled upon the rocks below to meet instant death. There were yet other shocking forms of death employed to terrify the people, and keep them from accepting the new religion. But in vain. The blood of the martyrs has always been the seed of the church, and the wonderful patience and courage of those who were called to face death, led many to embrace the Christian faith. When Rasalama was put to death, a by-stander exclaimed: "If I might die so tranquil and happy, I would willingly die for the Saviour, too."

The persecution was specially fierce in the year 1849, when the Queen sent a message to the Christians asking why, since she had killed some and put others in fetters, and made them slaves, they had not given up praying. The Christians answered that reverence for God and his law made it necessary for them to pray. The Queen was furious; men and women were arrested; four persons of noble rank were condemned to be burned alive, while fourteen others were sentenced to be thrown from the precipice. Hundreds of less prominent offenders were fined, or publicly flogged. As the nobles were led to the stake they sang hymns of trust, and when the flames wrapped their bodies, those near them could hear their prayers and praises. Just then the rain began to fall, putting out the fires, so that they had to be rekindled, and while this was done an immense triple rainbow formed, and one end of the arch seemed to the spectators to rest on the very spot where the martyrs stood. Then the other prisoners were taken to be hurled from the rock in the presence of the vast crowd.

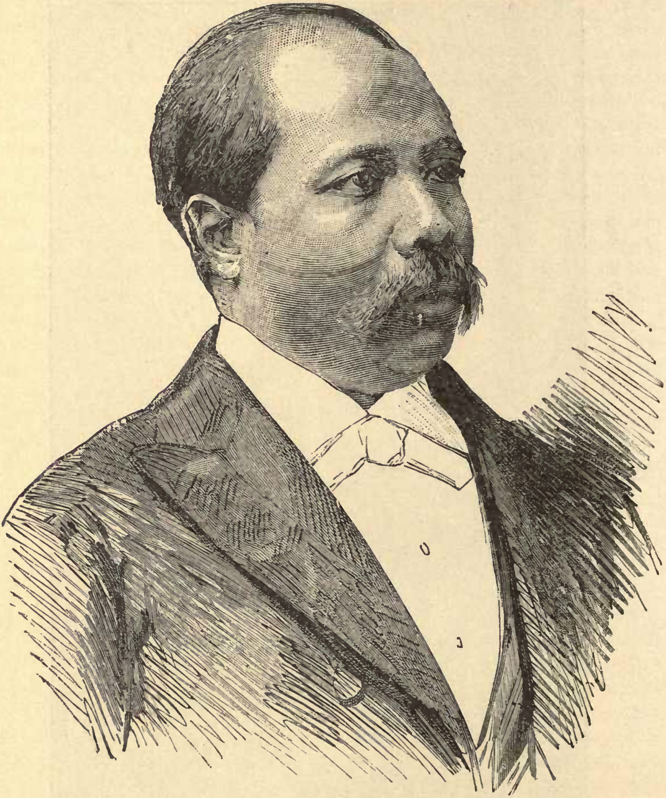
But the end of this cruel Queen came at last. At her death, in 1861, her son, who had secretly favored the Christians, was made king, and on the day of his coronation he proclaimed religious liberty to all his subjects. He reigned but two years, but under his Queen, who filled the throne for five years, there was full toleration for the Christians.

Seventeen years ago, in 1868, another Queen of Madagascar was crowned as Ranavalona II. Very different in character was she from her predecessor of the same name. At her coronation no idols or idolatrous services were seen. She caused a table to be placed by her side, on which lay a Bible and the laws of Madagascar, while the canopy over her had the four mottoes: "Glory to God"; "Peace on earth"; Goodwill to man"; God be with us." Shortly afterward the Queen and her husband, the Prime Minister, were baptized by a native pastor; and after that time the royal pair gave every evidence that they were sincere and humble disciples of Jesus Christ. The simplicity and fervor of their characters were quite remarkable. Everything that could be done by them to help forward Christian work in the kingdom was done. They encouraged the people



VIEW IN ANTANAVIRIVO, THE CAPITAL OF MADAGASCAR.

to build memorial churches, and several noble edifices now mark the spots where the martyrs fell. So eager were the people to have a share in these memorials to the faithful witnesses for Christ, that officers of high rank, with their wives, were sometimes seen laying the brick or bringing the mortar. The national idols, which the people superstitiously feared to touch, were destroyed by the Queen's order, and Madagascar to-day, in its government and in the purpose of its people, is a Christian kingdom, with over four thousand native preachers, and nearly a quarter of a million souls under Christian instruction.



RAVONANAHITRANIARIVO, CHIEF OF THE MALAGASY ENVOYS.

This brief story of one of the most remarkable changes ever wrought in a nation in a brief time by Christian missions will, we hope, lead many to read the full account as found in Mr. Ellis' most interesting books on Madagascar. Many will be glad to see the above excellent likeness of the chief of the Malagasy Embassy, which recently visited Europe and the United States.

A MISSIONARY AMONG CANNIBALS.

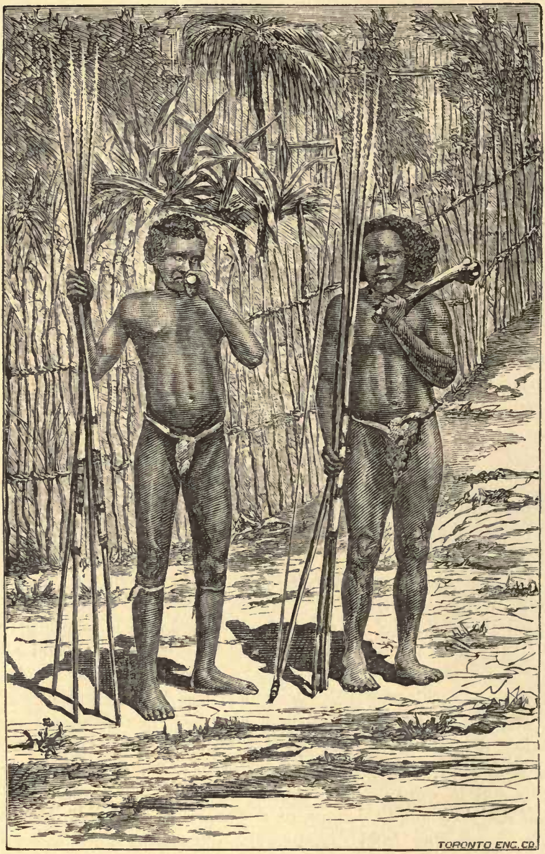
The group of islands in Western Polynesia called The New Hebrides, about thirty in number, were inhabited less than forty years ago by naked and savage cannibals. In 1848 Rev. John Geddie, who had been a minister in Nova Scotia, but whose heart had long been on fire with desire to preach the gospel to the heathen, went to Aneiteum, the most southerly of the islands, to commence a mission. The life of Dr. Geddie, entitled *Missionary Life Among the Cannibals*, prepared by Dr. George Patterson, has just been issued, and is so full of interest that we wish all could read it. The author has kindly granted the use of some of the illustrations in these pages.

The picture on the next page shows the natives of Aneiteum in their heathen state, as Dr. Geddie found them in 1848. They were naked, commonly painting the face either black or red. They were selfish, treacherous, and lying. They were great thieves, and would teach their children to steal. They were corrupt in every way. The most fearful cruelty would cause no remark among them. Revenge for any wrong was considered a duty. Cannibalism was common, and on one island it was said there were no children because the chief had eaten them all up. Women were slaves, and did all the hard work. Of course there were no homes, and children grew up without paying any honor to parents.

When Dr. Geddie arrived at Aneiteum, every woman on the island wore around her neck a stout cord, by which, with a moderate pull, she could be strangled to death; for whenever a man died, one or more of his wives was strangled. The notion seemed to be that his spirit would need some company. Time after time, in the early years of his labors, did Dr. Geddie try to stop this horrid practice. In some cases he succeeded, and at other times he was obliged to stand and look on while the sons of a man who had just breathed his last would strangle their own mother. One of the strangest things about this strangling was that the wives themselves generally insisted upon being put to death. One case is recorded, happening after some of the people had become Christians, of a woman who savagely bit a man who was trying to save her from strangulation, demanding that they put her to death.

It was in November, 1848, that Mr. and Mrs. Geddie landed on Aneiteum, and the people were not at all glad to see them. The evil conduct of many traders who had come to the island had led the natives to dread foreigners. They had yet to learn how different was the errand on which the missionaries came. Mr. Geddie used to say that the first person on the island who ever asked him to conduct a service was a little boy who one day said, as he put his hand to his forehead and covered his eyes, "Come, let us do so." So the lad gathered other boys, and the service was held. This boy afterwards became a teacher.

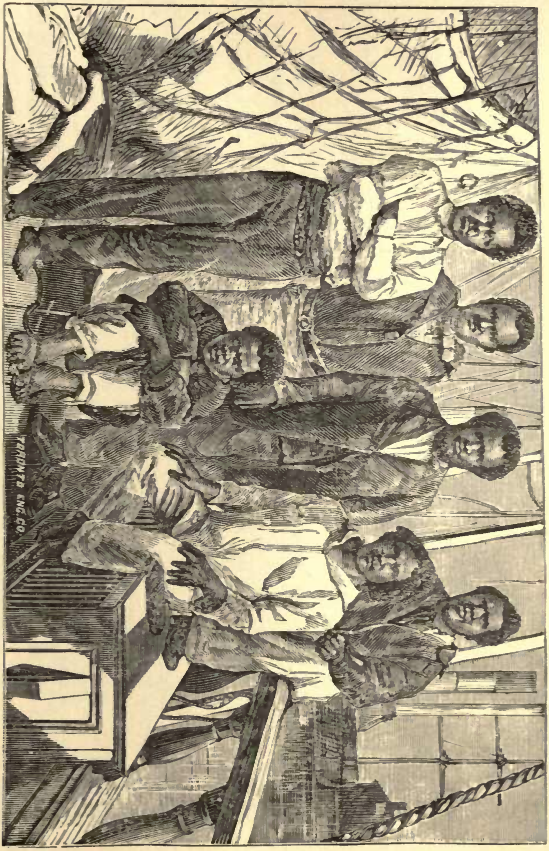
Left alone with his wife upon an island fifteen hundred miles from the nearest missionary station, Mr. Geddie's position for two or three years was not only a very trying one, but full of peril. The natives often threatened to kill him. But little by little he won their confidence. The second year some of them began to pray, and sometimes forty or fifty would be present at the Sabbath service. At the end of the fourth year he had not only learned the language himself but reduced it to writing, and hundreds of the natives had been taught


TORONTO ENG. CO.

NATIVES IN THEIR HEATHEN STATE.

to read, and hundreds more were in school. Nearly half the population of the island, numbering about four thousand souls, attended Christian services.

The years that followed were marked by great growth. The people ceased to fight each other. Instead of being thieves, everything was safe, without lock or key. Large stone churches were built, and were filled with devout and happy worshipers.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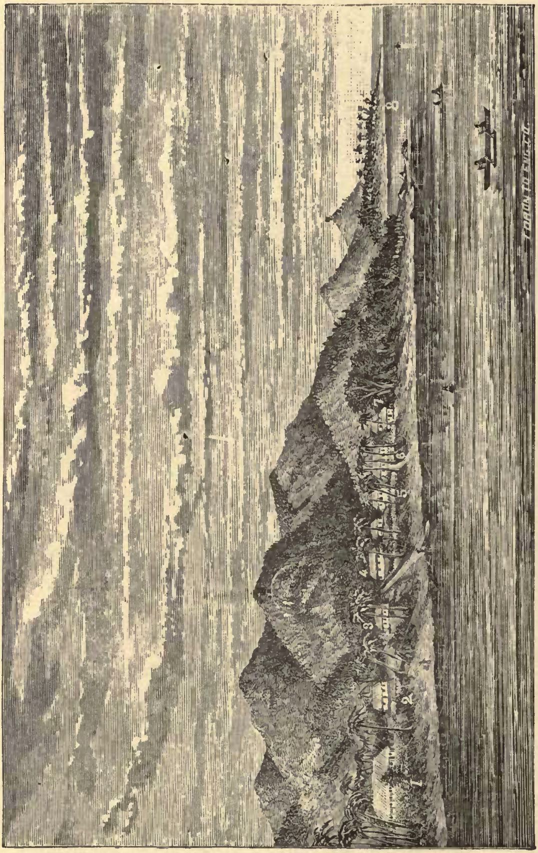
NATIVE CREW OF THE "DAYSPRING," 1870

The missionary work was carried on not alone on Aneiteum. The other islands of the group were visited, and within twelve years from the time Mr. Geddie landed, twenty native teachers had been sent from Aneiteum to Tana, Erromanga, Vate, and other of the New Hebrides islands. The missionary vessel, the *Dayspring*, was sent out to aid in the work in the group, and the picture here given is of the native crew on board the *Dayspring*. What a contrast they form to the people as they were before the gospel reached them!

In the pretty church at Anelcauhat, on Aneiteum, represented below, is a tablet erected by the grateful natives to their missionary, John Geddie. On this tablet it is written, in their language, "*When he landed in 1848 there were no Christians here, and when he left in 1872 there were no heathen.*" Was a more honorable epitaph ever written?



MISSION STATION ON ANEITEUM, NEW HEBRIDES.

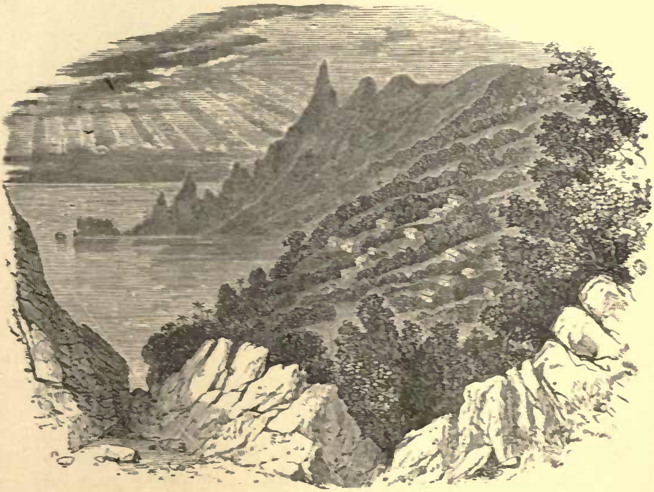
1. Church. 2. Court House. 3. School. 4. Printing House. 5. Study. 6. Mission House. 7. Girls' School and Chief's House. 8. Cemetery.

When Dr. Geddie died Aneiteum was the only Christian island in the New Hebrides group. Now, however, one third of the islands have been occupied. On Aniwa the whole population attend church and school. No sooner does an island become Christian than it sends out some of its people to plant stations among the heathen. Five years ago the church at Erromanga, the island where John Williams was murdered, had sent out twenty-five of its members as Christian teachers. So the gospel wins its way even among cannibals.

THE PITCAIRN ISLANDERS.

A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH SEAS.

It was in 1789 that a party of the officers and crew of the British ship *Bounty* mutinied near the Friendly Islands and turned the captain and loyal sailors adrift in an open boat. This boat and all on board made a safe voyage of three thousand miles, and landed at Timor in the East Indian Archipelago. The mutineers made for Tahiti. Nine of them took Tahitian wives, and with nine other Tahitians sailed the *Bounty* to Pitcairn's Island. This island had been discovered by a son of the Major Pitcairn who was killed in our war of the Revolution. It was known to be uninhabited, and thus would afford a safe hiding-place. Far off it looks like a desolate rock, rising steep from the sea, and a picture representing it thus may be found, with many interesting descriptions, in the *Mission Day-Spring* for July, 1885. But on nearer approach its volcanic peaks and cliffs appear covered with trees, and lying just outside the tropics it abounds in tropical fruits; while it will also bear the vegetables of the temperate zone. Its rocky coast and tremendous breakers make landing difficult, and the only safe harbor is Bounty Bay.

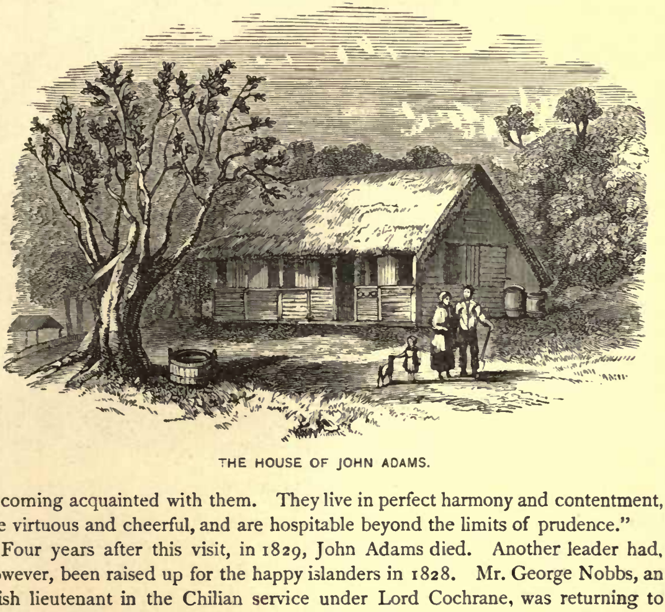


BOUNTY BAY.

Here the mutineers landed, and broke up their ship to avoid discovery. Safe from punishment, free from restraint, they may have expected to be happy in that lovely isle. But sin brings misery everywhere, and only two of the men died a natural death. They fought and killed each other till, in ten years after their landing, only one remained alive! This was John Adams, a sailor who had never been to school. He found himself with the Tahitian women and twenty fatherless children dependent on him alone for guidance. He had seen the awful consequences of sin, and now felt the responsibility of these souls. Only one book had been saved from the ship: the Bible and English Prayer-book bound together. Adams began to pray and to study the Bible, and was soon able to read easily; then he taught the children reading and writing, with the law of God and the blessed Gospel of Christ. The children all loved him and called him father, and learned readily what he could teach them. Peace now began her reign upon the island. Adams had morning and evening prayers and held Sunday services, aided by the English liturgy. At first he always lived in fear of discovery; but no British ship touched at the island for twenty-five years after the landing of the mutineers. At last, in 1814, two men-of-war appeared there. Their officers were surprised to see a canoe put off, and two fine, handsome young men soon hailed them in excellent English and said: "Won't you heave us a rope?" Springing on deck, they gave their names as Thursday Christian and George Young, and avowed themselves the sons of the lost mutineers of the *Bounty*. The English captains were astonished at this extraordinary discovery of men so long forgotten, but were still more surprised and excited when they took the young men below and placed some food before them. Both rose, and one of them folded his hands in prayer, saying in pleasant and suitable tones, "For what we are going to receive, the Lord make us truly thankful."

This wonderful island colony was found to contain forty-six persons, mostly grown-up young people, with a few infants. The young men and women were tall, handsome, athletic, and graceful, and their faces beamed with kindness and good humor. Adams assured the visitors that they were truly honest and religious, industrious and affectionate. They were decently dressed in cloth made from the bark of trees. Their houses were built around an open lawn, and were furnished with tables, beds, chests, and seats. Their tools had been made out of the iron of the *Bounty*. After a delightful stay, the ships sailed, leaving a few gifts of kettles, tools, etc., and it was nearly twelve years before the Pitcairners were again visited by an English ship. Captain Beechey, of the *Blossom*, landed among them in 1825. He found that an American whaler had been there before him, and that one of her men named John Buffett "had been so infatuated with the behavior of the people that, being himself of a devout turn of mind, he had resolved to devote his life to them." He had proved an able and willing schoolmaster, and had become the oracle of the community.

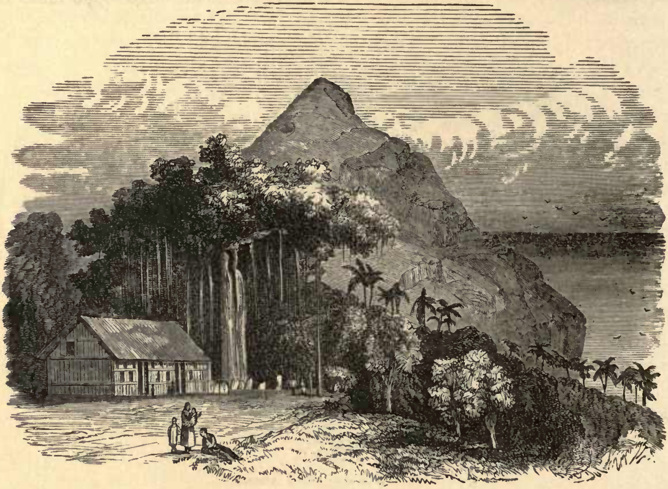
Captain Beechey was warmly welcomed and spent some days on shore with a party of his men. Every day they dined with one or other of the families, and were treated to baked pig, yams, taro, and sweet potatoes. These were cooked in heated stone ovens made in holes in the ground. Their beds were mattresses made of palm-leaves, covered with sheets of cloth beaten out of the bark of the paper-mulberry-tree. An evening hymn was sung by the whole family, and at dawn the guests were waked by the morning hymn and the family prayer. Grace was always said at meals, and if any one came in late the others all paused while he also repeated it, and they responded "Amen." On Sundays the church service was well conducted, Adams reading the prayers and Buffett the sermon. What will our restless young folks say to the fact that the sermon was repeated three times, lest it should be forgotten, or any part should escape attention! Hymns were sung and no one seemed wearied. No work was done on Sunday, nor any boat allowed to quit the shore. Captain Beechey wrote: "We remained with them many days, and their unreserved manners gave us the fullest opportunity of becoming acquainted with them. They live in perfect harmony and contentment, are virtuous and cheerful, and are hospitable beyond the limits of prudence."


THE HOUSE OF JOHN ADAMS.

Four years after this visit, in 1829, John Adams died. Another leader had, however, been raised up for the happy islanders in 1828. Mr. George Nobbs, an Irish lieutenant in the Chilian service under Lord Cochrane, was returning to England in a ship which had just touched at Pitcairn. The captain said so much of the goodness and happiness of its people that Mr. Nobbs resolved to go there. He did so, and became pastor, teacher, and surgeon for the community, which now numbered sixty-eight persons. He married a granddaughter of Lieutenant Christian, the chief mutineer, and for fifty-six years, until his death, the news of which has just reached England, he continued to be the beloved leader of the flock. He lived to the age of eighty-five.

In 1852 Admiral Moresby, with the *Portland* man-of-war, paid the islanders a visit, and attended their church service on Sunday. The report sent home to England says: "The most solemn attention was paid by all. They sang two hymns in most magnificent style; and really, I have never heard any church-singing in any part of the world that could equal it, except at cathedrals. . . . It is impossible to describe the charm that the society of the islanders throws around them. They are guileless beyond description. They depend for supplies on whaling-ships, and the sailors behave in the most exemplary manner among them. One rough seaman, to whom I spoke in praise of such conduct, said: "Sir, I expect if one of our fellows was to misbehave himself here, we should not leave him alive." No intoxicating liquors are allowed on the island, except a little for sickness.

In 1856 the population had increased to 194, and it was thought the island was too small for them. It is, in fact, only two and a quarter miles long and a mile broad, and a portion is too rocky for cultivation. The English government therefore transferred the people to Norfolk Island. Six families of forty persons who became homesick for Pitcairn have returned thither, and have now increased to 103, while the Norfolk Islanders number 476. Mr. Nobbs remained with the latter. They continue the same kind, contented, God-fearing race. Many gifts find their way from England to Pitcairn, and Queen Victoria herself has sent them a church organ, of which they speak with great pride and delight. One of a ship's company which touched there last year asked the islanders, as they were about to leave the vessel, if they wanted any Bibles or other books. They said they had plenty of Bibles, but eagerly and anxiously asked for a concordance, or for books explaining the Bible. After getting into their boat they said: "We will sing you a hymn, captain, before we go"; and they sang "The Lifeboat" and "Pull for the Shore" in beautiful harmony.

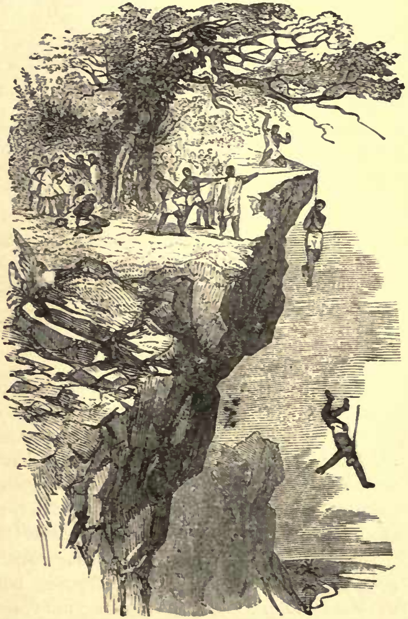


CHURCH AND SCHOOLHOUSE.

May we not learn many lessons from these Christian Children of the Sea?

A PICTURE THAT MADE A MISSIONARY.

There has seldom been given a better illustration of the influence of pictures than is afforded by a story which accompanies the engraving on this page. Rev. Mr. Richardson, who has been for a long time a faithful missionary in Madagascar, on his return to England a few years since, made a public address in which he spoke of the beginning of his purpose to be a missionary.



MARTYRS IN MADAGASCAR.

When he was a boy, only seven years of age, he saw a picture in the *Juvenile Missionary Magazine*, representing the martyrdom of Christians in Madagascar by throwing them from a high rock to the plain below. The picture, with its story, impressed the lad so much that he said to his teacher, "Oh! teacher, if ever I am a man I will go and be a missionary there." Seventeen years after this, when he had finished his studies and was ready for service, he said, "Of course I go to Madagascar, because that story made me a missionary." A late number of the *Juvenile Missionary Magazine* has reproduced the picture, and we have here a copy of it. It shows how, in the days of persecution in Madagascar, the Christians were suspended by a rope over a precipice, and after hanging there for a while, the rope was cut, letting the victims fall to meet instant death. Many Christians perished in this way, and others were speared or poisoned. Some of the brightest stories of faithfulness, even unto death, are to be found in the history of the converts in Madagascar. The government of this great island, which has an area somewhat greater than that of England, Scotland, and Ireland combined, was determined to crush out the new religion, and the Queen gave repeated orders that every person found praying or reading the Bible should be put to death. Notwithstanding all this the number of converts increased, and the Queen's only son, named Rakotondrama, then but seventeen years of age, sided with the Christians. The Prime Minister said to the Queen: "Madam, your son is a Christian; he prays with the Christians, and encourages them in this new doctrine. We are lost if your Majesty do not stop the prince in this strange way." But the Queen would not destroy her son. Afterwards the Prime Minister addressed the prince: "Young man, your head must fall, for you show that you also are a Christian." "Yes," he replied, "I am a Christian; and if you will, you may put me to death, for *I must pray.*" Although the Prime Minister relented at the time, the persecutions went on until God touched the heart of Queen Ranavalona, the predecessor of the present sovereign, and made her a Christian. The story of her conversion is most interesting. It seems that there was, in the palace, a Bible which had received no honor of any kind. But when Rasoherina died, and Ranavalona, the new Queen, remained in seclusion according to the custom, she took up this neglected Bible and read it a great deal. Soon after she sent for the three eldest officers and told them that she was convinced that there must be a God who made the heavens and the earth, and she was going to pray to him. Soon a Christian service was commenced in the royal apartments, and from this sprang what is now the Palace Church, which has a large and fine stone edifice. This Queen lived and died in the Christian faith, and her successor, Ranavalona III, who was crowned in 1883, is a firm believer, and favors in every way the work of the missionaries. There is no longer any outward hindrance in Madagascar to those who would follow Christ, and already there are more than a quarter of a million of people who assemble Sabbath by Sabbath in Christian churches.

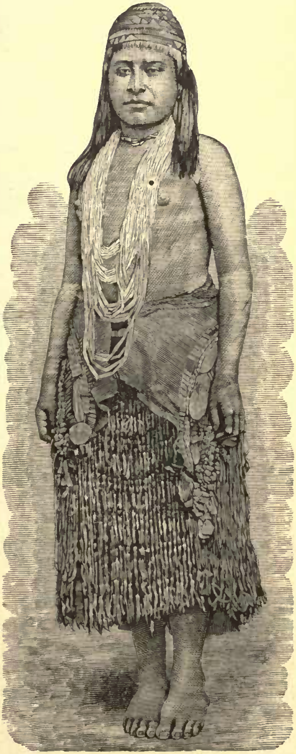
This picture is interesting as showing how the gospel triumphs over darkness and cruelty. On the very spot here represented, the scene of such bitter hatred to Christians and Christian truth, now stands a church. At a meeting in that church the present Prime Minister, an earnest Christian, is reported as saying, —

"Standing upon this spot years and years ago there were gathered together some officers of the kingdom. My father was there, and a little girl was brought before him. My father looked at that little girl, and said: 'Take the child away; she is a fool.' The little girl raised herself, and said: 'No, sir, I am no fool; but I love the Lord Jesus Christ. Throw me over.' My father the second time said: 'Take the child away; she is a fool.' She said: 'No, sir, I am no fool; but I love the Lord Jesus Christ. Throw me over.'"

She was accordingly hurled over the rock. It might seem as if that little girl's life availed nothing. She died young, but the witness she gave for Christ was not in vain. If she did nothing more, we can see that the pictured story of that persecution made a missionary, one of the few noble men who are now under God's blessing making Madagascar a Christian land. She may have accomplished more by her early death than she could have done by a long life.

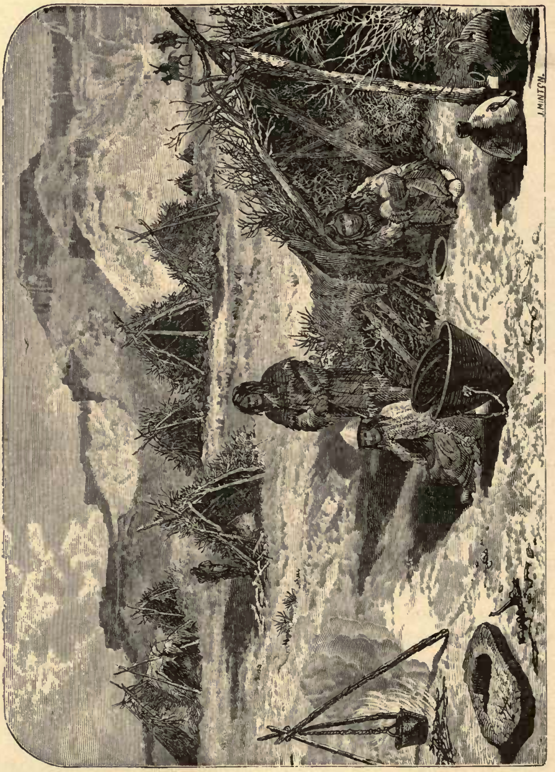
THE INDIANS OF NORTH AMERICA.—1880.

THERE are in the United States about two hundred and fifty thousand Indians, not including an unknown, but probably not very large, number in Alaska. More than half of these Indians dress as white people do, and are in some good degree civilized. The other half are dressed in a motley way, in skins of animals or blankets; they paint and wear feathers and long hair, and are called "wild" Indians. It used to be thought that when this country was discovered there were millions of red men upon the continent, but it is now believed that there were not many more then than there are to day. But little by little they have been driven back from the seaboard, towards the interior, and there are now comparatively few tribes on this side of the Mississippi River. That the Indians have suffered great wrongs at the hands of white men all admit. Territories have been given them to live in, and no sooner were they established in their homes than their fine lands were coveted by those who lived near them, and they have been removed against their will to some other less desirable location. Pushed back into the wilderness they have been allowed to stay only till the explorer and emigrant caught up with them, and then, either by threats or the bayonet, they have been obliged to move on. The story of the broken promises made to the Indians is a very sad one. We must allow that if as a race they are skilled in treachery, they have had a good school in which to learn the art. But while the Indians have greatly suffered at the hands of white men, they



AN INDIAN GIRL.

have not resisted the efforts of good people to civilize and Christianize them. There are now over 350 schools established among them, and more than forty thousand of them have learned to read. Various societies have begun missions among them, and some of the tribes are so far advanced that they maintain schools and churches with but little help from others. The Cherokees and Choctaws, now occupying the territory west of Arkansas, once lived in Georgia and Mississippi, and the American Board had missions among them as long ago as 1816. They were driven from their homes by fraud and force in 1838, and though a quarter part of them died on the way to their new territory, they have since prospered and have become so far Christian tribes that the Board has ceased its work among them.



A VILLAGE OF THE WILD INDIANS.

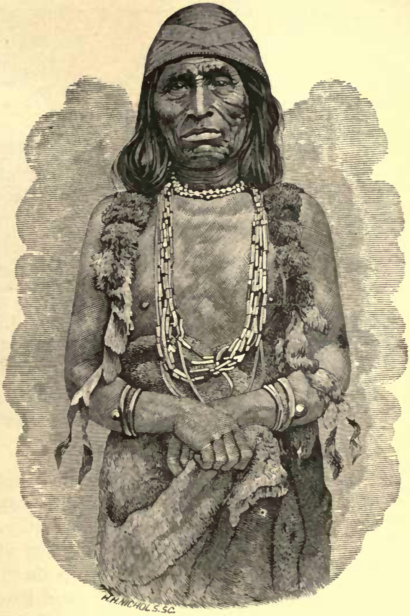
[For the use of this and several other cuts in this number, acknowledgments are due to the courtesy of the Bureau of Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.]

THE WILD INDIANS.

The picture above gives a fair representation of the way in which many

Indian tribes live. It is a hard life. Of course they are exposed to all kinds of peril from storm and cold, and as they cultivate very little land, and depend chiefly for food upon hunting and fishing, they often suffer greatly from hunger. When game is plentiful they feast like gluttons; at other times they almost starve. And yet it requires a long course of training to induce them to give up this wild form of life and settle down in permanent homes. They prefer to roam.

The Indians are not without a religion of their own, though each tribe has its peculiar traditions. They are full of superstitions, and yet believe in one Great Spirit. One tribe, the Shastikas, have the legend concerning the creation that the creator was an Old Mole, who heaved the world into existence by burrowing underneath somewhere. They also believe that the sun and moon had each at first nine brothers. The sun's brothers were hot like himself, but the moon's were freezing cold. Then the prairie wolf slew them all, and so men were saved from being burned up by the suns, and from being frozen by the moons. They think that when it rains some sick Indian in heaven is weeping, and that the flood was caused by the tears of angels weeping over the death of a good Indian.


H.H.NICHOLS.SC.

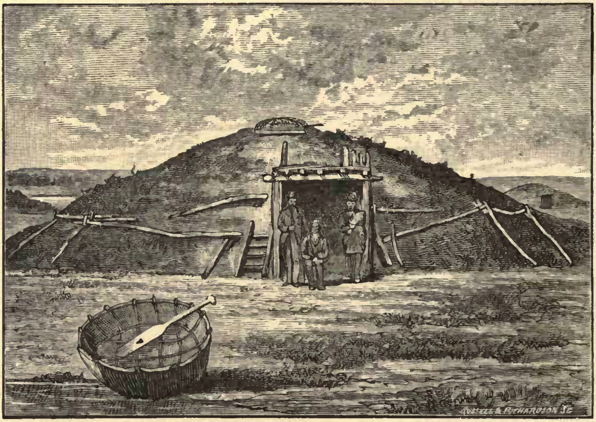
THE MEDICINE MAN.

The traditions that prevail among the tribes differ greatly, but all the wild Indians seem to have great faith in their "medicine men." These doctors profess to cure by magic arts, and though they often administer roots and herbs to their patients their chief reliance is upon their "charms." When they come to a sick man they are usually dressed in a fantastic way, sometimes in the skin of a bear, with a mask, having about their necks strings upon which are hung the skins of bats and snakes, the horns and hoofs and tails of all sorts of animals. Then they dance around their patient, rattling their charms, jumping and growling like bears. They think in this way to drive off the evil spirit.

THE DAKOTAS.

It has often been doubted whether such wild people as we have described, with such strange and degraded superstitions, could ever be tamed and Christianized. But no one can doubt on this point who will take a little pains to learn what has already been done. Missions have had as great success among

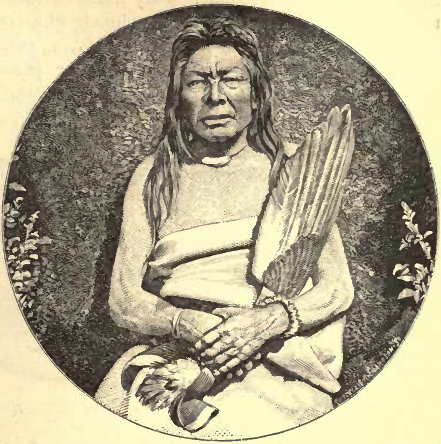
Indians as among any class of pagans, and had it not been for the bad faith with which the tribes have been treated by white men they might perhaps have all been civilized by this time. The American Board has had a mission among the Sioux and other Indians, who live in Dakota Territory, west of Minnesota. This important mission was transferred in 1883 to the care of the American Missionary Association. Fort Berthold, the most distant post, is about 450 miles northwest from the city of St. Paul, and the missionary of that place, Rev. Charles L. Hall, has sent us a letter and some pictures illustrating the condition, past and present, of the Indians at that station. Here is Mr. Hall's letter: —


PIERRE'S LODGE, FORT BERTHOLD.

"Such houses as the one above, mixed in with others more after the fashion of frontier men's log-houses, make up the Indian village at Fort Berthold, Dakota Territory, 47½° N., on the Missouri River. Here three tribes have lived together amicably for fifteen years, two of them for forty years. They are the remants of three, perhaps four, large tribes that have lived here ever since Lewis and Clarke explored the Upper Missouri in the beginning of the century. Before the American Board began work here, three years ago, this country was supposed to be in the Great American Desert. Instead of that we find ourselves in the midst of the great wheat-producing northwest; or rather north-*interior*; for we are just in the center of North America. The wheat fields approach us continually from the East, while fresh buffalo-steaks yet come to our table from the West. Corn, potatoes, roots, tomatoes, and vegetables come from the garden beside us, and haunches of venison from all around: while buffalo, and otter, and bear, and lynx, and mountain sheep skins, and furs, furnish mats for the feet, and spreads for the bed in the cold winter gales.

"But the Northern Pacific Railroad, just south of us, is running through to the Yellow-Stone, and settlers are coming thick and fast, and the game will soon be gone. The Berthold Indians are finding themselves face to face with white people, and their old ways of living are becoming impossible. Will they bear up before the coming crowd, and mingle with it, or will they be pushed back to die off in the narrowing wilderness? This is the problem we are here to solve. It is being solved for many of the Dakota, or Sioux, living east of us. They are taking up government land as white settlers do, and mingling with Americans, and learning their language. The gospel has done this there and it will do it here.

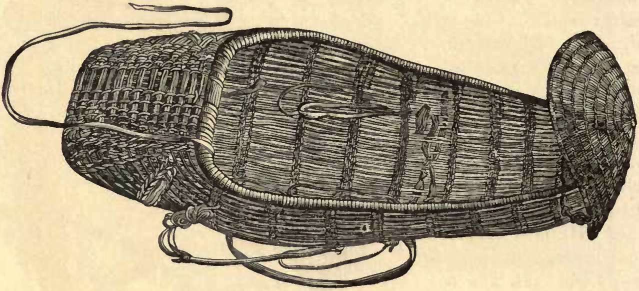
"The people here are '*very religious.*' The old man whose picture is given below is the sacred-man of the Mandans. I became acquainted with him, as he was sitting nearly naked one summer Sunday outside of a lodge, when we came into the Indian village to hold a meeting. The Gros Ventres chief, a big fat man, said: 'It's very hot. You sacred-men, among you all, ought to make it rain, and cool us off.' The old sacred-man, Black Tongue, took hold of his shell ear-rings and said: 'It will rain when I shake these.' He is a conservative old man, who clings to the old customs, and costumes. He laments that not one of the young men will learn the sacred traditions and become a 'sacred-man' in his place. The only one who could do so easily has had enough Christian education to keep him from going in the old paths; he believes the Bible. Still, the old man comes often to listen to the gospel, and insists that it is just like his Mandan stories about the flood, and about the Saviour, the '*Life-giver*,' who went away and said he would come back again, and then they would be well off, and rejoice. We say: 'Amen;' 'whom you ignorantly worship, him declare we unto you."'


BLACK TONGUE THE SACRED-MAN

THE REE INDIANS.

Mr. Hall writes also of the Rees, in whom he is much interested: "They are the largest tribe here. In the Indian sign language, in use by the different tribes of the West when they wish to communicate with each other, the Rees are signified by the same motions with the thumbs and forefingers that are made in shelling corn. They are the corn-shellers. The dwarf Ree corn is their peculiar possession, which their tradition says was given to them by God, who led them to the Missouri River, and instructed them how to plant it. The Rees, according to their own account, do not cut and gash themselves, or go about wailing when a friend dies, as the Gros Ventres do, but go and listen to the sacred-man who preaches to them about heaven, and so they are comforted.

"Our great hope is in the youth and children. Many of the young men want to become white men. One went so far last fall as to come to me with the request, 'Father, they say you are skillful, they told me to come to you. The agent has given me a pair of shoes; but they have *no squeak* in them, as white peoples' shoes have; perhaps you put a squeak in them?' The boys and girls are like all others in the world, except that they have not been tamed so much as white children. Their parents let them run wild, and they are superstitious about, and fearful of, the school-house and the sacred-writing people, and we have to watch for our game. They like to write on their slates for a while, and then they are off shooting arrows; spinning whip-tops made of ash or elm boughs; sliding down hill on barrel staves; or playing marbles; or making mud images of buffalo, or deer, or mountain sheep, or ponies, at which some are quite skillful. The old women confine their art to the useful, and continue to make their old-fashioned pottery, roughly molded by hand, and baked first on one side and then on the other by turning before the open wood fire in the pit in the center of the lodge. Another useful art in which the old women are skillful is that of boat-building. A buffalo or a bull's hide is stretched on a frame made of willow sticks, and makes a round tub-like boat, one of which may be seen represented in the picture of Pierre's Lodge. The Indians are skillful to make these boats go with one paddle where they wish; but a white man might do about as well in a wash-tub.

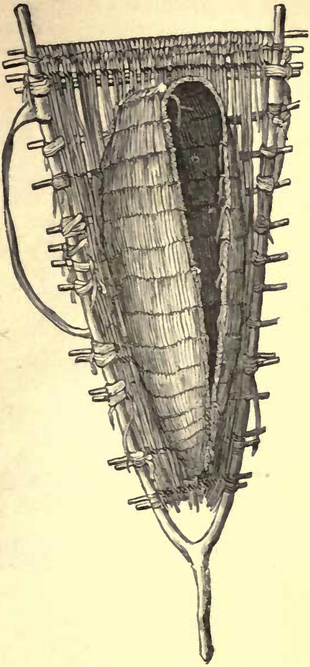


INDIAN BABY BASKET.

"We have only one little mission house. We have for the present a room for our school in the government school-house, but we must build a school-house, and have two lady teachers for it soon, to teach cooking and sewing and house-cleaning, and all household arts, as well as reading and writing and arithmetic on week-days; and on Sundays and at all times to tell the gospel truths that are the first needs of this people. *Help us.*"

INDIAN SCHOOLS.

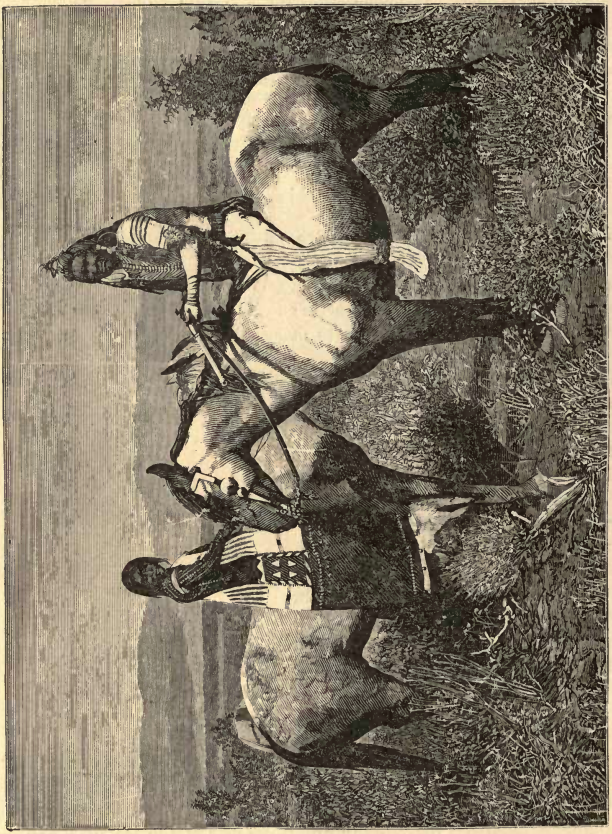
In these Christian settlements, such as the one Mr. Hall describes, the Indians have begun to take each his allotment of land, and to cultivate it as thrifty farmers do. Instead of depending upon the chase, they now use the plow and hoe, and the women no longer are slaves cutting the fire-wood and doing all the hard work. The young men and women are attending school, and many of them are bright scholars. Some young men are in the Institution at Hampton, Virginia, and still more are in other institutions located among the tribes. The Dakota missionaries are greatly interested in the Normal Training School, at Santee Agency, Nebraska. Fifteen years ago was the first framed school building erected. Soon afterward the "Dakota Home" was built as a girls' school, and eight years ago a "Young Men's Hall" was added. These buildings cost about $12,000, and they are occupied by about one hundred pupils, with their six teachers. The catalogue of the schools gives both the English and Indian names of the scholars, with the meaning of the Indian names. Among them we find these: Wicanhpitowin, Blue Star; Mazanasnasnawin, Jingling foot bells; Sabekewadhe, Blackens the ground with the slain. The last, especially, seems a sad name for a girl, but it shows the warlike nature of her parents. Here are some of the names of the young men; Wakanhdikokipapi, Fearful thunder; Nasu, Brains; Asaeyapi, Sent with a shout; Koyakedan, Little clothes. These scholars have come from five different tribes and are to be the teachers and the preachers to the Indians in the future. Rev. Alfred L. Riggs, who is at the head of the schools, says that the pupils form an encouraging class to work for. He tells about one boy, Hugh, who caught three hundred muskrats, and so bought his school clothes, another boy walking one hundred and thirty miles to reach Santee Agency, so eager was he to learn.


INDIAN BABY CARRIAGE.

GIVE THE INDIANS THE GOSPEL.

What has been accomplished among the Dakotas has cost long and faithful labor. The two brothers Pond, and Drs. Williamson and Riggs, with their children and other successors, have toiled often amid great discouragements. But they have translated the Bible into the language of the Dakotas, and those who live see, instead of painted savages clad in blankets, quiet and orderly citizens and hundreds of devoted church members. Aside from other helps to a civilized and Christian life, the Dakotas have a newspaper, the *Iapi Oaye*, or *The Word Carrier*, six pages of which are printed in their native language, and two in English. The last number tells of a little Cherokee girl who came to live with a Christian lady. When the Indian girl was sick and near to death, she said to her mistress: "How long have you known these things, that

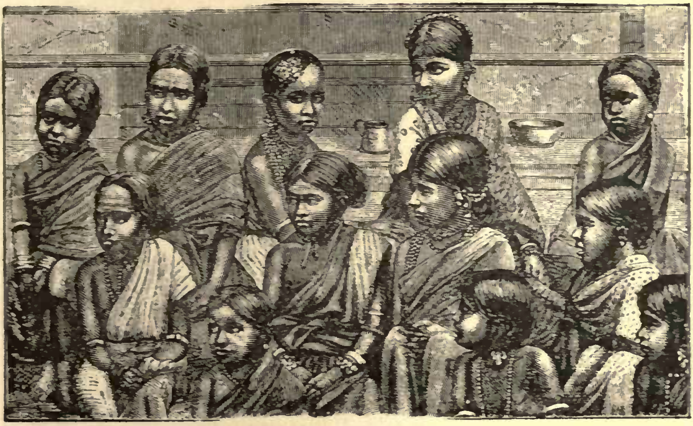
Jesus loves us, and that he died for us?" Her mistress answered "Oh, a great many years — always." The child turned to her with tears, and said reproachfully, "And you never told us! My mother and my grandmother died without knowing Jesus. Why did you not come *before* and tell this great thing to us, so that they too could have known the way of life?" Can any of us give a good reason why we have not done more to tell the heathen of Him who alone can save them? It will not be of much use for the people of America to think of how they have neglected and abused the Indians, unless, in sorrow for the past, they now give themselves to efforts to aid them. There are thousands of red men who are still pagans, and the least we can do for them is to send them the Christian teacher and preacher. So let us heed the last words of Mr. Hall's letter from Fort Berthold. "HELP US."



AN INDIAN WARRIOR AND HIS BRIDE.

MISSION SCHOOLS.

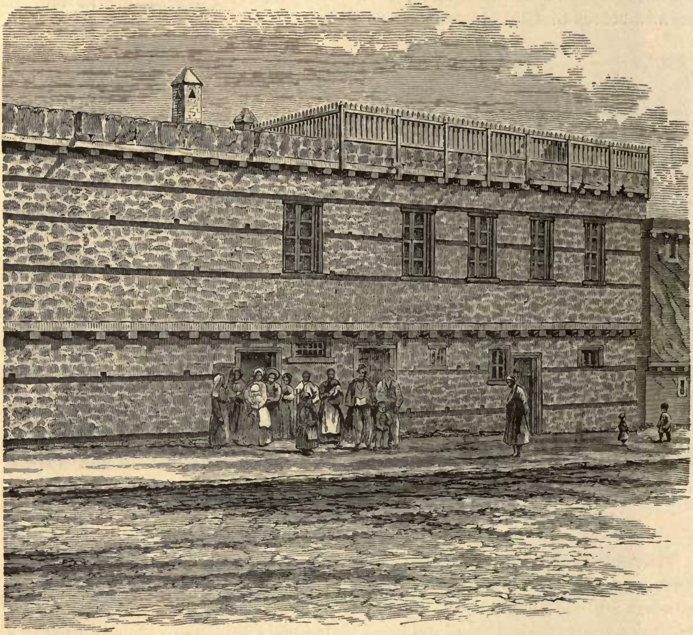
In all heathen nations education, where there is any, is confined to the few. Especially is it denied to women. In many lands it was supposed that women *could* not learn; in others it was thought it would spoil them if they knew anything. Dr. Jessup tells us of a Syrian Moslem whom he asked to send his girls to school, but who sneeringly answered: "Educate *a girl!* You might as well attempt to educate *a cat!*" If that Moslem is alive now he may see, any day, hundreds of Mohammedan girls at school in his city of Beirut. And wherever the gospel goes there the children of both sexes are brought into schools. Here is a picture of Hindu girls, just such a gathering as may be seen in scores of Christian schools in India.



HINDU GIRLS AT SCHOOL.

WHAT MISSION SCHOOLS DO.

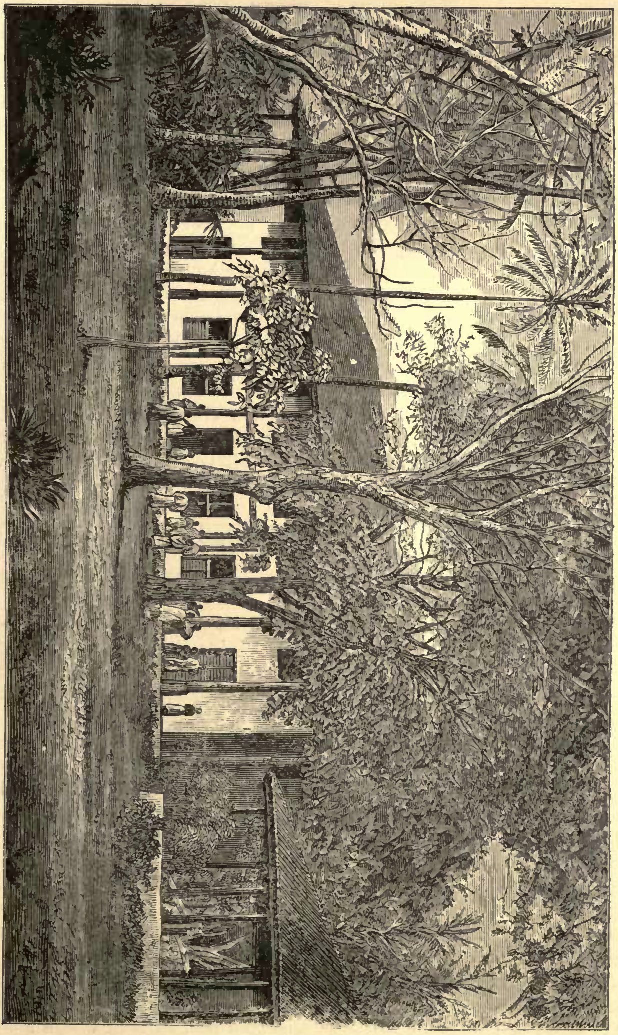
They teach, of course, the various branches of learning, but they teach the Bible and religious truth very much more than is done in our schools. The scholars are told at first that the Christian teachers came to them to lead them to Christ and to make them intelligent and useful Christians. This is what the schools are for, not to make learned men and women, but rather Christian wives and mothers, Christian teachers and preachers. And this they are doing grandly. A Turkish pasha, when addressing a girls' school, told the scholars that when they went back to their homes in the villages they must make the people say, not, "a girl has come," but rather, "a school has come." These girls, taught in mission schools, are becoming teachers wherever they go. One of the missionaries in Turkey writes of a scholar from the Constantinople Home, who left the Home, and nothing was heard about her for a long time. One day there came word from a village among the mountains, which the missionaries had known little or nothing about, that there were quite a number of Protestants there. And when they went to inquire about the village they found that this company of believers grew out of a school, and that the school was started and taught by this Christian girl from the Constantinople Home, who was lost sight of, and who had conducted it without aid from, or the knowledge of, any one. So everywhere those who are taught become teachers. Thirty-eight Girls' Boarding Schools are under the care of the American Board, and in them seventeen hundred young women are preparing for usefulness, either in Christian homes or as teachers. When the Girls' School at Erzroom, represented below, was first opened several years ago, it was thought a shame for large girls to go to school. But a great change has already taken place, and all through Eastern Turkey, as well as in other parts of the world, the people are asking for schools. Nearly twenty-seven thousand persons, young and old, are under instruction in Africa, Turkey, India, China, Japan, and Micronesia, in connection with the missions of the American Board.



MISSION SCHOOL AT ERZROOM.

TRAINING SEMINARIES.

What is most needed to bring the heathen to Christ, next to God's Holy Spirit, is native preachers of the Gospel. The first care of our missionaries is to secure and instruct young men of promise. This is done in station classes and training schools; then must follow colleges and theological seminaries.



MISSION COLLEGE, JAFFNA, CEYLON.

More than fifty institutions of this kind are maintained by the Board, with over two thousand pupils. Not all these pupils, but a large portion of them, will become preachers to their countrymen.

WORK FOR ALL.

Seventy years ago there were very few Sunday-schools in the world, but had there been as many as there are now, and had they desired to do something towards teaching the gospel of Jesus to the children of Turkey, or India, or China, or Africa, they could not have done so. The way was not open to carry to these nations any Christian message. But there has been a marvelous change within seventy years. Now any Sabbath-school, or mission-circle, or any individual, wishing to do some Christian work in almost any part of the world, has the opportunity. For instance, if any Sunday-school would like to maintain a Christian school teacher in Turkey, it has only to send its money to the Treasurer of the American Board in Boston, and select from the list of not less than a hundred schools whichever it may please. The cost of each school is from $15 to $48. Some schools may prefer to support a native preacher, or a theological student in India or Ceylon or China. This can be done at a cost of from $40 to $100. Others may like a $20 share in meeting the running expenses of the "Morning Star," as she sails for her blessed Christian work among the islands of Micronesia. So you may work in just what part of the world you will, either by supporting a native preacher, or Bible reader, or a teacher of a Christian school, or a scholar, or in keeping your ship moving on her errand of mercy. Will not each Sunday-school not now engaged in some special missionary work, select some country and some form of work to which it will give its missionary offerings, and for which it will specially pray, and from which it may hear occasionally in these pages?

"WHAT THE PENNIES DO."

Children, did you ever see a house moved? What makes it go? Some of you say, horses, the rope, the men. Yes; all these are needed; but a horse has n't feet or wheels, and if you fastened a horse with a rope to a house without wheels, do you think it would stir? Ah! it is rollers that are wanted, is it? And have you noticed how often these rollers need changing? They roll round and round and round till they roll out behind, and the men have to keep putting fresh ones under in front. That is just like the missionary society: prayer, God's Spirit, missionaries, secretaries, and a treasurer, are all necessary, but the great society rolls on pennies. You children drop them into the box, and the officers of the missionary society get hold of them, and they put them under the society's work; then there is a mighty pull, and the work rolls along. And the pennies roll round and round till they roll out again, and into somebody's pocket. So unless you keep putting pennies under in front, down comes the house, and it will not stir at all. But I saw the other day a wooden house rolling up the street, and it did not have any one tending the rollers. It had huge wooden wheels under it. And they rolled round and round and round, and did not roll away, because they were fastened in their place. I think that is like the endowment some of you have helped to raise for Armenia College, and for some other good purposes. But few such endowments are to be found, therefore be sure you send your pennies to be wheels under the great mission cause, with a prayer that they roll into the right place and help move the cause along right grandly. — *Rev. C. T. Collins.*

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